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The Australian

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December 4, 1963

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Pages 25-29

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

What is the cover puppy saying?

● The little cocker spaniel on our cover *could* be complaining ("Waiter, your paw's in my soup!") or dreaming ("She loves me, she loves me not . . .").

BUT what do YOU think the puppy's saying?

Our new contest offers every member of the family a chance to try for cash awards totalling £100.

The best entry will receive £25. There's a second prize of £15, third prize of £10, and ten consolation prizes of £5 each.

All you have to do is imagine what the puppy would be saying if he could talk.

Please keep his remark short and to the point — not more than 15 words.

The contest entry coupon is printed below. You may send in as many entries as you like, but each must be on a separate coupon.

Address your entry to: "Puppy Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The contest closes on Wednesday, December 11.

The prizes will be awarded to the entries that are judged the brightest and most apt. The decision of the judges will be final, and no entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

● *The five-and-a-half week-old puppy on our cover is named Clarevale, and he belongs to Mrs. J. Gotch, of Wentworthville, N.S.W. Picture by Ron Berg.*

COUPON

"Puppy Talk" Contest

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ADDRESS .....

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The puppy is saying .....

.....

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.....

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The face on the make-up table

Calculated to make any man stop and think

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27 NOV 1963

● *Not a full mask (right) but prettiest in Kenneth's collection is this one made of tiered ribbon.*

● *Half mask (left) which Kenneth devised for shielding make-up when using hair lacquer.*

For the girl who has everything (except sense)

U.S. hairdresser Kenneth, who does Jacqueline Kennedy's hair, designed these face masks to protect women's make-up.

"And, of course, add fantasy to their lives," he said.

"There was nothing which would protect a woman's face from the wind and cold," he explained. "I gave this a lot of thought, and rather than come up with something with a utility look I designed beautiful face masks."

He also suggested that they would be useful to cover the face when putting on hairspray.

KENNETH

● *Two faces (above), each of them as most girls would like to look. No; no directions given for how to breathe in them.*

● *Left, a flower deception. Some masks have stems; others are held on the head by velvet clips or spectacle-type ear-bands.*

● *"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest one of all?" You, dear lady, when you cover up with this glamor one in gold.*

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MEMORIES OF A WEL

● The world has reacted with shock and grief to the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 34th President of the United States. On these pages we present the late President, as nation's leader and family man, as he will be remembered.

● *Daughter Caroline affectionately kisses her father's hand as they stroll together.*

● *President Kennedy, his wife, Jacqueline, and daughter, Caroline.*

● *Son John, jun., greets his father as he arrives to join his family for a holiday weekend.*

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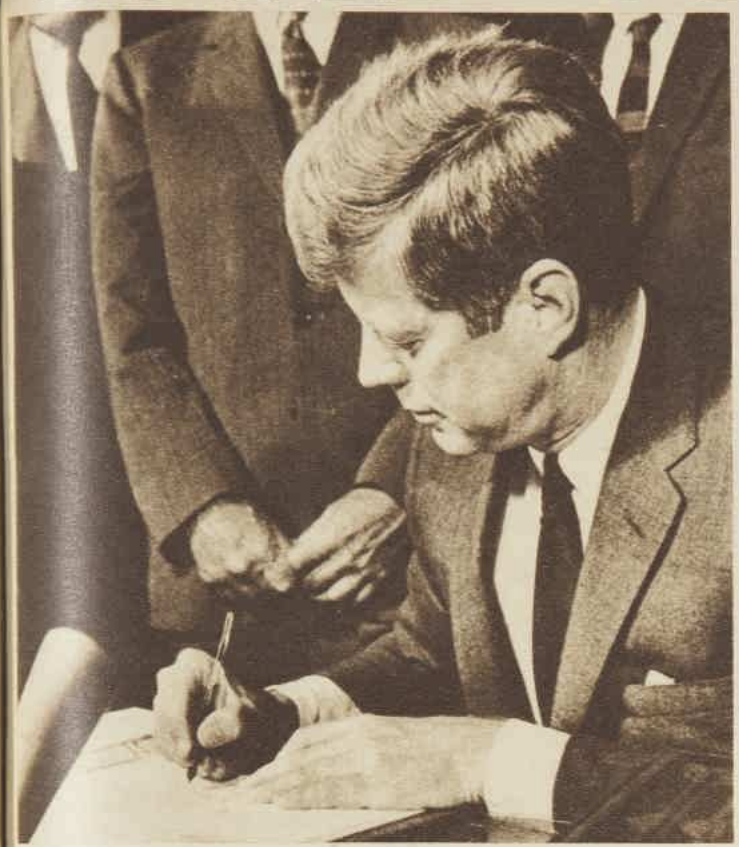
-LOVED PRESIDENT . . .



● *His greatest achievement — President Kennedy signs the nuclear test ban treaty on October 7 last.*

● *The chic, elegantly gowned Jacqueline was always at her husband's side.*

● To page 7

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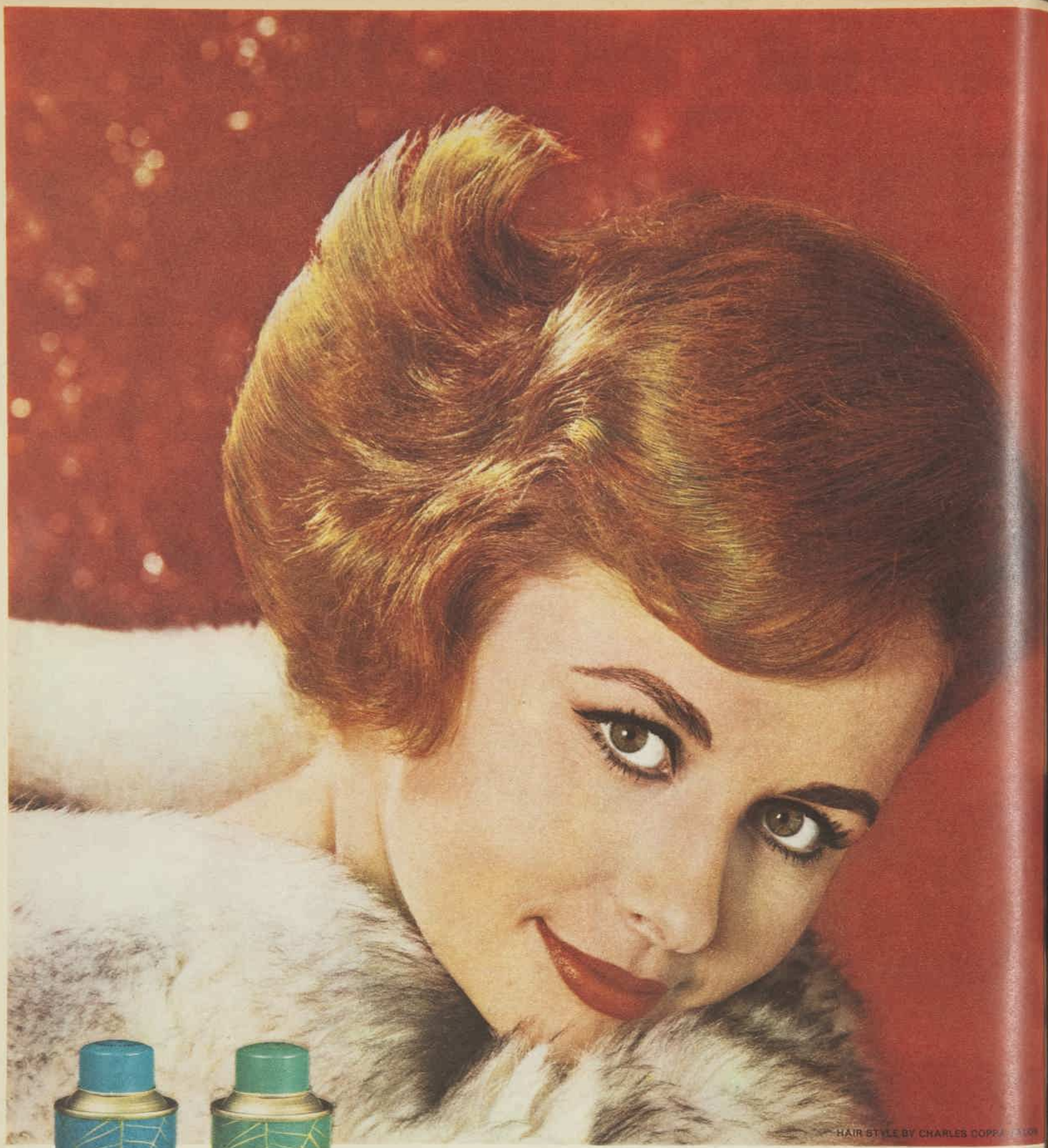

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Gossamer is the crystal clear hair spray that adds lustre and life to your hair

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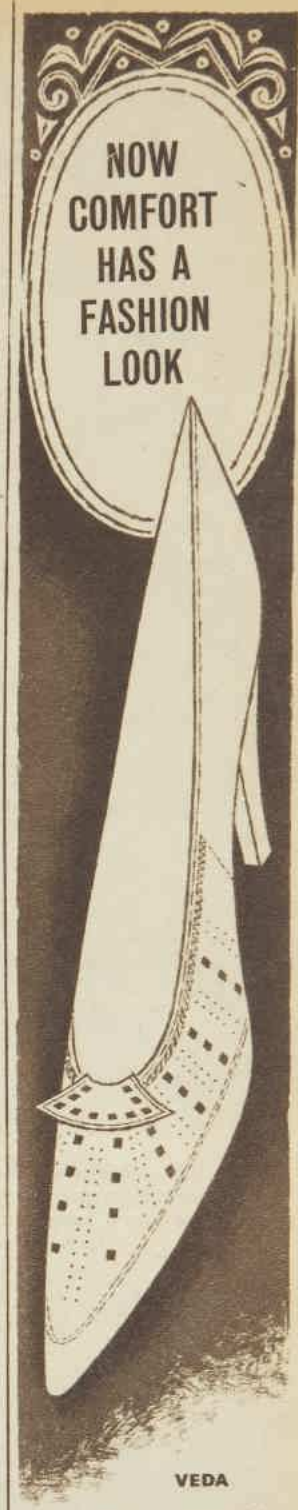
Memories of a greatly-loved President

(from page 5)

Their Wedding Day

These were the happy scenes at the wedding of John F. Kennedy, then junior Senator for Massachusetts, and Jacqueline Lee Bouvier, at Newport, Mass., on September 12, 1953.



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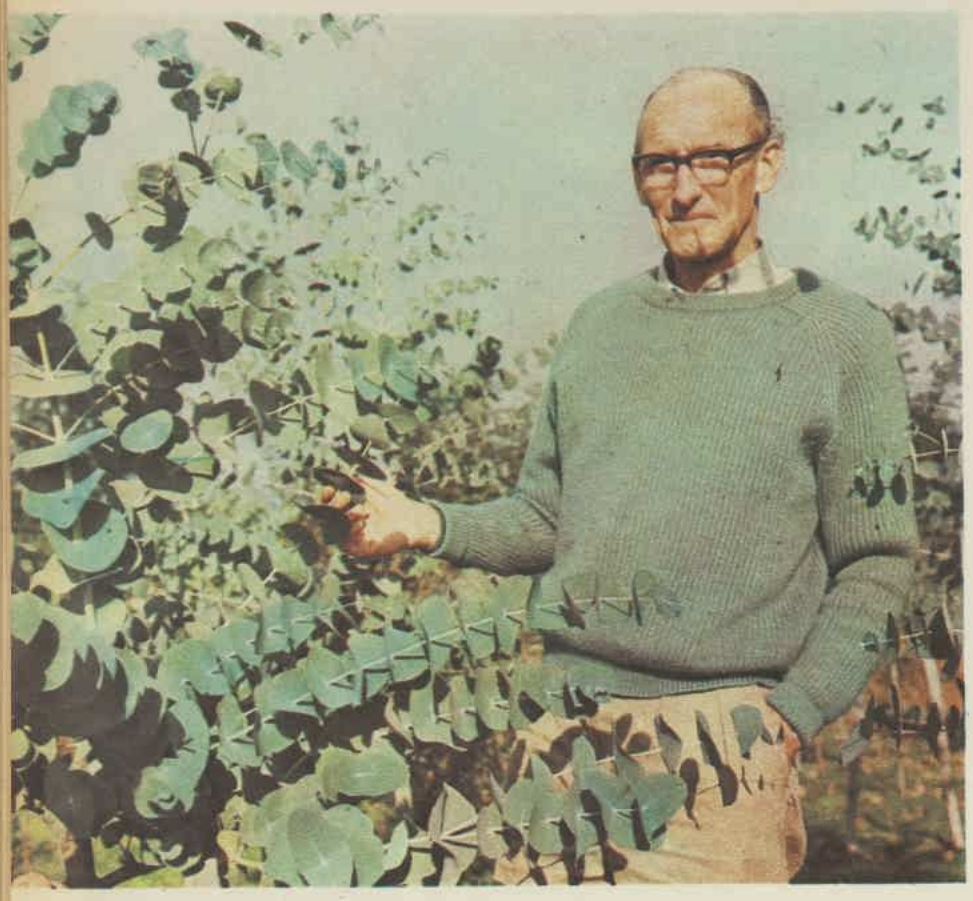
"GUM-TIP

• Australian trees now have a money-making foothold in the land of the oak and elm



MR. RICHARD BARNARD beside a Round-leaved Snow Gum raised on his property in Kent. Leaf sprays from this species are much sought after for flower arrangements in England. Mr. Barnard cuts tips for the market every winter.

VIEW OF PART of the plantation. The town of Bovey Tracey is in the valley in background.

IN beautiful Devon, a retired forestry expert is fast becoming known as the "gum-tip king" of England. He grows many kinds of gum trees, and London florists are selling the leaf-sprays at up to 2/6 sterling each.

In the past the growing of eucalypts in the British Isles has been largely a matter of luck, but now that typical Aussie — probably the most widely transplanted tree in the world — seems to have achieved a permanent foothold.

The man who has found how to grow them so reliably is Richard C. Barnard, who used to be a Colonial Forestry Officer in Malaya.

The story really starts 22 years ago, just before the Japanese invasion, when he and his wife, Peggy, befriended an Australian soldier, Ian Wingfield, who was on service in Kuala Lumpur.

Peggy escaped from the Japanese, found herself in the strange and unknown city of Melbourne, and got in touch with Ian's parents there. She lived with them during the war; her son, Jasper, was born there and still proudly retains his Australian passport.

Ian Wingfield's sister, Joan, is my wife.

Peggy returned to Malaya, where her husband was again doing forestry research. They visited Australia together in 1952, and he made a special study of eucalypts.

Family friendships were cemented, and lately my wife and I have been visiting the Barnards' home at Bovey Tracey, Devon, where they settled on a small property on retirement from Malaya seven years ago.

In this lovely part of rural England we were delighted to find the extent to which Dick's interest in gum trees has developed.

SEEDLINGS are transferred to cold frames after they have germinated in warmed soil. At this stage they are covered with glass on frosty nights.

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KING" OF ENGLAND

OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE, the Barnards stand beside young saplings. It's not unusual for the unpruned gums to grow to 15ft. in three years; and some gums near the house, planted less than seven years ago, are now 30ft. tall. The secrets of success are the selection of seed and careful nurture during and soon after germination.

By J. C. B. JACKSON

He had noticed that English florists were importing eucalyptus foliage from France. Because of a wide belief that the tree was of doubtful hardiness, and a failure to obtain the correct strains of seed, eucalypts were not being successfully cultivated in England.

Dick, who took an M.A. degree in forestry at Cambridge University, began experimental plantings, and now is confident of the gum trees' future.

He germinates the seeds in frames with soil warming, then transfers to cold frames as soon as germination is complete, but covers them with glass in the event of heavy rain and frost. The seedlings are stood out as soon as they are 2in. to 3in. tall.

Some seedlings planted out when only 3in. high in early May grew magnificently and were 3ft. to 4ft. tall by winter.

Flower arrangement is both a popular hobby and profitable business, and the professional and amateur artists in this field demand unusual and bright foliage. The blue-grey tones of the eucalypts set off to perfection the colors of flowers put near them, and they can last up to a couple of months.

Dick supplies florists and also many of the flower-arrangement clubs now booming in Britain.

He has appeared in B.B.C. interviews featuring his gum tips.

The tips are cut in winter when the shoots become dormant.

Everything is saleable, from 6in. tips for wreaths and garlands up to 3ft. lengths for flower arrangements. These are bunched, six or 12 to a bunch, and packed in tissue-paper-lined boxes.

Dick Barnard receives 2/6 for a bunch of short tips and 5/- for a bunch of long tips. Choice sprays of the most popular varieties, 3ft. long, may sell for as much as 2/6 each in the top shops.

GREENHOUSE protects the most vulnerable seedlings until they can be moved. Mr. Barnard has established about 25 kinds of eucalypt in his plantation.

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: COPPER MILLIONS

By MARY BROKER

● Whether John Campbell Miles shouted "Eureka" when he discovered lead-zinc deposits at Mount Isa 40 years ago is hard to say. But you can be sure he had no idea he had chanced on the area which was to become Australia's largest copper producer.

IT took Mount Isa Mines Limited until 1937 to make a profit from its lead-zinc operations, but today the company is earning nearly £6 million a year.

Although copper lodes had been found in North Queensland around the Mount Isa area, nobody had been much disposed to investigate them until the Curtin Government, finding Australia very short of copper in 1943, requested that the mine be put to this use.

Directors apparently found this purely an obligation for the sake of the nation, for in 1946 operations were switched back completely to lead-zinc.

It was another seven years before interest was once more shown in the copper deposits.

Today the company has copper ore reserves of 29½ million tons, enough for nearly 15 years' extraction at the current rate.

The chairman, Mr. G. R. Fisher, said at the annual meeting in October:

"I have pleasure in advising stockholders that results of copper exploration have been satisfactory, and that when these new ore bodies are firmly delineated a substantial addition to ore reserves will be made."

In other words, the picture is even better than was previously thought.

Lead-zinc reserves, too, are extremely healthy at 26 million tons. Add to this the fact that ore reserves of both copper and lead-zinc have shown an increase each year.

Capital expenditure in the year to June 30 last was £5.6 million, making a total of £41.8 million since 1956.

By 1966 a further £22 million is to be spent, bringing total expenditure close to £64 million—all financed from retained earnings, i.e., profits not distributed by way of dividends, and so on.

You will also be astounded to know that a 3-2 bonus issue was made earlier this year from reserves — quite considerable when you think that most companies are held generous on a 1-4 bonus.

It is no wonder the 38 million 5/- shares are priced at around 34/6, giving a total market value of around £170 million.

One hundred shares costing £176 to give a paltry income of £2/10/- a year hardly seems a working proposition. Yet the company has never failed to surprise and to surprise again.

A company which may be following in Mt. Isa's footsteps is Broken Hill South Ltd., a lead-zinc producer.

In 1961 shareholders were informed of a decision to develop the C.S.A. copper leases at Cobar, in 1962 that their company had a 76 2-3% interest in the mine, and in 1963 that "with the development of Cobar, copper trends will be of major interest to the company."

Production of lead, zinc, and silver in the year to June 30, 1963, showed a small but satisfying rise.

However, because of the surge in lead and zinc prices, profit leaped by 70% from £578,000 to £977,000. Quite an achievement in anybody's language!

Another exciting facet of the company's operations is its investment in Alcoa of Australia Pty. Limited, in which it has a 16.6% interest.

The Aluminium Company of America, the world's largest producer of aluminium, has backed this project financially and technically, and South's are confident of the potential of the £45 million complex.

One hundred 5/- shares at 15/- would cost around £77 and should provide you with capital appreciation in the next few years, as well as £3/15/- per year in dividends.

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Ita Buttrose's SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

INGENIOUS Mrs. Alan Barron will use gold-and-white painted jacaranda seed pods as place-cards for her "Christmas Dinner For Two" setting at a display of Christmas table arrangements by the Women's Pioneer Society at its Market Street rooms on December 3.

She also plans to use branches of the pods, which are from her lovely garden at Gordon, as substitutes for flowers combined with gold-and-white painted ivy leaves. Another attractive touch will be a Teneriffe white linen tablecloth, exquisitely embroidered, which originally belonged to Mrs. Barron's grandmother, and is more than 100 years old.

The society's president, Mrs. Charles Badham-Jackson, will introduce a comic note with her "After The Day Is Over — After the Meal Is Done" setting. She'll capture the atmosphere with empty champagne bottles, torn-up crackers, and chicken bones.

A miniature musical Christmas tree which plays "Silent Night" will be the focal point of Mrs. Walter Rice's "Night Before Christmas" setting, and Mrs. Nevil Ware will use gaily wrapped gifts and Santa Claus figures for her table which will depict "Christmas Morning."

One of Mrs. James Strang's treasures—an elegant silver candelabrum will be the centrepiece for her formal "Setting For Six." The table will be spread with a white embroidered linen and white guipure lace cloth and decorated with masses of Christmas bush.

Incidentally, Mrs. Strang is looking forward to the return home of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Lamotte. They have been overseas for the past nine months, and are arriving here on November 28. They will stay with Mrs. Strang and her husband until they find a home of their own on the North Shore.

★ ★ ★

FROM San Francisco comes news of the birth of a daughter to Dr. Arnold Knepfer and his wife, the former Gael Rudwick, of Roseville. In a happy letter to her mother, Mrs. Cook Rudwick, Gael said the baby would be called Rachel Elizabeth. As soon as she heard the news Mrs. Rudwick sent her first grandchild a tiny Austrian bentwood rocking-chair to match the similar standard-sized chair which she sent Gael and Arnold earlier this year. By the way, the Knepfers will be moving in January from their lovely apartment at Telegraph Hill Boulevard into their new American colonial-styled home set among the redwood forests in California's Mill Valley.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that Mrs. Pixie Platt will be returning from London on December 14 to make her home here permanently. Mrs. Platt, who has lived overseas for more than 20 years, last visited Australia 18 months ago, and until recently lived at Alassio, on the Italian Riviera. When she arrives, Mrs. Platt will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Jan Zanozinski, who have just sold their home at Rose Bay and are moving to Double Bay, where they will give a party in honor of Mrs. Platt on December 16. Mrs. Platt will also be guest of honor at a Black Velvet party which Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wilson will give at their Darling Point home on Christmas morning.

★ ★ ★

BUSY traveller Cassandra Tootill, of Mosman, who has just arrived home after 18 months in Europe, will be returning to London in three months' time. On the way, however, she will stop over in New York, where she will stay with film star Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and his wife, and their 21-year-old daughter, Victoria, whom she met when they were both studying in England. When she arrives in London, Cassandra, who speaks French fluently and is studying Spanish, hopes to get a position in the House of Commons or Foreign Service, and eventually would like to work for the United Nations. "I want to make my career in politics. Not as a politician—I just want to be part of the scene," she told me.

★ ★ ★

BEAUTIFUL white Damascus brocade will make the classical gown which Jocelyne Johnston-Bell will wear when she marries Englishman Norman MacLeod, of Dorset, at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on December 14. The brocade was a gift from Norman, who will arrive here on December 3. Jocelyne, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Johnston-Bell, of Potts Point, will have Ann Jefferson as bridesmaid, and Dick Collingridge will be best man. Jocelyne and Norman will spend a week honeymooning in New South Wales before returning to spend Christmas with Jocelyne's parents, and also to celebrate her birthday on December 28. They will leave soon after for Europe, where they will live for the next few years. They hope to return to Sydney in 1965.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brooks after their wedding at St. Aloysius' College Chapel. The bride was Miss Elizabeth McLean, daughter of Mrs. L. E. McLean, of Orange, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brooks, of Castlecrag.

AT RIGHT: Lieut.-Commander Ian Crawford and his bride, formerly Miss Catherine Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Kelly, of Mordialloc, Victoria, who were married at St. Alban's Episcopal Church, Washington, D.C., U.S.A. Lieut.-Commander Crawford, who is a staff officer on the Australian Naval Attache Staff at the Australian Embassy in Washington, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Crawford, of Mosman.

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JUST WED. Mr. Anthony Crawford, of "Mt. Arlington," Walcha, and his bride, formerly Miss Jan Hunter, at the reception at the Australia Hotel given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter, of "Wantima," Willow Tree, after their wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Pictured with the couple are attendants (from left) Mrs. Alan Cox, Mrs. Bruce Herriott, Miss Helen Ward, and Miss Gillian Roseby. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Denzil Crawford, of Port Stephens.

ABOVE: Trio, from left, Mrs. John Amory, Mrs. Bill Adams, and her daughter, Miss Caroline Adams, admiring an old spinning-wheel which was on display at the Viewing of 19th Century Domestic Appliances and Objects which the National Trust of Australia Women's Committee held at Mr. and Mrs. Amory's Hunters Hill home to aid the Trust. More than 100 guests attended the viewing.

AT LEFT: Mr. Isaac Givorshner and his bride, formerly Miss Dianne Innes, leaving the Great Synagogue with their youthful attendants, Karl and Gretchan Sussman. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Roy Innes, of Dover Heights, and of the late Mr. Innes. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Givorshner, of Mosman. They will live at Lindfield.

ABOVE: Guests (from left) Miss Nora Barr, Mrs. Arthur Pritchard, Mrs. Leonard Clyne, and Mrs. Ted Barr at the Christmas Chatter and Cheer lunch held at the Astor Hotel Motel, Woolloomooloo. Two hundred and fifty attended the buffet lunch, which was arranged by the Lewisham Hospital Cancer Relief Committee.

BELOW: Mr. Michael Beggs and Miss Hilary McEntyre lunched at the Weinkeller Restaurant to celebrate the announcement of their engagement. Miss McEntyre is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. McEntyre, of Wagga. Her fiance is the only son of Mrs. Ralph Beggs, of Mosman, and of the late Mr. Beggs.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Gordon Samuels (left) with author Mr. Morris West and the president of the Cornucopia Committee, Mrs. I. A. Listwan, at the committee's chicken-and-champagne luncheon, which was held at the home of Mrs. Ian Platt Hepworth, of Bellevue Hill, to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation. Mr. West was guest speaker at the function.

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How women

● Every woman knows that lovely hair is a vital part of her attractiveness. But today many mistreat their hair. They sleep with it set on bulky rollers, style it too often with lotions and sprays, overtease and overwork it.

HAIRSTYLES are individual and becoming, but more and more women are troubled with hair damage — dull hair, brittle and broken hair, thinning hair.

It is time for a good, hard look at what women are doing wrong and what they should be doing right if they want healthy, gleaming hair.

Many women ruin their hair by doing too much to it.

Others cause temporary or even permanent damage by neglect of persistent, possibly serious, hair and scalp conditions.

Here is a summary of the current hair problems and advice for any woman who wants healthy - looking hair again.

DULL, DEAD-LOOKING HAIR:

Hairdressers agree that many women are overteasing their hair, and overteased hair is always dull, especially when it is allowed to remain in its matted state from day to day.

Some women hate to brush the set out; instead, they gently smooth the hair over the teased sections.

Fortunately, the remedy for this kind of dull hair is an easy and obvious one: Stop teasing and start combing.

Some hairdressers blame the use of beer as a hair-setting lotion for the prevalent dull-hair look.

Misuse of hair spray can also dull the hair. Always hold the dispenser eight to ten inches away, so that you don't overdose the hair.

Improper use of shampoo can dull hair. Thorough rinsing of the shampoo is important; any residue will cause dullness.

To rinse thoroughly, hairdressers use a hose spray. You can use a spray of this kind at home, attaching it to the tap. Hold it with the teeth of the spray close to the head and flood the scalp with water.

Naturally dry hair has a tendency to be lustreless to begin with.

Don't shampoo dry hair too often — once a fortnight is quite sufficient if you're having trouble with your hair. Use a mild, bland soap.

If your problem hair is oily, you can shampoo it once every five to seven days, using commercial shampoo.

Coarse hair can be shampooed more often than fine, silky hair.

Regular massage will help, too; lightly rotate fingertips over the scalp twice a day for at least five minues.

Many hairdressers will massage a conditioning agent into your hair before setting it. You can do this at home, and between shampoos, to give it sheen.

When hair has lost "the look of life"

Overuse and misuse of home permanents and coloring products can dry and dull the hair. All hairdressers urge regular treatments to recondition hair that has lost the "look of life." A cream or lotion conditioner also should be used at home.

Whatever treatment is given, be sure that it is one that does not require three or four soapings to remove the conditioning agent, as a hot olive oil treatment would. This only nullifies the treatment.

HAIR BREAKAGE:

Hairdressers cite many causes of brittle, broken hair. Among them, often in combination, are sleeping on rollers, brushing fine hair too vigorously, overteasing, overtinting, and a general over-manipulation of the hair.

Overteasing and carelessness in combing out teased hair can cause more damage to hair than just the familiar split ends.

These can be snipped off the next time a woman visits her hairdresser, but teasing and the other practices mentioned above can cause serious damage to the hair shaft.

If the shaft is weakened and torn, hair has to grow out completely before the damage can be undone.

The beehive hairdo, no longer in style, introduced overteasing of the hair.

Hairdressers claim that it is impossible to achieve the height and width women are now accustomed to without some teasing. But it can be done carefully. If you insist on occasional teasing, get your hairdresser to show you how to do it with a minimum of breakage.

If a hairdresser advises you not to tease your hair, follow his advice. Ask him to give you a hairstyle that won't require teasing, or get a small, lightweight hairpiece that can be clipped under your own hair to give your style height.

Women punish their hair by altogether too vigorous handling. When you shampoo your hair, don't scrub it. Treat it as you would your finest cashmere sweater, gently "squeezing" it clean.

After rinsing thoroughly, wrap it tightly in a towel. If you use a home dryer, use one that can be regulated against overheating. Medium heat is best.

Broken combs can damage hair. Always use a clean comb. If hair snarls or mats, use one with large, smooth, rounded teeth. The moment even one tooth breaks off, discard the comb; you'll snag and snap off hairs if you don't.

Hair - brushing habits should be re-examined, too, if you're having trouble with hair breakage.

A natural-bristle brush is safer, because the ends of the bristles are rounded and don't damage the hair. But bristle brushes are expensive, so you can compromise by using a nylon brush, but use it very gently. Too vigorous brushing will cause the hair to break off.

Forget advice about "the hundred licks"

If hair is baby-fine or in poor condition, some hairdressers suggest that women stop brushing. For normal or coarse hair, brush for sheen. If you have been brought up to believe that you have to give your hair one hundred licks every morning and every night, you can forget that advice.

The surprising truth is that gentle massage of the scalp twice a day for two minutes will do a good job

● "Hairdressers agree that many women are overteasing their hair." The beehive fashion of recent years has led to trouble when it is left too long a time without combing.

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RUIN their hair

A SYDNEY dermatologist has praised this article. "Reports in medical journals from America, Britain, France, and Italy indicate that baldness in women is increasing," he said. "One of the main reasons is, I think, the constant use of hard, plastic rollers which can do permanent damage. Contributing factors are too much lacquer, too much shampooing, and excessive, untreated dandruff. The article gives commonsense advice women should follow. Serious hair damage, however, should be investigated by a doctor."

● ***Even a short cut is given height by a small hairpiece, eliminating the need for teasing. And if the hair needs spraying to keep it in place, hold the dispenser well away, as overdosing can dull the hair.***

of the work brushing does and stimulate circulation in the scalp.

Hair - rollers improperly used are a major cause of hair damage. Winding the hair too tightly on to rollers, pulling it too hard from the scalp, creates too much tension and weaker hairs snap.

Have your hairdresser show you how to wind hair to do the job but not exert undue "pull" on the hair shaft.

● ***"Hairdressers claim it is impossible to achieve the height and width women are now accustomed to without some teasing. But it can be done carefully . . . Get a small, lightweight hairpiece that can be clipped under your hair to give your style height."***

Sleeping on rollers is particularly damaging. Hair-breaking friction is created as the taut hair is rubbed between rollers and pillow. Wire-mesh, stiff-brush, or clip-on rollers are particularly brutal to hair.

Hairdressers suggest that women set their hair before retiring, then use a hair-dryer and remove the rollers and clips. If you do this, tie a net over the hair and don't brush out the set till morning. Another solution is to get up a bit earlier in the morning and set your hair.

Home permanent waving can cause breakage when women wind their hair too tightly and compactly on the curlers. This causes damage not only because of tension but because the waving lotion and the neutraliser are prevented from circulating freely through each strand of hair.

If you plan to give yourself a home permanent, allow the old permanent to grow out completely or have the ends cut off. Have the hair shaped if it has grown bushy.

Before using a home-permanent product, read the manufacturer's instructions completely. If end papers are specified, be sure to use them. Use the type of curlers recommended — never old ones that you have from a kit you bought years ago.

Try a test curl, especially if your hair is lightened or color-treated. Wind your hair on the curlers securely but not too tightly.

Hair-coloring products must also be used carefully, following the manufacturer's step-by-step instructions.

When hair is to undergo a drastic change, there is no doubt that a professional colorist should do the job. Often the natural color must be lightened before the new color can be used. This is not a do-it-yourself operation.

Temporary and semi-permanent coloring can be handled at home by women who exercise caution and follow directions carefully. Before using any hair-coloring product a woman should make a preliminary skin patch test, whether at the salon or at home, to be sure that she is not allergic.

Reapplying color too soon to touch up permanently tinted hair is a mistake. This is called "overlapping."

Any lightening agent, improperly used, will weaken the hair shafts, so it is important to avoid overlapping. Apply fresh color only where needed.

A cotton-tipped swab makes a good applicator for touch-ups at hairline or part.

Shun "home brews" of peroxide and ammonia

If an applicator or brush is recommended for the product you use, follow the manufacturer's directions carefully. Always use the same hair-coloring product that you used originally.

When semi-permanent colorings are used, avoid color build-up by waiting until most of the color from previous applications has faded with time or been washed out with a number of shampooings.

A great deal of damage is done to hair with "home brews" of peroxide, household ammonia, and a dash of lemon juice. Repeated use of this concoction will leave hair as dry as baked straw and also will cause scalp irritation. Manufacturers of hair lighteners make sure their products contain conditioning agents such as lanolin.

Hairdressers report that some women attempt to straighten their hair at home, using a kit designed to permanent wave the hair. The waving lotion is applied, but then, in a reversal of the waving process, the hair is combed down harshly in an attempt to straighten it.

This is abusive treatment even for the strongest hair. Since there are no instructions for straightening hair in the home wave kit, the result is broken, brittle hair. Leave hair straightening to the professional hairdresser.

THINNING HAIR:

The incidence of thinning hair and even of baldness does seem to be increasing. Dermatologists as well as hairdressers are giving more and more attention to causes, effects, and treatments.

Some hair loss is natural for a woman. New hair comes to replace it and there is no cause for alarm. But many women are losing their hair through abusive treatment.

Some of the things that cause hair breakage also cause it to fall out—pulling a comb through overteased hair, sleeping on hair "tensed" in rollers.

When very serious hair loss occurs, hairdressers suggest that you rest your hair from color treatments, permanents, and even regular hair sets. Shampoo it no oftener than is absolutely necessary, using a good commercial shampoo or a prescription shampoo from your doctor. Stop using rollers altogether. Set your hair in stand-up pin-curls instead.

If necessary, have your hair cut in a style that is suitable for this kind of simple setting.

Every hairdresser has seen the results of pulling the hair back tight in a ponytail or bun — receding hairline, a balding spot under the place where the ponytail is secured, damage to hair follicles that may be permanent. Securing the ponytail with a rubber band breaks the hair.

Dermatologists have differing opinions about dandruff, especially in its relation to hair loss.

The condition called seborrhoeic dermatitis, in which crusty dandruff is accompanied by redness and inflammation of the scalp, may do permanent damage to the hair follicles. If a woman has this condition she should consult a dermatologist without delay.

A slight case of dandruff should not be allowed to grow worse. In this connection it is reassuring to know that much harmless scalp flaking is mistaken for dandruff.

The skin on the scalp of every healthy person flakes or sheds daily. And when shampoo is not thoroughly rinsed out of the hair, but is left on the scalp, it will dry the scalp and induce dandruff-like flakes.

For the normal, everyday scaling of the scalp, no medication is needed. For slight cases of dandruff, in which flaking is accompanied by a degree of itching, use a shampoo made to control the condition.

Be careful not to scratch at your scalp with fingernails or a comb to dislodge the scales. Brush them lightly from your hair before shampooing.

Try not to worry your hair habitually with your fingertips or comb, or brush it excessively whenever it gets ruffled.

Don't let facial cream or lotions invade it with their added emollients.

If severe hair loss occurs, see a doctor at once.

Hairdressers have noted sadly that too many women go on secretly worrying about their hair while continuing to torment it. They seem to take the attitude that if they ignore a hair problem, it will go away.

It won't.

But the hair itself may.

● **World copyright 1963 Redbook magazine. Distributed by Opera Mundi.**

● ***If hair is baby-fine, brush it with care. "The surprising truth is that gentle massage of the scalp twice a day for five minutes will do a good part of the work brushing does and stimulate circulation in the scalp."***

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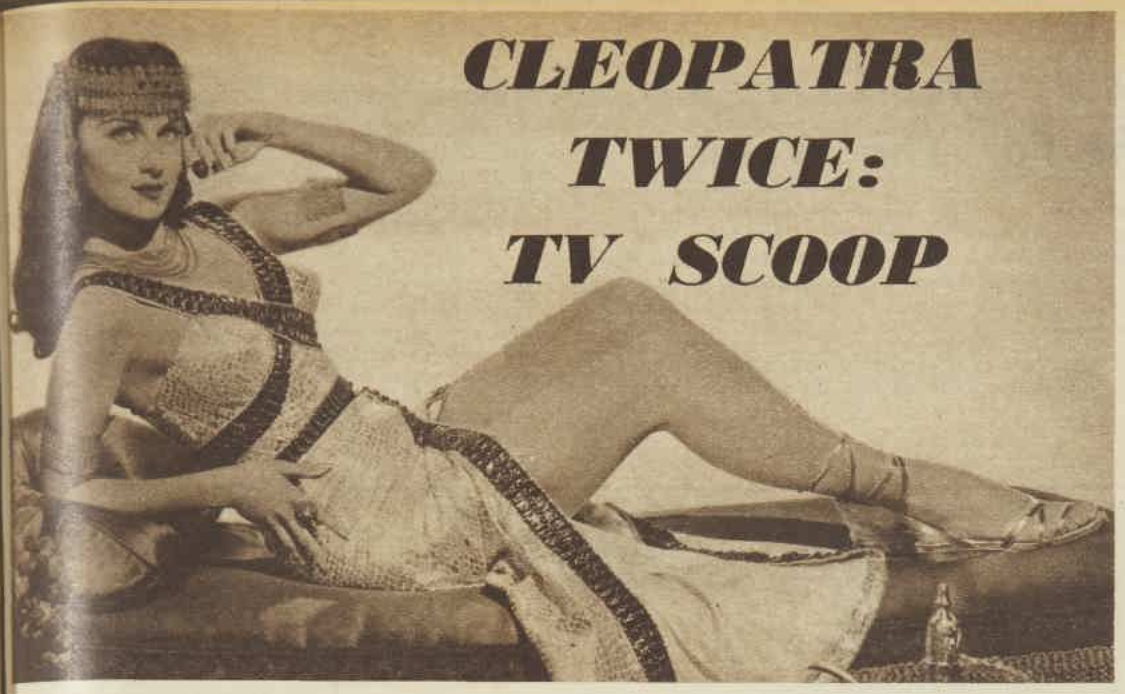
CLEOPATRA TWICE: TV SCOOP



RHONDA FLEMING (left) as Cleopatra in the film "Serpent of the Nile," in which Raymond ("Perry Mason") Burr (above) plays the curly-haired toga-clad Mark Antony.

"Cleopatra" comes to Sydney in a big way this week and TCN9, traditionally first in the field, has scooped the show-business world again.

By NAN MUSGROVE

THEY have taken the icing off Elizabeth Taylor's "Cleopatra" movie preview by presenting, two days before, on Wednesday, December 4, at 7 p.m., a riotous, half-hour version starring Lucille Ball as Cleopatra.

To fans of "The Lucy Show," surely one of the most hilarious half-hours on TV, that fact is enough to chain them to their set on December 4.

There is a very famous description of Lucille Ball which classifies her as "a mixture of Marlene Dietrich and Donald Duck."

Think about it, and it is not far wrong; she is a beautiful woman and a great clown, and think about it again and imagine her as Cleopatra.

Viewers know all about the women's fire brigade, of which Lucy and her co-star, Vivian Vance, are members. Cleopatra comes about as a means of raising funds for the brigade and Lucy grabs the big role.

Vivian has to be content with the role of Mark Antony, but she makes the most of it.

It sounds like the greatest send up of all time. Indeed, strong men who saw a preview of the episode were still weak from laughter days later.

As if that isn't enough for one night, slap bang on top of it at 7.30 TCN9 does it again, and presents another Cleopatra—Rhonda Fleming.

Rhonda is Cleopatra in "Serpent of the Nile," a Columbia picture 10 years old. The big news for viewers is that Raymond Burr ("Perry Mason") plays Mark Antony.

I can't wait. Raymond, I'm told, wears his toga with poise and with his thick hair in curls instead of the severe "en brosse" or brush-back style that viewers admire in Perry Mason.

I'm a Burr fan from way back, and it all sounds too much to think of Raymond Burr shedding that suave courtroom manner for the toga.

Thinking of the revelation of those well-trousered Mason legs, I asked anxiously did he have good legs.

I got my answer. I'm told the word is heroic.

On top of all these delights, if you've got the time and the money, you can see

Television

Liz Taylor and Burton's gold-plated movie, "Cleopatra."

I wouldn't miss any of the three of them.

★ ★ ★

THE world's most expensive travelogue, "Elizabeth Taylor In London," has really started something. Right on top of their big success with Liz, the producers, Phil D'Antoni and Norman Baer, announced they had signed up Sophia Loren to do a similar film about Rome.

Their latest triumph, said to be contracted and signed for at an undisclosed super-colossal fee, is Richard Burton's Wales. Cynics in Hollywood these days say they are just waiting to see the preview of Zsa Zsa Gabor's tour of Tiffanys, New York's most famous jewellers.

For quick poll results

AUSTRALIA'S first real TV living-room election has a grand finish on election night, November 30, when every TV channel gives the election results the full treatment.

Early plans indicate that Sydney's TCN9 will be a runaway winner of the TV Academy Award for the best and quickest cover.

They start their telecast at 8.30 p.m. At their elbow they have the magic of the coaxial cable that means instant live telecasts from both Melbourne and Sydney, and as well are doing an outside broadcast direct from the main tally room at Canberra's Albert Hall.

Commonwealth electoral officers decided to move the main tally room to the Albert Hall after TCN9 requested this so that they would have sufficient room within the tally room for the TV cameras and equipment.

Canberra's tally room is the heart of the election results. It is from this centre that results pulse out to the State capitals, but it sometimes takes 10 minutes to reach there.

This means that TCN9 viewers could know trends and results quicker than Commonwealth electoral officers at the main Sydney and Melbourne tally rooms.

Lantern-jawed ex-Sydney TV announcer Kevin Sanders will be the big voice from Canberra's tally room.

With him will be Creighton Burns, of Melbourne University, well-known political commentator, and four of those frightening slide-rule men who will scan figures and use computers that show trends and likelihoods of trends.

Adding to all this excitement are vital interviews with the Prime Minister (Sir Robert Menzies) and his Labor opponent, the Leader of the Opposition (Mr. Arthur Calwell), direct from Melbourne.

TCN will also have a camera inside the "Sunday Telegraph" newsroom, where seasoned political writer Alan Reid will talk about the election.

All ordinary programmes have been shelved for the night for the election programme, which will carry on from 8.30 till midnight or until the results are known.

ABC-TV will do a full cover from 8.30 and ATN7 from 9.30 p.m.

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

OUR GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No Star — Poor

★★ NIKKI — WILD DOG OF THE NORTH

Delightful family fare is this Walt Disney story of a Canadian dog and his adventures in the wilds with a black bear cub. The humans in the film are only props for the antics of wild animals—marmots, wolverines, muskrats, and bears—and the incomparably majestic scenery of the Canadian rivers and mountains.—**St. James, Sydney.**

In a word . . . FUN.

AUDREY HEPBURN says she is "tired of reading those stories that Mel Ferrer and I are breaking up. We are very happy. After I have finished playing Eliza in 'My Fair Lady' we plan to go to our home in Switzerland for Christmas."

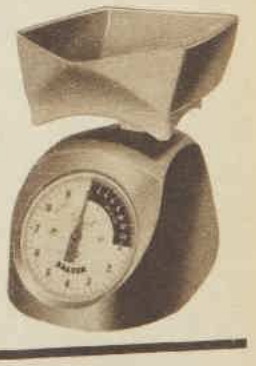
★ ★ ★

IT is rumored in Hollywood that Walt Disney's next feature-length cartoon will be based on A. A. Milne's classic, "Winnie the Pooh."

★ ★ ★

AN intriguing trio of talent has just finished the film, "Topaki," in Turkey and Greece. They are Melina Mercouri, of "Never On Sunday" fame, Peter Ustinov, and Maximillian Schell.

Make a *Christmas Gift* of **SALTER** scales



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The Salter 'Duet' does the work of two scales—it incorporates fine sub-divisions (1-lb. x ¼-oz.) for really accurate diet and recipe weighing, and a large capacity (10-lb.) for jam making, fruit preserving and many other purposes. PRICE £4.17.6

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Newest addition to the Salter range is a low priced bathroom scale, the Strand. This scale has a revolving dial with magnifying lens which makes the graduations 20 stone and 280 x 1-lb. really easy to read. The 'Strand' is available in SIX colour schemes, with an attractively textured material covering the platform.

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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought For The Week*

Momma once said: "Have you noticed how no one seems to have just one child at a time any more . . . At least, according to the newspapers I have been reading lately. Everyone is having twins, triplets, quadruplets, and in the last few months two, or was it three, sets of quintuplets . . .?" I don't know if there's a medical explanation or not, so I asked Momma what in her estimation was the reason for all these multiple births lately, and here is my mother's answer . . .

Momma's moral: My son, there is a very good reason for so many multiple births recently . . . no one wants to face the world we live in today. . . . ALONE.

DID YOU KNOW?

THE new Federation of Malaysia is to start a television service at the end of this year. The first phase of the service is due to start in December in the Kuala Lumpur area, and the chief contractors, E.M.I. Electronics, are supplying about £100,000 worth of equipment for studio and outside broadcasts.

★ ★ ★

ROGER MOORE ("The Saint") has always done his own fighting, even in film work, without any stand-in —but even he gets caught out sometimes. Recently, in the new series on English TV, he pulled a muscle falling backwards over a sofa in a fight and the following week he ducked too slowly from a swinging punch and finished up with a black eye. But he laughs it all off — especially when author Leslie Charteris says he is better than any of the film Saints yet.

★ ★ ★

COMEDIAN-SINGER Jerry Van Dyke (brother of Dick Van Dyke) has left the "Judy Garland Show." Jack Carter, a comedian, may get the nod as Van Dyke's replacement.

★ ★ ★

FOR TV actor Robert Hardy, history seems to have a special lure. After his triumph as Henry V in "The Age of Kings," he played Coriolanus in the next B.B.C. Shakespearian series, "The Spread of the Eagle," which comes to Australia next year.

But in between he has been doing some historical work of his own. While studying Henry V he

Television

went to find the site of the Battle of Agincourt and grew so interested in the strategy and history that he wrote an hour-long programme on it for B.B.C. television called "The Picardy Affair," produced on the anniversary of the battle (October 25), 548 years after.

★ ★ ★

NEW B.B.C. "adventure" programmes to be shown soon in Australia come from all corners of the world. One, showing a journey to "Eskimo Island" has sea otters in the Cook Inlet and brown bears catching salmon in the rivers of Alaska.

One, from India, shows the fantastic ancient religious dance ritual The Kathakali, where the performers have to train hard for 12 years before they can take even a minor part.

A third shows groups of English and African students doing scientific research in remote parts of Uganda.

★ ★ ★

IN a "poor soul" scene in his comedy show, Jackie Gleason rode a bicycle into a fake brick wall—which was supposed to collapse on contact. The wall didn't break, but poor Jackie's arm did. With his wrist bound in a plaster cast, the comedian will continue with his weekly show.

★ ★ ★

PLANNING her future in London, Aussie Dorothy Baker is torn between success and homesickness. Recently she has been touring with Frankie Vaughan and filming a TV show to be shown in England in December with Ray Alan and Clive Dunn, of "Bootsie and Snudge."

She is also booked for two more TV shows, one with the The Black and White Minstrels, for a New Year cruise in the Queen Mary, and is auditioning for Christmas shows.

She has also acquired a white poodle—a present from a fan—"But really," she says, wistfully looking at the grey English skies, "I'd love best of all to be home for Christmas."

Air-O-Zone is the modern air freshener and room deodorizer that destroys all unpleasant odours, leaves a wonderful freshness all through your home. The glycol in Air-O-Zone helps kill airborne bacteria. Spray Air-O-Zone in the bathroom and sickroom or wherever there is a risk of infection.
Next time you notice unpleasant household smells, banish them with Air-O-Zone and enjoy the lingering aroma of Air-O-Zone's fresh fragrance.

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fresh as a dewy pine forest.
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Freshen up your home with Air-O-Zone

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ON CAMERA WITH KENNEDY

● *"Hullo, Bert."*

● *"Oh, yes . . ."*

● *"Really? . . ."*

● *"Did you hear that?"*

● *"How're you going?" is a typical Kennedy greeting as the compere peers out at his studio audience at Television City, Melbourne, at the start of one of his nightly "In Melbourne Tonight" shows.*

Television

"THE BEST OF KENNEDY," produced at GTV9 Melbourne and shown in every State, is unique among national variety shows.

It comprises the best segments — songs, sketches, routines, and interviews — from the five "In Melbourne Tonight" programmes shown each week on GTV9.

At the same time as it is seen on GTV9, "In Melbourne Tonight" goes "live" to country channel GLV10 Gippsland. "The Best of Kennedy" goes to TCN9 Sydney, NWS9 Adelaide, QTQ9 Brisbane, TVW7 Perth, TNT9 Launceston, and BTV6 Ballarat.

Selection of the content of the national show is done these days by GTV9 director Brian Phillis, who watches every edition of "In Melbourne Tonight." Compilation of the programme was done until recently by Graham himself and programme manager Rod Kinnear, who used to work on it well into the early hours of the morning after Graham's final edition of IMT for the week was over.

The show features, besides Graham as compere, the other two well-known "In Melbourne Tonight" personalities who compere local shows, Noel Ferrier and Bert Newton, as well as other popular Melbourne TV performers.

Color photographs by courtesy of Fanfare Films, Melbourne.

● *Ad-lib comedy and general clowning of compere Graham Kennedy and colleague Bert Newton is sometimes featured in "The Best of Kennedy." Here are Bert and Graham in a typical comedy routine.*

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Nestlé's decision to vacuum-pack Baby's all-important "first-solids" in glass is welcome news for Mother! She already knows that Nestlé's make Lactogen, the most trusted infant preparation of all, and that Nestlé's have specialised in infant nutritional research for nearly a century. So she can depend on Nestlé's new Strained and Junior Foods being dietetically perfect for Baby through his critical months of growth!

WHY MOTHERS, CHILD AUTHORITIES AND BABIES APPROVE THE BETTER-BALANCED NESTLE'S FORMULAE.

Nestlé's devoted a long-term research programme to perfecting these new Foods for Australian babies. As each formula was developed, big groups of mothers took part in home tests and reported their babies' progress and reactions. Infant clinics also placed Nestlé's foods on trial. The verdict? Nestlé's have made infant foods better in every way!

Better nutrition
from selected farm-fresh vegetables, fruits, prime meats, chicken and cereals. Nestlé's food technologists ensure that maximum vitamins and minerals are captured.

Better protected
in hygienic glass to retain flavour and freshness best of all. Opened jars can be re-capped and stored safely in your fridge for up to two days.

Better varieties
each developed by Nestlé's dieticians and constantly tested to keep protein, carbohydrate and fat contents balanced to suit Baby's needs. Note the 6-oz. jar for Junior Foods — a handy "meal-size" for the older Baby's growing appetite.

Better textures
smooth-textured Nestlé's Strained Foods are full of 'body', perfect for the younger baby's digestion. Junior varieties, with bigger, tender pieces, encourage older babies to chew to help develop strong teeth and help them graduate to "eating with the family".

Better flavours
mild and natural (without strong seasonings), these foods teach Baby to enjoy new tastes.

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2. Nada's handle is angled like a dentist's mirror.

3. Ribbed handle gives you a comfortable non-slip grip!

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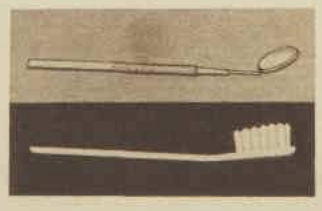

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● Medium, hard or extra-hard texture. ● Also sizes for Children. ● Full range of family colours.

IMPULSIVE

● An Australian dancer, holidaying in Crete, finds friendship in a village and gives romance a helping hand

IT was hot in the bus from Iraklion, and everyone who sat on my side, near the sea, looked at it, just as I did. Those on the other side tried to see it also by looking over our heads.

"Crete, Crete, Crete, mou," people had sung to me on the island. "My Crete, like a jewel in the sea." And so it was. The blue waters sparkled against the rocks and lapped in and out of the little inlets.

I had taken the only empty seat, at the back of the bus, and next to me sat a young Greek girl.

When the driver came to take the money for our tickets, and this girl heard me speaking English, she told the man what I wanted and got him to give me the right ticket for going as far as the beach.

"What are you going to do there?" she asked. And I told her I was going for a swim. I had come alone to Crete two days earlier, and was staying at a hotel.

"Are you English?" the girl asked. And I said "Yes." But after that I added, "Well, not exactly. I'm Australian."

"Ah. We Greeks like Australians very much. The Australian soldier was good to us in the war. My father says they are friend of us."

Then she told me that she was going to school in Athens to study English. Suddenly she said, "Don't go for a swim, come and stay with us."

She was not alone, for in the seat before us was her old grandmother, and beside her was her younger brother, George. The grandmother was a shrunken yet strong little old creature, with a black shawl wrapped around her head. George was a good-looking, brown-haired boy with clean golden skin. If I had not met him in Crete it would have been difficult to say what country he belonged to.

Neither of them spoke English. The girl told them what she had said to me, and they smiled encouragingly. But I couldn't believe she was serious. She repeated her invitation, so I said, "I can't come now, because I have left all my clothes at the hotel."

"Come tomorrow then," she suggested, "bring your clothes, and take this same bus, and buy your ticket for Hieropetra. That is the name of our village. When you arrive in Hieropetra, ask anyone for Helen Belesario, and they will bring you to me. I will tell my mother."

I promised to come, and since we had arrived at the beach I left the bus.

So the next day I did as she had told me, and bought my ticket, this time not for the beach but for Hieropetra, which means Holy Stone.

I had already done the kind of thing the tourists do in Crete. On my second day on the island I had gone from the seaport town of Iraklion to the ancient ruins of the Palace of Cnossos, where the Minotaur, the man-devouring bull of ancient myth, lurked in his underground labyrinth.

I had visited the museum at Iraklion.

Now, on an impluse, I was making a five-hour journey to the end of the long island. Few tourists went as far as Hieropetra.

The person sitting next to me this time must have been a farmer. He smelt strange and earthy, his two-day-old beard was black, and he had one of those smiles that frighten you, even when the man himself is good.

Most of the journey was along the coast. I was nervous as the bus swept around the narrow road on the high cliffs, for the driver, it seemed, drove recklessly. I breathed easily when the road brought us close to the sea, and now I longed to leave the bus and dally in the loveliest of all waters — the waters in which Aphrodite herself was born.

But I said to myself, "No, Helen is waiting for me."

We left the sea and passed into some hilly country. The earth looked hard and the vegetation was short and harsh-looking.

It seemed to me that Cretans were hard on each other. The bus stopped to let a passenger off. I saw a peasant coming up the steep bank at the side of the road, where the earth was especially stark. He must have come a long way. I saw no houses nearby. He carried a heavy sack, and it was obvious that he wanted to take the bus. But he was unable to finish the climb up the bank in time, so the driver, who had seen him, I was sure, went on without him.

Were they enemies? I wondered if they belonged to feuding families — for I am told that vendettas exist in Crete as in Corsica.

We travelled on, getting hotter. At last we came to a town, where the bus stopped. Someone told me in English that we would rest here for half an hour.

I walked down a narrow path, following a sign in Greek which told me that I would reach a toilet-room eventually. I found it, a tiny room in a stone wall facing a busy-looking bay in which fishing-boats were moored. So, we were back to the sea.

After making my toilet in the small stone room, and thinking that it was very civil of the town to cater for the needs of travellers in this way, I wandered back up the path and sat in a cafe in the square, where I ordered a cup of the Turkish coffee which all people drink in Greece, the coffee which is so sweet and so very black.

THEN it was time to get back into the bus. But this time it was a smaller one — fewer people were travelling. The farmer was still with us. His short black stubble growing from his oily skin, and his strange odor, were all that seemed to exist of him now, until he smiled his Pan-like smile.

I guessed that he was longing to get home. He no longer noticed my presence.

The next stop was at a shrine by the roadside. Here we entered the small white building and lit candles for the Madonna. I lit one and left some drachmas on the tray. The Madonna was a primitive one, a doll with long Eastern painted eyes. Someone had placed flowers at her feet, and they had dried several days ago.

A young girl, affected by the heat and the bus, went behind a tree on the other side of the road and was sick. Everyone waited, and later we all got into the bus and set off again. The girl wouldn't accept any comfort from anyone, until at last she let an old lady give her a red handker-

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JOURNEY

By EILEEN CRAMER

THE AUTHOR holds the hand of a little orphan in Crete. Dark-haired Helen Belesario, daughter of Miss Cramer's host and hostess, is at the centre of the group and their friend Elizabeth is at left.

chief. At first I thought it was Helen's grandmother, but all old Cretan ladies looked like Helen's grandmother, frail yet strong.

It was well past lunch-time when the bus stopped in the little square of a small town, or village. The driver said, "Hieropetra." It was for my benefit, for everyone else knew.

They helped me out with my suitcase and for a while I just stood there, since I couldn't quite believe that anybody, just anybody, would lead me to Helen Belesario.

But the first person I asked responded at once. He was a solid young man who appeared to be working on something in the square. He dropped a spade, picked up my suitcase, and set off, leaving me to follow if I liked.

HE led me from the square, around which there were a few cafes all closed for lunch, and out along a pleasant road lined with trees and houses. On my right side, beyond the houses, I could see a white beach; on the other was a long stone wall.

A strong dry wind was blowing and I hoped it would not be a long walk. The young man was silent, which was sensible of him since he couldn't speak English and I couldn't speak Greek. Some people gabble away in their own language, even when they know you can't understand them. He didn't.

At the end of the road, just before a few fields and uncultivated ground, he stopped at a gateway in a low stone wall on the same side as the beach. Looking in, I saw a homely dark-haired woman engaged in placing empty eggshells over the cut stalks of some carnation plants.

As soon as he saw her the youth put down my bag, said something, and hurried off. The lady opened the gate and welcomed me as though she already knew me. It was Mrs. Belesario, and she was putting eggshells on her carnation plants to ward off the Evil Eye.

At the sound of her mother's voice Helen herself came from another arched gateway at the far end of the garden and greeted me gladly. Then her brother George came also, and we all stood there laughing and talking.

They led me through the arch into another court which had a grape-vine growing over it and rooms on either side, and at one end a stone stairway leading up to a flat roof over the main part of the house.

Mrs. Belesario hurried to the kitchen on the left, while Helen took me to a room on the right. It was her room, I could see, for the possessions of a girl were all around the walls. The windows, which opened on to the court, were shaded with venetian blinds, and a rush mat hung like a curtain at the doorway. There was little furniture and the floor was tiled, Eastern style, in blue and white.

I was sleepy, and in fact they had all been about to settle down for their afternoon sleep. Helen's father had gone to look at a field where he grew vegetables, and after that he would go on to his store in the village.

But before we slept Mrs. Belesario returned with a plate of eggs. I never had so many eggs at one sitting. There were five, swimming in olive oil. There was also fresh Greek bread, the inevitable tomato salad, and a glass of Greek wine that smells and tastes of pinewood.

I ate and they watched. Then, when I had finished, Helen pulled the blinds, sprayed the room with fly and mosquito spray, closed the shutters but left the door ajar, and left me alone. I drifted into a sweet, damp, hot-afternoon slumber.

Helen, I must tell you, is a beautiful girl. Unlike some Greeks, she really **looks** like an early Greek — not of the classical period but the archaic — and has beautiful long dark eyes, full red lips and white teeth, and a slim strong figure. She dresses simply but fashionably, like most Greek girls even if they are not rich. Cotton dresses are not expensive and, apparently, neither is soap, for they always look so clean and the petticoats that show beneath their skirts are always pure white.

In the evenings, a little before sunset, the girls of Hieropetra promenade up and down the main street. Many of them look like Helen, although not so cosmopolitan, for in Athens Helen became a little more sophisticated than those who have never left the island. Yet, even though she studies in Athens, her brother, with whom she shares rooms there, never lets her go out without him at night, and rarely in the afternoons, either.

"During our evening promenade in the village square . . . a tall, handsome boy passed quite often. He looked at Helen, but never spoke."

So when we strolled along the main road, in the small town of Hieropetra — town or village, I am never quite sure which it is — I saw that the boys, who also strolled along in groups of three and four, looked very often in Helen's direction.

On this first evening, naturally, everyone looked because they were very interested in me, the stranger. Few tourists, as I said, go to Hieropetra.

BEFORE we began promenading we called at the store. Helen's father was there, behind the counter. He, like George, was not a dark man, but he had brown hair and a bushy moustache. He had the air of being an important citizen of the town, and he was jovial.

On the shelves behind him were tins of biscuits, jam, and sweets. Sacks of potatoes stood on the floor, and sacks of meal. He also sold eggs and fruits and groceries. Mrs. Belesario was seated on a chair, and I was not sure if she was there to relieve Mr. Belesario so that he would be free to wander up the street, or if she was there because she liked it.

At once she was on her feet; and, unable to do anything else for me at the moment, she filled a small paper bag with sunflower seeds and nuts so that I would have something to chew while I talked to people. (Actually, I didn't do much talking because few people spoke English. But I smiled a lot.)

After a while Mr. Belesario went away to sit with other shopkeepers and businessmen outside another store, and Mrs. Belesario was left in charge. Helen said that we should walk, and promised to return later to collect her mother so that we could all go home together.

We made our entry into the social stream, and it was then that the whole town knew a stranger was in its midst.

We were soon joined by another pretty girl, who quickly linked arms with me and called me Illiene, which I thought sounded prettier than "Eileen."

Up and down we walked, always retracing our steps when we reached a certain point where the shopping area ended and the houses began.

Sometimes we would stop and sit for a while with a group of young mothers with their babies. Every time someone joined one of these groups another chair was brought out on to the pavement from the shop behind us. The number of chairs grew as the late afternoon light faded.

But Helen and her friend Elizabeth and I never stayed long with one group. As maidens it was their part to keep moving and let the boys see them.

I noticed a tall handsome boy passing quite often with some friends. He looked at Helen but never spoke. When her brother happened to pass, this boy did not even look in Helen's direction.

When it was almost dark we went to call for Mrs. Belesario, and together with Elizabeth we walked along the same road I had been the day before with the stocky young man. (He too had been strolling up and down that evening, and had been casting his glances in Elizabeth's drection).

We passed Elizabeth's house, a low bungalow facing the beach, with a long verandah covered with honeysuckle. Here her mother usually sat in the mornings, preparing fruit for the special sweet which Greek housewives give to unexpected visitors, together with a glass of water, at any time of the day.

Elizabeth's mother showed me how to prepare the tiny hard unripe oranges one day on this verandah, and told me how to make the sweet. It takes five or six days; the fruit has to soak in fresh water every day, and is made sweet and syrupy with a sugar. I liked it very much, especially when it was made with these oranges.

NOW we left Elizabeth at her gate and walked on to Helen's place. We saw that George was some distance behind, walking with a friend.

Inside the gate Mrs. Belesario examined the eggshells she had placed on the carnations. So far, the Evil Eye had been held at bay. She had also tied some garlic on the stalks as an extra precaution.

We went into the inner court, and while Helen set the table Mrs. Belesario went to fix the meal. They would not permit me to do anything.

The dish they had prepared earlier in the day was called *dolmades*. Tightly packed rice with flavoring and mincemeat was wrapped in grape-leaves and cooked in a large saucepan full to the brim. The *dolmades* were packed so tight in the saucepan that they probably steamed rather than boiled. Mrs. Belesario had made them especially for me.

Father came in just as the meal was ready. We had the tomato salad, and all dipped our bread in the oil mingled with the tomato juice in the large salad bowl. After the *dolmades* there was a Greek cheese, white and creamy, and as a dessert we had cold watermelon.

We had watermelon every night, in fact, and I grew to take it seriously. In Australia we never thought of watermelon as anything but something to quench our thirst with on the beach, or as a children's fruit, to amuse them. In Greece I learned respect for its delicious sweetness.

Now, I could not converse with Helen's mother, nor her father nor her brother, although he and I understood each other fairly well. But Mrs. Belesario liked me very much, especially when I made her laugh. I made her laugh when I mimed what I wanted to say to her.

One night, while we were still lingering

Continued on page 23

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"They would like me to marry the old man from America"

From page 21

over the table, George showed us a trick. You conceal two matches in a handkerchief, although you show only one. Under the folds you let people feel it; then you break it in pieces.

Waving your hand over it, you open the handkerchief and produce the match, all in one piece again.

When George did it we were astonished. Then it was my turn. I hid one of the matches in the hem of the handkerchief just as George had done, and waved my hand over it.

I must have been miming well. Mrs. Belesario sat over her plate of pink and white watermelon skins, with the black seeds swimming in juice — Mr. Belesario having departed for his Wednesday-night game of cards — and gazed expectantly at me. She looked quite spellbound.

The moment came to reveal the magically mended match and show it in its wholeness. I flung the handkerchief half open, made magic gestures, created tension, made George sit still, drew myself up, smiled triumphantly, gestured once again, and at last flung the handkerchief back and held it up for them all to see — the pathetic little bit of broken match with its tip hanging drunkenly by a remaining splinter of wood.

Mrs. Belesario was quite delighted with my simple joke and my acting. Suddenly we all felt very happy and we were all filled with love for one another. Mrs. Belesario looked up at Helen and said something which Helen translated, "Oh, Eileen must stay with us for a long, long time."

We had another joke, about the cat that used to call to their cat over the wall. It wasn't anything clever. I simply said, "Oh, Kirriou Gattis again." (Mr. Cat again.) Perhaps it was the way I was beginning to speak Greek that made her laugh.

ALTHOUGH I found it difficult to stay awake in the hot evenings after dinner, I was unable to sleep when I finally did go to bed. Mosquitoes bothered me. But suddenly I was no longer awake. I was gone. I no longer existed. And just as suddenly it was morning and there was Helen with a tiny cup of strong Turkish coffee for breakfast.

Then we'd go for a swim, Helen, George, and I. Along the beach we could see the sun-browned forms of the boys and girls of Hieropetra, already lying on the sand or running into the water.

It reminded me strongly of Australia. None of the beaches in France or Spain are like those in Australia. Only those in Greece and the Greek islands have the beauty and the graceful curve of thick white sand, stretching endlessly along their coast like ours in Australia.

In Hieropetra there was the long white beach — although the waters are different and there is not the continual foam and spray around the rocks, and the endless voice of the surf. In Hieropetra the water is calm.

From the beach, on our left as we faced the sea, we could see the Holy Stone itself. It stood out from a mountain like a great abstract sculpture against the sky.

The boys were laughing and swimming strongly. I managed to climb into an old rubber inner-tube and George towed me for a long time, while I hung limply with my head and arm dangling over the side and my legs over the other. George was like my own brother, only an adopted brother is always more gallant.

Every day was the same that summer — last summer! (It seems so much longer ago.) Mornings on the beach. After that back to the house where George hosed us down with cold fresh water. Lunch, sleep, walking through the village main street, and home for dinner.

On Friday nights it was a little different. The whole village went to a large open-air cafe by the beach and drank ouzo and ate little Greek savories.

Around one small table, a huge party of about 20 people would eventually gather together, stealing chairs from another table the moment someone moved.

After we had eaten and drunk enough everyone would move off to the only cinema, which was also an open-air one. In the first film I saw there was a Greek actor I knew, Nicolo Narkos, and when I said I knew him it made a heroine of me, too.

Meanwhile, a drama was taking place. A Greek who had returned from America was coming to visit Helen's mother and father. He was a man of about 50, tall and lean but with a slight stomach protruding above his crocodile-skin belt and grey slacks. He sought Helen.

He'd made a lot of money in the restaurant business in America and now was restless — like a lot of other Greeks who, in some small towns on the islands, gather together because, although they've come home, they feel rather lost and can't quite settle down. Some friends of his were trying to get him married, and Helen's mother and father couldn't help realising that he was rich.

Helen and I escaped from the house on the pretence that I had to go and post a letter. "I have no letter, Helen," I said after we had left the house.

I thought she only wanted to escape, because the visit from the American-returned restaurant owner was half-expected. We promised her mother we wouldn't be long.

I was more mystified when the girl led me all the way to the post office. She didn't say anything, but she was watching the narrow road between the long rows of wooden fences. She looked beyond the post office.

Someone was coming down the road on a bicycle. He looked toward us, and when he drew near he dismounted and leaned his bicycle against the fence and he and Helen walked toward each other, just as if they'd had an appointment. It was the tall young man I'd seen the first evening, walking and looking at Helen.

She introduced me, but he didn't speak any English. *"Kalimera,"* I said, still not quite sure if this meant "Good day" or "Thank you." Then I went into the post office and bought some stamps anyway, for future letters.

When I came out they were deeply engaged in whispering to each other, so I went for a walk and looked over the fence to a field which looked as if it was used for sports, although there was a bull (the Minotaur?) eating the little grass that remained.

Helen called me, and the boy got on his bicycle again and leaned against the wall with one long leg reaching the ground; then, after a few more words in Greek, he smiled at me and rode off.

"Why do you meet outside the post office?" I asked, and wondered how they had made this appointment, for so far as I knew she had no way of getting a message to him, unless it was through Elizabeth.

"Do not tell my brother!" Helen exclaimed. "My brother would be very angry and would try to fight him."

"But why? He looks like a nice boy. What's wrong with him?"

"They would like me to marry the old man from America."

"But you'll never marry him, will you?" I cried, feeling quite astonished, although when I thought about it I realised it was possible that her parents would think this a good match. Mrs. Belesario might think it would be a good life for Helen to have a nice house in Iraklion, where he intended to settle down.

"If my parents insisted, I would do what they say. I love them and would not hurt them."

"What does your boy do?" I asked her. She liked it when I called him "your boy." "He is an instructor in a boys' school, for physical exercise."

"Haven't you ever been alone with him?" It seemed to me that this was not a very fruitful love affair. "Haven't you ever kissed him? How do you know you love each other?"

Helen said she had known him now for two years. She met him on the boat one time when she was returning from Athens

● ***"And then there arrived a photograph of my friend Helen and 'her boy.' It was their wedding picture."***

— the only time she had ever been alone, her brother being unable for some reason to travel with her.

They had sat on the deck during the long evening as the ship sailed through the lovely waters where the spirit of Aphrodite the Foam-born was ever present. They listened to the music made by the group of Greek peasants who were dancing on the other deck below them, probably singing not only the local songs of Crete but also popular film songs like the one which is known all over the world from "Never on Sunday."

IMPULSIVE JOURNEY

It would have been enough to make anyone fall in love, and Helen was just ripe and ready to fall into Aphrodite's trap. They sat close on a secluded seat and made vows to each other, which they still believed in.

But she soon realised that her family would not approve of her making her own choice. It was the custom for the parents to make the match.

NOT far from our village was an old fortress, built in the Middle Ages. One afternoon Helen, Elizabeth, and I walked to it along the beach. With us was the town photographer, and he took pictures of us posing in dramatic attitudes in picturesque parts of the old ruin.

I arranged the poses — you know: laughing girls against crumbling walls, under archways, against fishermen's nets and stone breakwaters and curving boats. I quite forgot that the photographer would want to be paid.

As we left the fortress we were joined by a group of women and children who lived nearby. They looked different from the people Helen's family knew. These wore the real black peasant clothes with the black scarf over their heads, and they lived in ancient houses and had their own ways. But they, too, had heard of America and even of Australia, for since the war every Greek had heard of these places.

The children clustered around us and I found that for quite a long distance I had been holding the hand of a dear little girl. She was fair, and in her eyes there was a humble inquiring expression.

Two of the women, walking near me, told me through Helen that this child was an orphan and that the whole community took care of her. They came to a decision about something, and this was that I should adopt the little girl and take her to Australia with me. Australia, they agreed, would be as good as America for their orphan. They encouraged the child to cling to me with her soft little hand.

When I heard this I was dismayed, for it was not possible for me to adopt a child. But I was also touched, and the very fact of what they had said made me feel attached to the little girl already.

I let her hand go as though it were burning me, and when I did so she looked hurt. She dropped back and got lost among the other children, but I think of her as mine and I've made up my mind that if it becomes possible I will go back and claim her one day. It is as though she came out of a mist, my true child, and then returned again after letting me briefly catch a glimpse of her.

HELEN'S mother wanted me to stay on.

"Illiene must stay with us for a long time," she told Helen, and waited for my answer.

"I can't stay forever, even though I'd like to," I replied. "I've been here a month now. I must get back. Thank you, Mrs. Belesario, you are so kind to me."

But I felt that I was hurting her by wanting to leave. "Oh, but I want to come back, if you'll have me."

Of course, I was always welcome. Helen took me to see her old grandmother, who remembered me and asked if I was married and had children.

"Let her stay here and marry," she chuckled toothlessly.

Helen's friend, Elizabeth, also was anxious to show me Hieropetra. She and her father took me one day, just before I left, to see the site of a city which had existed about a thousand years before the time of Homer. There was nothing left, of course, except the foundations, and a strange sense of a lost world with, again, the Bull, the mythological monster who waited in a labyrinth for its sacrificial youths and maidens.

The morning of my departure came.

This time I was not going by the bus but by a taxi which travelled from Hieropetra to Iraklion once a week. Three other passengers waited — a young girl, an old lady, and a man.

Mrs. Belesario filled a bag with things to eat. It was sad saying goodbye, and once again I felt mean, for I knew I had nowhere in particular to go and nothing in particular to do. It was just that when you feel the urge to go you have to do so, even when you know you'll probably want to come back.

Now I write to Helen and get answers. Here is one of her letters:

My dear Illiene,

I am glad to get your letter and to hear that you may be returning to Hieropetra. I am sorry very much because I am naughty girl and did not answer your letter, but I was in Athens at school. My mother keep your letter for me until I come to Hieropetra.

I am in Hieropetra now, but every day come, in my house, boys and girls. I give lessons of English.

My brother and I go every day for swimming. Sometimes we go to cinema. Also sometimes we go in the country by bicycle.

My dear Illiene, I wish you very much return to Hieropetra. You are very dear friend to me.

Do you remember my boy? He is another town in Crete. He works there. I love him very much and he loves me, too. Perhaps we married next year.

How are you, Illiene? Are you well? Will you please write me something of your life? Do you remember the old man who want to marry? He married now to a widow and I am glad.

My parents always remember you. They send you many greetings. Do you remember my Grandmother? She died this year.

With this letter Helen sent a photograph of herself, posing at the photographer's studio in Hieropetra.

Months passed and then—only a few weeks ago—there arrived a photograph of my friend Helen and "her boy." It was their wedding picture.

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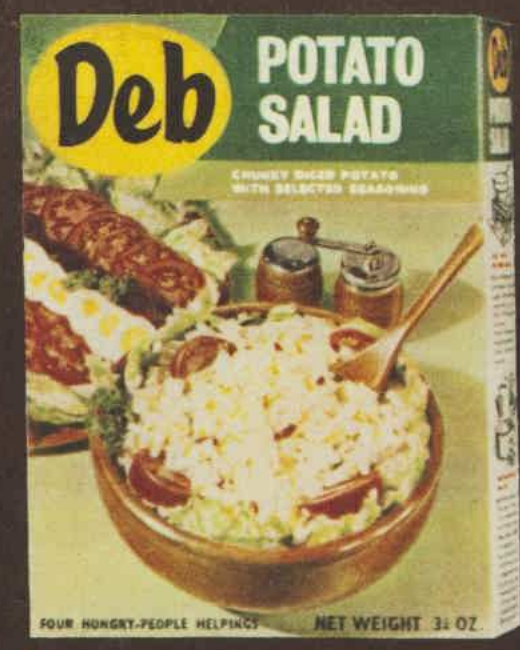

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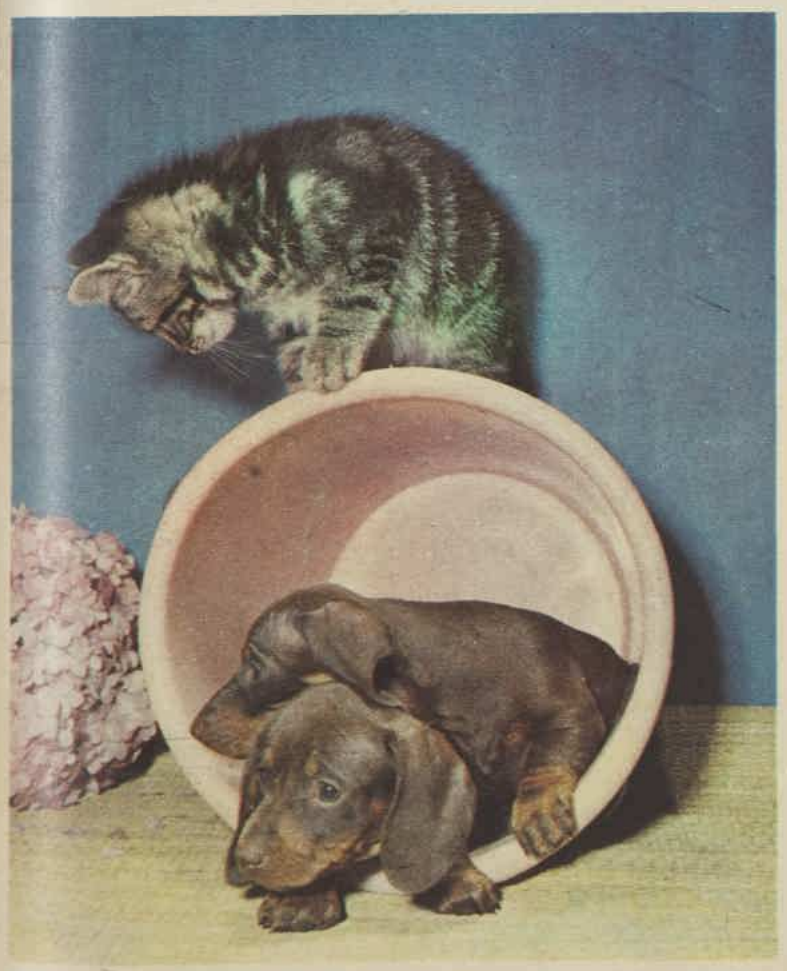

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Continuing

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Owned by Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Daily, Epping, N.S.W.

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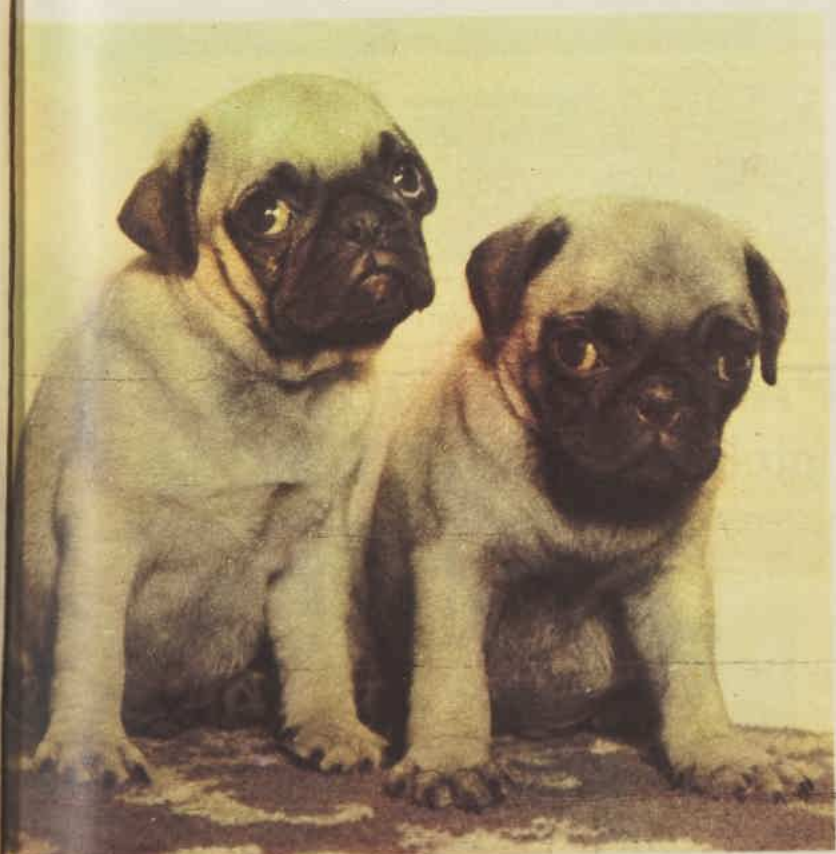
Even as pups they show their breed's blunt faces, broad chests, compact, muscular build, and strong forelegs.

Owned by Mrs. R. Gordon, Cremorne, N.S.W.



CORGI

Foxy-faced and -tailed Cardingshire corgi (Pembrokes have short tails) pups would grow to about 23lb.

Owned by Mrs. E. and Master T. Johnson, Epping, N.S.W.

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Townsville: Perkins Street, South Townsville. Phone 5468
Rockhampton: Quay Lane, Rockhampton. Phone 8328
Melbourne: 7th Floor, Allans Building, 276 Collins Street. Phone 63.8792
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For LOUNGE, DINING, BEDROOMS, SUNROOMS, etc.

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Dress Sense

By Betty Keep

5956.—Mix-matched separates in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 5956, price 7/6 includes postage. Patterns are available from Betty Keep Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

● *These mix-matched separates were chosen for a reader who is planning a visit to Victoria.*

HERE is part of the reader's letter with my reply:

"I am going on a holiday to Victoria and would like to make a new outfit to take with me. I thought separates would be a good idea, but I don't want the outfit to be casual. The main things I will be doing are visiting friends and sightseeing around Melbourne."

Separates planned so they can be mixed and matched would be attractive as well as extremely practical. The ensemble I have chosen (illustrated above) consists of skirt, separate tuck-in blouse, and sleeveless jacket.

The blouse has a shaped collar, the jacket is sleeveless and collarless, and the skirt slim.

The separate garments are included in one paper pattern. The two illustrations indicate how plain and floral materials can be mixed. Under the pictures are details and how to order.

"I am accompanying my husband on a business trip to New York. I will need a cocktail frock and wondered if a pastel shade would look correct. Also, are trousers acceptable for plane travel?"

No to both questions. In New York a black late-day dress always looks right, and it would be more practical than a pastel. A shift worn with neat low-heeled shoes is the best travel fashion I know.

"What is the best type of summer frock to wear in Europe?"

Possibly a long-sleeved shirt-dress or shift. In each case the sleeves can be rolled up in warm weather or buttoned at wrist-length when sightseeing in a fierce sun. Don't wear a bare-shouldered dress, sun-dress, or slacks. A scarf is a good head-covering for church-visiting. Wear sensible but not too heavy shoes.

HE KNOWS HE GIVES GOYA

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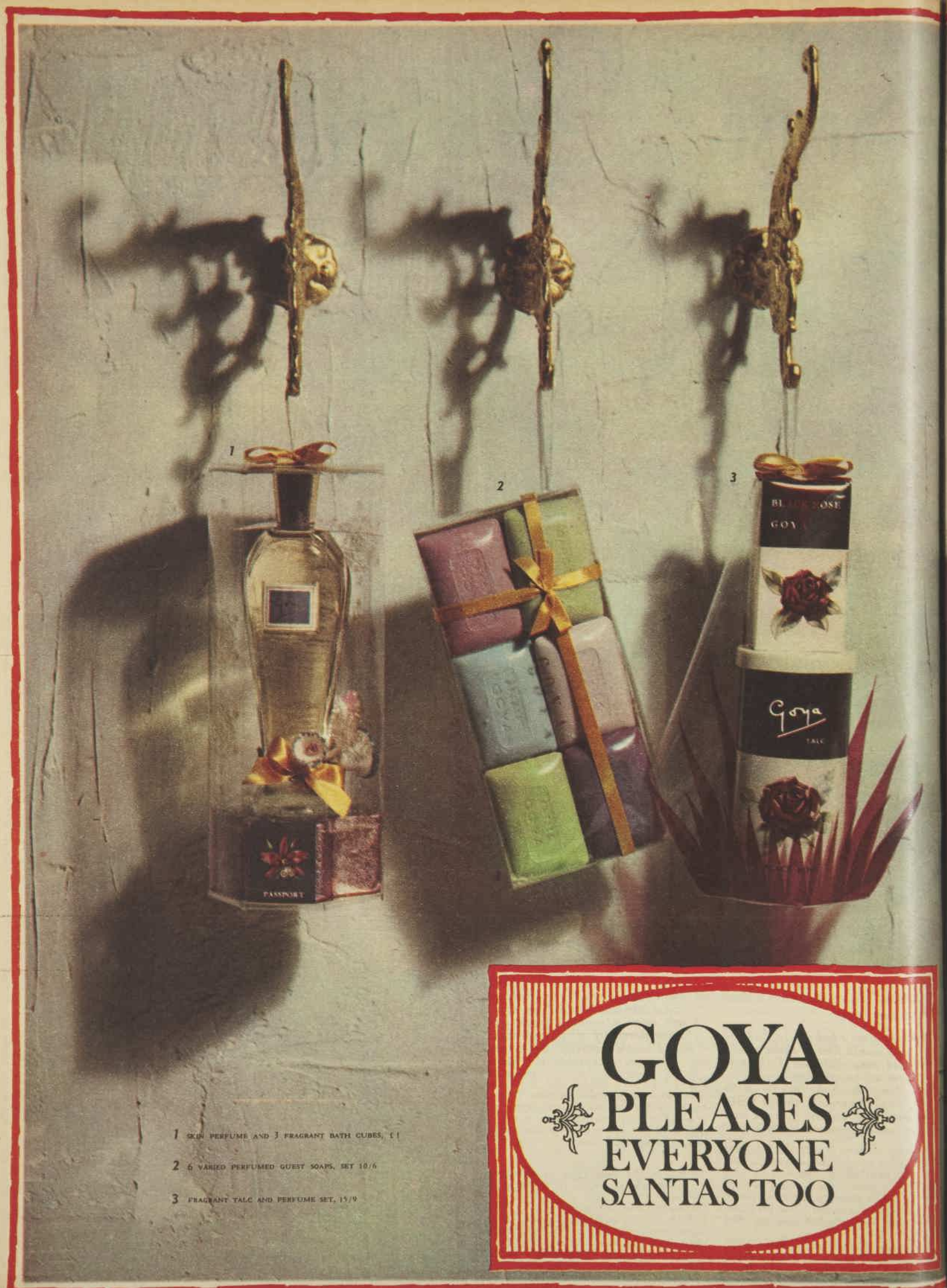

1 SKIN PERFUME AND 3 FRAGRANT BATH CUBES, £1

2 6 VARIED PERFUMED GUEST SOAPS, SET 10/6

3 FRAGRANT TALC AND PERFUME SET, 15/9

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No Goya luxurygift is priced over £1. It's no secret. Goya Santas never fail. They always merit smiles of gratitude, hugs and "thank yous" on Christmas morn. Really you can't go wrong with a Goya gift. There is one for every girl. Feminine and fragrant. Specially packed with ribbons and festive gold. All these exquisite hanging luxuries and a host of others, too.

Goya

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6 GOLD-TOUCHED SET OF TALC, SKIN PERFUME, 17/-

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The honors

● These pictures were taken at the fashion gala in London last month when the "Sunday Times" presented its awards to designers who had made the greatest contribution to fashion during 1963.

WEEKS before, the newspaper set up an international "jury" in Paris to choose the award-winners.

They were seeking, above all, a designer who "used imagination and skill" and had "the capacity to stretch the horizons of fashion to greater distance."

The "Fashion Immortal" they chose was Gabrielle Chanel.

Their other choices were: For the French award, Pierre Cardin; for Britain, Mary Quant; for the U.S.A., Norman Norell.

Special awards went to Italian Emilio Pucci for his "open-air" designs and to the Swiss-born Paris hairdresser Alexandre for "hairpieces which have added another dimension to fashion."

Members of the jury included editors and fashion editors of "Elle," "Harper's Bazaar," "Jardin des Modes," "Sunday Times," "Ladies' Home Journal," "Herald Tribune," and "Life"; the Vicomtesse de Ribes, of Paris, and Professor Janey Ironside, Director of the School of Fashion Design, Royal College of Art, London.

The awards were presented by the Duchess of Buccleuch at the London Hilton Hotel.

There was a cocktail party before the presentations, which were accompanied by a gala showing of the winners' collections.

All the designers were flown to London as guests of the "Sunday Times." All, that is, except Chanel, who refused to attend, despite pleas, persuasion, and pressure from members of the "jury" and at least two emissaries of Mr. Roy Thomson, multi-millionaire newspaper owner.

"Mr. Roy Thomson sent me a letter — very amiable — he at least is apparently a gentleman," Chanel is quoted as saying. "And then they wanted to send someone over to explain everything and I told him to come to lunch. Some nice young man flew over from London. After he did all the talking, I said, 'No.' "

Another Thomson emissary went to Paris later. "This one very nervous," said Chanel.

"I love England and most of the English. And if I want to visit London I do it — but not this way."

By "this way" she meant with the other award-winning designers ("those others," she called them).

It is said that she will never attend a function where other French designers are present; that the only one whose work she respects and whom she considers a friend is Balenciaga.

The newspaper didn't accept her counter-proposal of putting on an exclusively Chanel fashion show in London.

Continued overleaf

● Duchess of Buccleuch presents the British award to Mary Quant at the London Hilton Hotel, watched by "Sunday Times" owner, Roy Thomson.

PUCCI

ITALIAN Marchese Emilio Pucci (above) won a special award because he had "changed the look of open-air clothes." His collection included these elaborate silk jersey pyjamas (right), in beautiful Bali-inspired prints.

The charming, outspoken designer lives in his 1000-year-old palace in Florence, close by his exclusive salon.

"I call these pyjamas," he said, "but they are intended to make a woman glamorous in her home, either entertaining informally or for just watching television."

Pucci dislikes the new trend for pale make-up. All his model girls were tanned, red-lipped, and smiling. "These girls with pale lips and white skin all look sick to me," he said with feeling.

As well as his sporty, colorful holiday clothes, Pucci designs couture suits, coats, and underwear, plus porcelain and fabrics which he exports to 51 countries.

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in couture fashion '63

CARDIN

"ALWAYS original and one of the few designers outside the Balenciaga sphere of influence" was the jury's comment on giving the French award to Pierre Cardin (left).

The handsome 38-year-old designer's models gave a distinct air of haute couture to the parades.

Clutching a variety of his "priest" hats, they gagged for the picture at right, wearing clothes from the collection — winter suits, coats, dresses, and, as always, his thigh-high boots.

Pierre Cardin opened his salon six years ago after working with the late Christian Dior.

He started the craze for long, thigh-high boots.

"But now people are putting high heels on boots," he said sadly, as his fragile girls paraded under the spotlights.

"That is not the idea at all. Boots must be low-heeled."

After the presentations, Cardin and his models flew to Washington, U.S.A., where, by invitation, he is showing at the French Embassy.

Pictures by ALEX MURRAY

QUANT

WELSH - BORN Mary Quant (right) was chosen above designers like Amies and Cavanagh to win the British award; she had "jolted England out of its clothes conventions."

Still in her twenties, Mary Quant has influenced fashion not only in Great Britain, but in France, America, and Australia, especially among those in her own age group or younger.

"The sack gave us our first real boost, while Saint-Laurent's 'Beat' collection for Dior made us 'respectable,'" she said.

By "us" she means young women, for it is obvious that she designs with herself in mind.

At left: Models from her collection at the parades.

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Now there are 3 Lady Sunbeam Hair Dryers

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Honors in couture fashion

(Continued from previous page)

ALEXANDRE

HAIRDRESSER Alexandre (left) won a special award for his hairpieces.

At right is the exotic golden wig, of pearl-trimmed paper, called "Beauty and the Beast," which was the main item in his collection.

He named it in tribute to Jean Cocteau, who made the film "Beauty and the Beast" in 1945 and died just before the awards.

The Swiss-born hairdresser, now 41, was "discovered" by the Begum Aga Khan in 1944, when he dressed her hair for her wedding.

She introduced him to the Duchess of Windsor, who persuaded him to go to Paris.

Jostling the pages of his appointments book now are Royalty and the names of the world's best-dressed women.

NORELL

DESIGNER Norman Norell beside his favorite dress in his current collection — an underplayed Princess-line dress in a surprise color blend.

The 62-year-old American won the American award because he had brought back "a much-needed elegance."

Top U.S. ready-to-wear designer Norell has won the Coty Award three times and holds a Neiman Marcus award and a medal for distinctive achievement from the Parsons School of Design.

It was the first time he had shown a collection outside the U.S.A.

"IMMORTAL"

STAR of the show, Chanel (above) voted "Fashion Immortal," refused to attend.

The fashion jury found her "unique in her enduring contribution to fashion, her impact on what women all over the world wear."

Chanel says people shouldn't lie about their age and she's 68. Nearer 80, her hands are crippled with arthritis, but she can still touch her toes without bending her knees, and her disdain is undiminished.

"What prize?" she asked when told she had been given the newspaper's supreme award.

"Is it like that medal the tobacco people gave me for smoking so much?"

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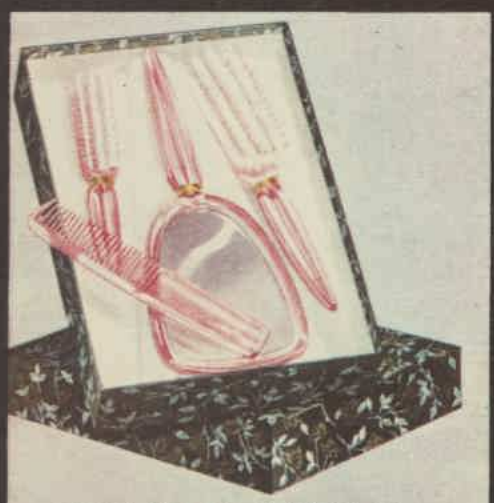

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IN WOOD

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The toilet sachet you've been hoping for. Just right for travelling and the beach 11/-.

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MALE DUET

A handsome hair brush in its own box; a pure bristle shaving brush to last for years.

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THE DEVIL'S RIGHT-HAND MAN

He was sent by his Satanic master to tempt and corrupt simple folk with the dazzling promise of riches . . .

By TOM MACDONALD

THE Devil and his disciple, cloaked in invisibility, were sitting under a thorn tree on a Transvaal hill watching Jan van der Merwe at his spring ploughing. They had seen him putting his bottle of coffee and his rusks under another thorn tree.

Jan was sixtyish, and his body was so lean that it looked as if it had been filed. He had placed his ragged coat over his rusks and coffee. He wore an old sweat-stained hat. His face with a stub of white beard was as wrinkled as his veldschoens. His sheenless corduroy trousers had the color of the furrows he was turning over.

He was ploughing the hollow land with two happy donkeys. The churr of tractors filled the valley from the lands of his rich neighbors.

And the Devil said to his disciple, "Old Jan, measured by Christian standards, is as honest as daylight. He is the poorest man in the valley, but he never whimpers. He has no envy in his heart against his rich neighbors. Calamity only strengthens his faith in his God. And he is aided and abetted by his wife, Sannie."

And the Devil sighed.

"Why, he wouldn't even make a good scarecrow," said the disciple.

"His neighbors' scarecrows are better dressed," the Devil said. "His neighbors are always trying to outsmart one another. None of them is free from any of what our enemies call the Seven Deadly Sins. I can make out a good case for their souls when they die. But not with Jan and Sannie."

Flocks of little grey birds and some flashing red and yellow-breasted weavers were following Jan's plough. As he stood at the end of a furrow for a short time, several of the birds perched on his shoulders; the Devil and his companion heard Jan say, "Thank you, O Lord, for using my humble self as an instrument to feed your little birds."

"You see," said the Devil, "he sees some purpose of his Lord in everything he does. And some of those birds will steal his paltry corn."

"I see," said the disciple.

"Now go and get me his coffee and his rusks."

And the disciple fetched them. Then the Devil poured the coffee into the ground, and he broke up the rusks and scattered the crumbs. The disciple replaced the empty bottle under Jan's coat.

They waited until the time came for Jan to sit under the thorn tree for his lunch. They saw the frown creasing his forehead when he found that his meal had vanished. Then they heard him say, "That's odd. I haven't seen a soul round all morning. Not even a stray dog that might have taken the rusks. But even a dog couldn't uncork that bottle to drink my coffee."

The light of a smile warmed his face. "But whoever took the food must have needed it more than I do."

"See what I mean?" said the Devil. The disciple nodded. Jan sat down and filled his old pipe from a tobacco sack.

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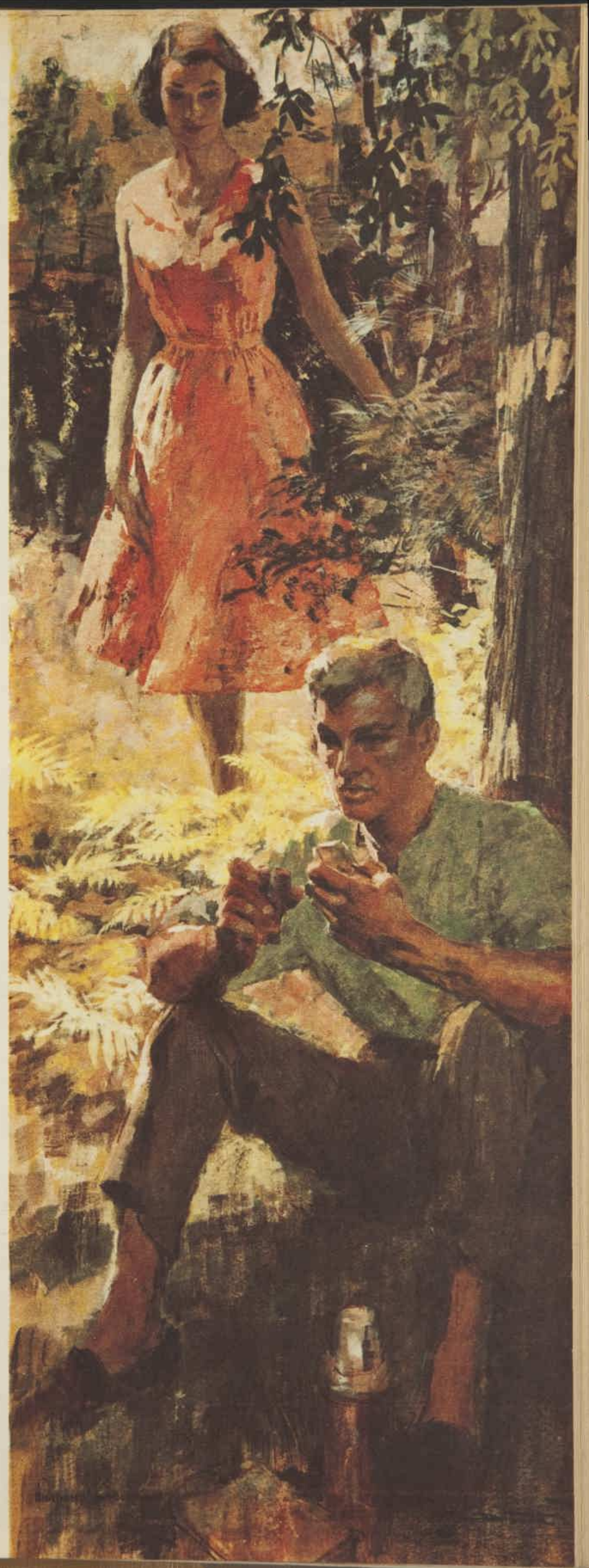

Gina joined Pieter one day when he was eating his lunch in the field.

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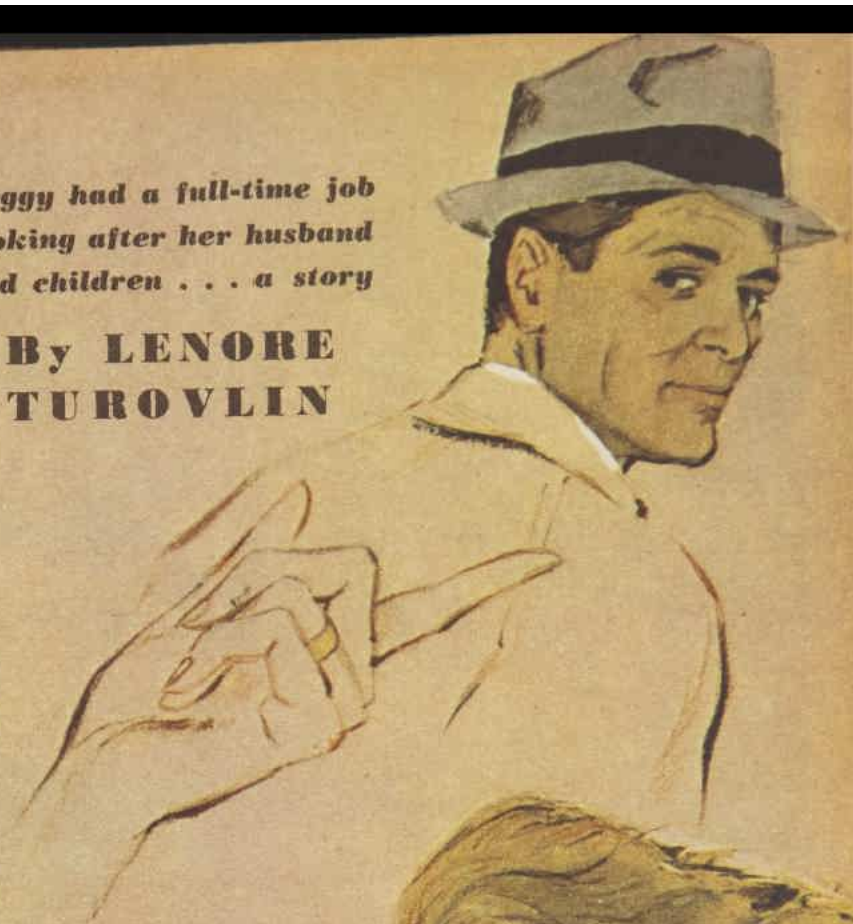
Peggy had a full-time job looking after her husband and children . . . a story

By LENORE TUROVLIN



the Wife Game

WE were playing Scrabble that evening, Walt, the kids, and I. It was one of those lackadaisical games that only mother could love, and even this mother was getting impatient. "Come on," I prodded Vicky. "You're taking too long."

"I'm not sure of the spelling." There was another dreary silence, and I stared at my nails, bored. Abruptly, I remembered. "Did you pick up your skirt at the cleaner's?"

"Gosh, no." Vicky looked at me, dismayed.

"Well, really, if you aren't the limit! Why couldn't you remember a—"

"Oh, stop it, Peggy," Walt interrupted. "What's the difference?"

"She's the one who wanted to wear it tomorrow," I said defensively.

"Vicky, you put out a word right now," Bruce said, "or miss your turn."

"But I'm not sure of the spelling," Vicky wailed.

"Can I check the dictionary?"

"No." Bruce shook his head.

"You'll just fish for words."

"I will not."

"You will, too."

"I've had enough," I said, pushing my chair back.

"No, Mummy, don't go!"

"Well, then, act your age." Vicky was thirteen; Bruce, sixteen. Surely I could expect better. Silence reigned, and once again my mind wandered. "Did you put your bike away?" I asked Bruce.

"No, but I will as soon as we finish," Bruce promised.

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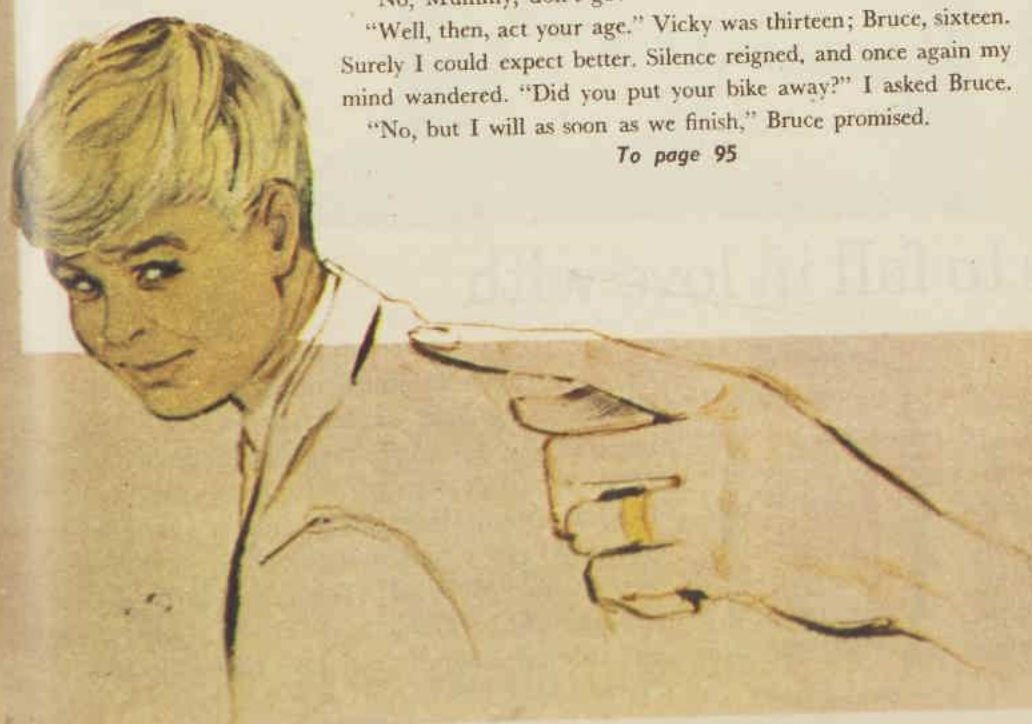

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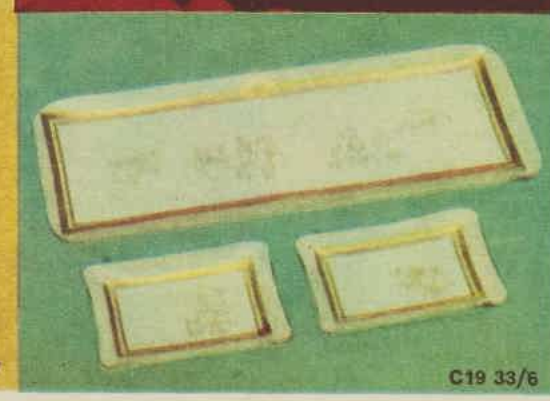

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The Battle of the Villa Fiorita

Concluding instalment of our dramatic serial

By RUMER GODDEN

Hugh, although suffering from shock, pulled the unconscious Pia away from the waves.

THE weather had been growing steadily warmer, more balmy, but this Monday, the fourth day of the strike, promised to be hot, too hot for May, and not blue but lowering.

Fanny, sitting on the edge of the bed, said, "Giulietta must have led him on."

"I gather not." Rob was still in bed.

He did not want to argue with Fanny, he did not want to work. I feel thoroughly out of sorts, thought Rob.

"I thought she was a nice girl."

"She is a nice girl. Hugh was lucky." Rob stretched and got up.

"Lucky!"

"Yes. She frightened him off, in fact frightened him almost to death. I had hard work persuading him it was safe to come back."

"You're laughing." Fanny lifted accusing eyes.

"Not really," said Rob. "But perhaps we should laugh. Try and laugh a little, too."

"I can't laugh," said Fanny. She had an almost sleepless night; now her head ached; in fact she felt a physical unwellness that had nothing to do with the worries in her mind, though it made them sharper, and she said, "It's our fault. You said we had made him grow up too quickly. At fourteen! With a servant girl!"

"It has happened thousands of times," said Rob. "Thousands, all down the ages, everywhere. The only pity is that you had to know of it. He did that by running away, the little fool."

"But what are we to do with him?"

"Leave him to Giulietta."

"To Giulietta? After this?"

"Where's your sense? Don't be a tragedy queen."

"It isn't only Hugh."

"I know it isn't."

"What is in these children, Rob? I'm frightened."

"Frightened? By children?"

And Fanny said again, "I feel as if I'm being pulled in half."

"I think," said Rob, putting back the bedclothes and getting up, "the time has come for a showdown."

. . . .

"Rob wants to see you in his study."

They stood in front of him as he sat at his kitchen table.

"You know why I have sent for you?"

"Yes." It barely escaped Hugh's lips.

"You, Hugh," said Rob, "are not, I think, in this, but I want you to hear," and he turned to Caddie and Pia. "As far as I am concerned," said Rob, "you can starve yourselves. I don't care."

Hugh looked at him with respect. Caddie caught that look and Rob's answering one; it was a kind of comradeship, a truce.

"I don't care," said Rob, "but I am not, repeat not, going to have your mother worried like this."

"She is not my mother," said Pia.

"Fanny—worried like this."

"How are you going to help it?" asked Pia in a silken voice.

"You will see," said Rob. "It is now three and a half days since you started this nonsense." For nonsense it seemed to be having a remarkable effect, and for all his not caring Rob looked ravaged. "If you don't eat your lunch there will be trouble. Now go."

They went.

"He can't make us eat," said Pia. "We can shut our lips tight."

"They forcibly feed you in prison," said Caddie. "Will they do that to us?"

"They wouldn't have the things here," said Pia. "They need tubes."

"Tubes!" cried Caddie in horror.

"They put them down you and feed you through them."

"But what could they put down tubes?"

"Soup," said Pia, and Caddie was very nearly sick.

It was a miserable morning for everyone. It was a heavy, hot day. Fanny looked white and strained and she had red eyes as if she were tired out or had been crying. Hugh tried to keep out of the way in the boathouse, but the outboard motor had broken again and Mario was in a temper. He curtly ordered Hugh to remove himself, and Giulietta has told him, thought Hugh.

That made Hugh quail. I never knew I was such a coward. In fact he dared not be alone. He did not want to give Fanny the chance of asking questions — as it was she followed him with her unhappy eyes every time he moved. In the end he attached himself to Pia.

More and more he was taking to being with Pia. She seemed to be the only person who did not exacerbate him. He liked Pia's detached coolness, and she had the great attraction of not wanting to talk. She preferred to read. At the moment it was "Deal Twice for Death," but as she read she had the habit of absentmindedly singing a maddening, high-pitched, nasal song.

"Don't do that, Pia."

"Do what?"

"Sing."

But she did not know she did it, and unconsciously began again This

To page 68

Elegance

begins with a little red jewel . . .

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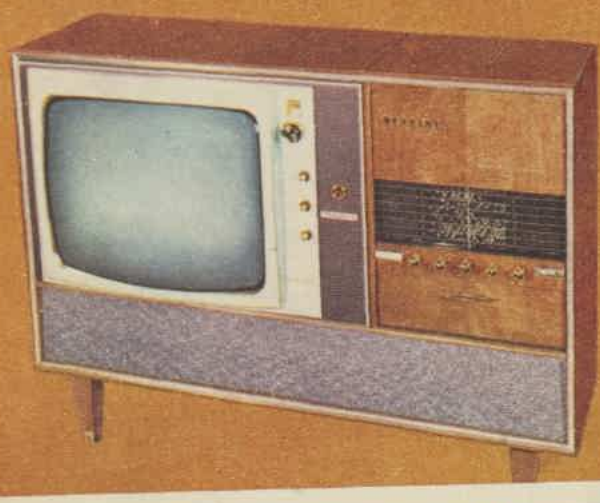
"WALDORF" 23" T.V., 179 GNS. Has famous Healing Halo-Screen for perfect reception. Cabinet with timber grain finish in Maple, Walnut or Mahogany.



NEW "PHILADELPHIA", 289 GNS. 3-in-one HOME ENTERTAINMENT UNIT. Large 23" Halo-Screen T.V., Radio and 4-speed Stereogram. Has diamond stylus, "Golden Voice" sound and two twin-cone speakers for highest quality stereo reproduction. Collector's piece cabinet, hand polished in Walnut, Maple or Mahogany.

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"PHILCO" 8 TRANSISTOR PORTABLE, 32 GNS. Shortwave and broadcast range — size 6½" x 3 11/16" x 1 11/16". Telescopic Rod antenna, Earphone. Two-tone plastic cabinet, leather case.

8 TRANSISTOR PORTABLE MANTEL, 29 GNS. Battery operated radio in leather case with gold-plated dial panel. Size 8¾" long, 6¼" high, 3" deep. Colours are: Light Tan, Medium Tan, Olive Green, Blue.

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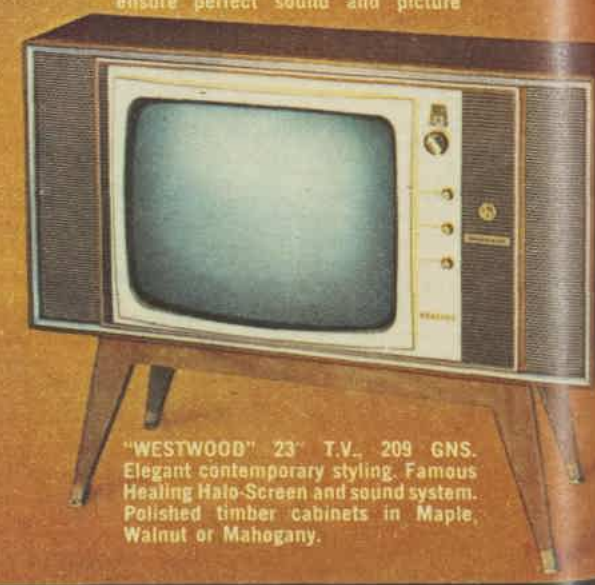

"WESTWOOD" 23" T.V., 209 GNS. Elegant contemporary styling. Famous Healing Halo-Screen and sound system. Polished timber cabinets in Maple, Walnut or Mahogany.

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'Elegante' 12 cu. ft., 210 GNS.; with automatic defrost, 230 GNS.

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* Prices slightly higher in W.A.

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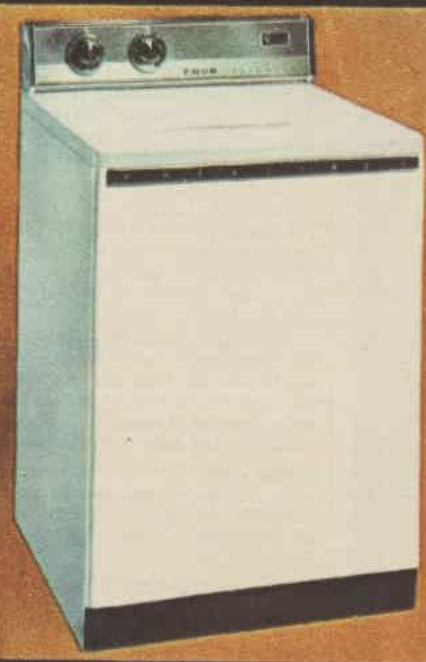

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HEALING

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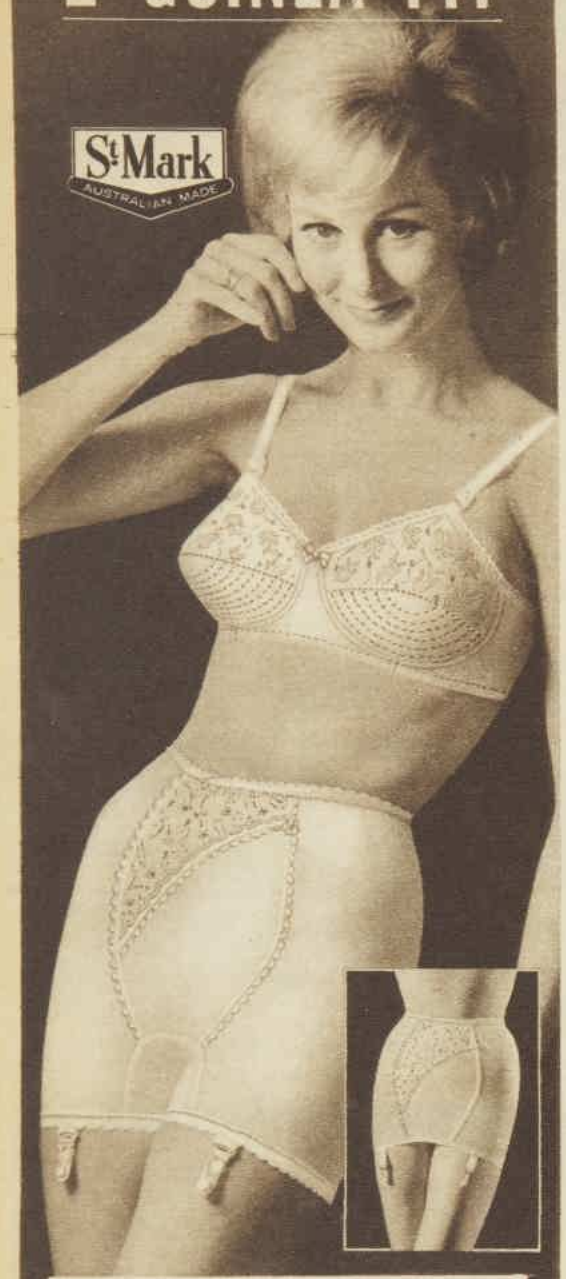
2 GUINEA LOOK
2 GUINEA FIT



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WOOLWORTHS

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOME COUNTRY AREAS, Nth. TERRITORY

The situation demanded a quick decision . . . a short short story

BOX BENEATH THE BED

By CATHERINE DUTHIE

Mrs. Nicholson stood looking out the window, admiring the view of the garden in the shadowy moonlight.

MRS. MARGARET NICHOLSON lifted the box to one side and looked around her bedroom with satisfaction, savoring the clean smell of new paint appreciatively. For once Andrew had been wrong, quite wrong. "Mother," he had said. "I don't like it. Couldn't you have found a cottage closer to a village, and not away on the outskirts, with all those trees around."

"And right next to that oid overgrown cemetery, too, Mother," put in Andrew's new wife, Jenny. "Imagine at night with the wind in those trees, and the tombstones in the moonlight."

"I think I shall enjoy it very much," said Margaret placidly. "After all those years in the flat, I intend to have some feal country life."

"But you mustn't live alone," Andrew had insisted. "There have been some pretty unpleasant characters about these parts lately, and I wouldn't like to think . . ."

Margaret laughed. "Just because you are a jeweller you have burglars on the brain," she told her son. "Oh, Andrew, get away on your honeymoon and let me look after myself for a bit."

So Andrew had set happily off on his honeymoon with Jenny. They would not be back for six months, for Andrew wanted to see diamonds being cut in Amsterdam, pearls in Australia, and jade in Hong Kong.

But now she was confronted by some half-dozen Andrews in assorted costumes and poses. Where to put all these photos? She would have to cull some out.

Margaret glanced at the clock. Nine o'clock already and half the room yet to arrange. A pity the decorators had been so late leaving, but they had made a good job. Turning, she stubbed her toe, and, with a start, became again aware of the box. It was large and horribly hard and solid.

She had been wondering where to put it when the photos distracted her. Where could one put a box of just that size and shape? Too large to put in a drawer, too small to use as a seat, it seemed to be a natural-born toe-stubber. She had rescued it that morning from an irate paperhanger who was about to sling it in a corner.

"Oh, careful, careful," she wailed, and carried it off gently.

"Nearly broke my ruddy toe," growled the paperhanger, "and me lame enough already." Then, as she continued to hug the box, "well stick it down, lady. I'm not going to hurt the ruddy thing."

"Oh, no," gasped Margaret. "I'll take it downstairs."

"Must be ruddy precious," grumbled the man who seemed to be limited to one adjective.

"Oh, it is," she agreed. "My son Andrew left it with me when he went on his trip."

"Your son, eh?" said the man slowly. "That'll be the big jewellers, I suppose, Andrew Nicholson Limited."

"Yes, oh yes," Margaret agreed happily. "He's my only son."

The paperhanger eyed the box. "You could put it under the bed," he suggested.

"Afterwards I probably shall," said Margaret. "In the meantime I'll just take it away."

The paperhanger's small eyes followed her as she carried the box gently downstairs. And now here it was upstairs again. There didn't seem to be a place for it anywhere else. Under the bed it would have to go.

She loved the view from the window. Through all her years in the city she had dreamed of looking out of windows and seeing branches just outside. Margaret turned out the light to enjoy the scene. The garden was in shadowy moonlight, and just over the wall lay the old cemetery.

Margaret remembered Jenny's words and admitted that it did look a little eerie, but beautiful. She stood there a long time looking. At first everything was quiet . . . a quiet that never was in the city. Listening, she could hear a car climbing the hill.

The tombstones leaned drunkenly among the rank grass and shrubs. A wind shivered through the trees and shadows chased among the growth. Surely something moved down there. A rabbit probably or a cat. The wind shook the trees again and a cloud blotted the moon.

When the moonlight returned, Margaret thought she saw movement again. This time it was no rabbit, but a human shape that slipped from behind a headstone and flitted toward her wall. It flitted unevenly. She knew that gait. It was the lame paperhanger. Over the wall he clambered and dropped lightly into the garden.

Margaret tried to think calmly. The door was unlocked. He would simply come up the stairs, and then stories of elderly women battered to death crowded in on her. Andrew had been right. If only he were here now. Mustn't panic, though, must keep calm.

She dropped to her knees and forced her shaking hands to open the box. The man would have to walk around the house to reach the door. She had a few seconds.

Suddenly a scream tore the darkness. An inhuman cry that rose to a shriek, then sank to a bubbling gasp. Silence. Then a too human groan, and then with gathering strength the awful cry came again, but less piercing, more anguished, and then the terrible gurgling.

The thief heard it as he reached the third stair. For a moment he stood frozen, then he turned and stumbled out of that dreadful darkness into the flickering garden. Over the flowerbeds he fled and tumbled over the opposite wall into the road as far from the graveyard as possible.

Margaret waited a few minutes listening, and when no step sounded on the stairs she crept across to the bedside phone and called the police.

Then she went back to the box, and in its leather-lined interior she carefully replaced Andrew's bagpipes. Gently she arranged the drones and chanter, lovingly she straightened the tassels.

"I said they were precious, Andrew laddie," she remarked to the row of photos, "and that's just what they are!"

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(simple as a set—yet it's a perm)

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Want kiss-curl twirls?

Want twirled-up ends?

Want a twirly front fringe?

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Rollers of larger diameters are not recommended. Approximately eighteen ½" and four ⅜" are required for the average set.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Should wives work?

LIKE "Workless Wife" (Vic.), I, too, wondered if I should go to work and if my family would suffer if I did. I discussed it with my husband and children, and we decided that as it was going to make my life happier and that we all would benefit from the increased income, I should try it for six months. I have now been working for two years. If your family agree, and they are secure in the knowledge of your love and know you are still vitally interested in their welfare, you should be able to combine both careers without any trouble.

£1/1/- to "Career Wife" (name supplied), Parkholme, S.A.

★ ★ ★

UNLESS it is financially necessary a wife and mother shouldn't go to work. My mother had to go to work when I was about nine, and I can remember how I used to hate coming home to "nothing." I (and my sister) took to staying at friends' places and roving round the streets till it was time for Mum to come home. When I was 12 or so I fell into bad company, though fortunately I soon got out of it. Now I am well on in high school and my mother is working at home. Believe me, it is certainly wonderful to come home to somebody who you know loves you.

£1/1/- to "Lonely," Finch Hatton, Qld.

★ ★ ★

OUR job as parents isn't really done when children show no delinquent tendencies in their teens but when they have emerged as mature, well-balanced adults. I have three teenage children, and I find one of the happiest times of the day—and frequently one for confidences—is when they come in from school and we all have time to sit and natter with our feet under the kitchen table and a pot of tea on it. I am an ex-working wife.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Eileen Dixon, Maroubra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

YES, definitely go to work. It's a real morale-booster after years of being housebound and tending children. I am your age and have two children the same ages as yours. They like to see me going to work; each one has small duties after school, and never causes me one ounce of worry. I feel it teaches them to stand on their own feet. Give it a go—I hope it's as successful a venture as mine has proved.

£1/1/- to "Happy Worker" (name supplied), Miranda, N.S.W.

Discerning galah

THE expression "repeat parrot fashion" gives the impression that these wonderful pets chatter with no idea of the meaning of words. I have a galah aged 25 which reserves certain sayings for certain people, even if he sees them only once a year, and no amount of prompting will induce him to use these sentences for any other person. I am convinced these and other birds are extremely intelligent.

£1/1/- to "Bird Lover" (name supplied), Clontarf Beach, Qld.

Encouraging young appetites

UNTIL an elderly aunt said she couldn't understand why these days so many children had to be coaxed and bribed to eat their meals, I was always trying new ideas to make mine eat. Because her parents had continually warned against overeating, she and her friends would never miss an opportunity to eat. Then I remembered that when I was a schoolgirl we never went to a picnic or party without first being cautioned by mother, "Don't eat too much." Perhaps modern mothers should go back to these old tactics to encourage young appetites.

£1/1/- to V. Light, Wavell Heights, Qld.

Non-existent service

DURING a midnight emergency involving a refrigerator breakdown with overpowering fumes escaping and filling my very small flat, I rang 12 people who advertised a 24-hour service. Not one would come. When the TV broke down early one evening, I made ten calls to 24-hour-service advertisers before locating one who would oblige. If people aren't prepared to accept emergency calls, why do they mislead the unfortunate public into believing that they are prepared to give round-the-clock service?

£1/1/- to "Ratty" (name supplied), North Caulfield, Vic.

Fair housekeeping allowance

A FRIEND, changing from farm life to the city, where her husband will get set wages of approximately £20 a week, asked me what would be a fair housekeeping allowance from this amount. It is a household of four—two adults and two children and the allowance has to pay for all food, toiletries, electric power, and replacements of linen, curtains, etc. I couldn't advise her. Could other readers?

£1/1/- to "Baffled" (name supplied), Buderim, Qld.

That unopened champagne

A BOTTLE of champagne was given to my mother when I was born, to be opened at my christening. But although it has had pride of place on the table on many occasions it still has not been opened in spite of many threats, as I now have eight grandchildren.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. M. Jones, Blacktown, N.S.W.

THIS WEEK IN VERSE

VENUS DE TOKYO

● France intends to send the Venus de Milo, the celebrated Greek statue, from the Louvre in Paris to Tokyo for the Olympic Games next year.

You should have heard the rustle round the Louvre.
Smirking, the Mona Lisa cried "Oh, no!
"Though works of art may long to leave the groov(r)e
"Our Venus is so WRONG for Tokyo.

"Goddess of Love! Remember that the Games,
"Devoted to the sterner kind of sports,
"Will gather athletes with illustrious names
"Whose heads should harbor no romantic thoughts.

"Of course," continued Mona, sharply sweet
(Her bland expression hides a serpent's tongue),
"You look so healthy, maybe you'll compete."
"Oh, shut up, Mona," answered Venus, stung.

And so the ladies bicker, taunt for taunt,
While Mona's smile grows thin and vapory,
But Venus, looking forward to her jaunt,
Just goes on packing drip-dry drapery.

— DOROTHY DRAIN

In favor of school prizes

SOME primary schools seem to have done away with giving prizes. I am not sure that this is a good thing. Many children will strive harder when they know there is a book or some other prize to be won at the end of the year. I think that "the most improved" pupils, at least, should be given some recognition.

£1/1/- to "Incentive" (name supplied), Orange, N.S.W.

The pleasures of a free day

NOT long ago my mother gave up her job for a while and suggested that she would mind my three boys every second Thursday and I could have a day in town. I was a bit doubtful, thinking it would be depressing looking at all the things I couldn't buy. However, I go to the 3/- Lunch Hour Theatre, to art shows; I have been to the Public Library to look up something, and one day I went without lunch to have enough to lay-by on a gorgeous black dress reduced from £9/9/- to £2/10/-. But mostly I just look at the shops and lunch at a coffee bar in an arcade and think, as I watch the people go by, how nice it is not to have any "small responsibilities" for a few hours.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jan Sandblom, Gladesville, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

TOO MUCH TOGETHERNESS

THE orchestras of the world, I have read, are short of violinists.

Why? A famous conductor says it is because people are living in smaller houses. They can't put up with the sound of children practising the violin.

I can understand this, as I live in a small house.

The only instrument practised at our place, apart from the odd toy drum or xylophone, is the recorder. It has a melancholy sound, but one gets used to it.

The violin is a tougher proposition. It is like the little girl with the curl. When it is good it is very, very good, and when it is bad it is horrid.

The small houses and flats where most of us live have disadvantages even when nobody plays the violin.

As people at our place grow bigger, they bump into each other more. Especially in the kitchen when carrying cups of tea.

The heaps of things on tables and floors grow thicker — umbrellas, magazines, homework books, plastic koala bottles, hairbrushes, snakes and ladders . . .

But easily the worst feature of a small house is the noise.

That is why, like the character in the song, I have often dreamt I dwelt in marble halls.

The solid bass in our household boogie-woogie is provided by machinery and plumbing. There is the whirr of the washer, the moan of the cistern, the rumble of the fridge as it battles to make ice-cubes.

Above this accompaniment swells the minstrelsy of the radio (Judy's Turn to Cry), the record-player (Momma Don't Allow No Geetar Playin') and the TV (Pow, Pow, Pow).

On top of all comes the Big Sound made by people.

Sometimes they jump, Stomp, or do the Limbo Rock.

They have quarrels in the next room. "You can blast off into orbit and never come back!"

They talk on the phone: "Mrs. Pimlott's my favorite teacher. She's got a terrific suntan for her age."

Occasionally they set alarm clocks that go off in the night.

They have queer conversations at six o'clock in the morning:

"I don't want to have a ponytail."

"I'm going to give your doll a ponytail, not *you!*"

All the time in a small house you are the captive audience. You have to listen.

It must have been so restful in those big houses of the past, where they had room to practise the violin.

Old King Cole could call with confidence for his fiddlers three. Today he would have to get along with fiddlers two—or perhaps only one.

Advertisement

NEW FOOD IDEAS

from Betty King

A MONTHLY COLUMN OF NEW RECIPES, NEW FOODS AND NEW COOKING IDEAS

Apricot Ruffs

½ lb. of dried apricots, soaked overnight, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, 1 cup powdered milk (dry mix), 1 cup desiccated coconut, ½ teaspoon almond essence, 2 cups cornflakes, 8 oz. Copha shortening.

Method: Drain, then chop apricots. Place in a basin with icing sugar, powdered milk, coconut, almond essence and cornflakes. Melt Copha shortening over a gentle heat; it should only be lukewarm. Pour onto ingredients in the basin. Mix in well. Spoon into paper cake containers. Chill 2-3 hours in refrigerator.

Christmas Party Surprise

1 pkt. Puffin Chocolate Cake mix, 4 tablespoons fruit mincemeat, ½ pt. whipped cream, 1 tablespoon of brandy, 2 egg whites, 4 level tablespoons sugar.

Method: Make up cake mix according to directions on pack. Place in a greased and floured 7" x 7" x 2½" deep cake tin. Bake in moderate oven (350°F. gas; 400°F. electric) for 45 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. Cut a slice 1" thick from top. Reserve. Remove centre, leaving a wall 1" thick. Crumble removed cake. Fold in fruit mincemeat, whipped cream and brandy. Fill cake. Replace top. Beat egg whites until stiff. Gradually beat in sugar. Spread all over top and sides of cake. Bake in hot oven (450°F. gas; 500°F. electric) 5 minutes. Serve.

Chocolate Tutti Frutti's

2 rings crystallised pineapple, chopped, 1 oz. chopped mixed peel, 2 oz. of glace cherries, chopped, 1 tablespoon chopped angelica, 8 oz. of sifted icing sugar, 2 level tablespoons cocoa, 2 oz. Copha shortening.

Method: Place all ingredients, except Copha into a basin. Melt Copha over a gentle heat; it should only be lukewarm. Pour over ingredients in basin. Beat until thick. Spoon into paper cake containers. Chill 2-3 hours in refrigerator.

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B				Not available	Not available	Not available		
C	Not available	Not available				Not available		

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"We came over to see your sunken living-room!"

REXALL CHILDREN'S ASPIRIN

dissolves in water!

Rexall from chemists only

For better or worse... but not for lunch!

● A man retires. And away go his wife's habits of years and years.

FROM the day my tiny tots began at kindergarten, I made the most of the middle of the day. I knew that in no time the little darlings would be back.

Not that I didn't enjoy family life and caring for them all, after school, in the evenings, at weekends.

But on weekdays as soon as the morning rush was over how I loved to hurry through my chores, looking forward to the middle of each day, that brief time when I could do exactly as I pleased.

Sometimes I'd trot off to a meeting. Sometimes I'd fly off to meet a friend for lunch in town.

Or it could be a day at home, relaxing with a book at lunchtime. Simply placing a glass of milk, some biscuits and fruit on a tray, I'd go to the garden in summer or settle in front of the heater in winter.

Whatever I did, I made the most of it. No matter how I spent it, it was mine, and mine alone.

Now what has happened to it?

My husband has retired!

"What's for lunch?" he asks when we've scarcely finished breakfast. "How about . . now let me think . . . I know. That bacon-and-egg pie you make. I like that."

With dismay you find that it's a case of sitting up to a well-set luncheon table, too, making a real "do" of it. Informal meals annoy him. So at noon he comes joyfully in to join me, rubbing his hands together with a "well - what's - on-the-menu-today" kind of air.

Realisation comes. You're being trapped into preparing three good meals a day, every blessed day of the year for the rest of your life.

The truth dawns that a man retires, but a woman never does.

Dare to go out in the morning, leaving the lunch table already set and a meal all ready in the oven, and there comes a look of horror to the dear face: "But won't you be back for LUNCH?"

Ah! It's not only a good formal meal he is wanting. But COMPANY as well!

Now, I like having my old man around. Truly I do. Well . . . most of the time. I don't mind that in many ways since his retirement my life has completely changed; that in his precise, methodical way he watches to make sure the house is well run.

He tries to help, poor dear, but more often than not confuses me. I find I have much, much more to do.

But I don't mind that. I don't mind anything. Just so long as I don't have to give up my heavenly middle-of-the-day time.

From now on he has got to cook his own midday feast.

I married that man for better or worse. But not for lunch!

By "Turned Worm," Sydney.

TWO READERS' STORIES

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Husbands: keep out of the kitchen!

● There is only one worse thing than a woman who can't cook — a man who fancies he can.

I SHOULD know, because I married one.

His greatest pleasure is to spend the weekend in the kitchen while I wash his car or mow the lawn. As we are otherwise a very happy and devoted couple, I have no choice but to put up with it. It is my sacrifice to keep home fires burning and wedding bells from rusting.

The difference between my husband and me is that he has to have every ingredient the recipe calls for, while I omit any ingredient I don't consider absolutely necessary. I usually use left-overs for my curry, and regularly omit celery. But I can say without boasting that it is just as good as my husband's —if not better.

HE has to have fresh meat and the whole works—onion, sultanas, coconut, celery, carrots, brown sugar, chutney, and lemon. When lemons are dear, I always substitute vinegar. But my husband has to have a lemon, regardless of price.

If his secretary could see him in my kitchen, I'm sure she wouldn't be a bit afraid of her boss. He looks so inefficient, like a new office girl. But he starts his cooking with such seriousness you could almost compare him with Toscanini about to conduct a symphony.

While I am mowing the lawn he is jumping from table to stove, and from stove to window, like a grasshopper. Every few minutes he calls out of the window (at the top of his lungs, to make me hear over the noise of the lawn-mower):

"Margie, in which tin do you keep the plain flour? Margie, I can't find the curry powder. Margie, did you use that celery I left in the fridge last Saturday? I need it."

I am finding comfort in the thought that all great men are a bit difficult and odd. My husband might do something great one day. Put Australia on the map and my name in history books.

But meantime, he is only a great nuisance—in my kitchen. Especially on the day when he decides to make some biscuits.

He gets four or five telephone calls from his business associates while he is making the biscuits—so flour and bits of pastry mark a trail between the kitchen table and the telephone in his study.

He wipes his hands on my apron (which he always borrows). But I have even found bits of pastry between the pages of the telephone book.

I have often heard that men make the best cooks. That the most famous chefs are men. But what does that prove? In my humble opinion, only that there are exceptions to every rule.

On behalf of myself and other long-suffering wives, I say to men with all courtesy: "KEEP AWAY FROM OUR DOMAIN. THE KITCHEN IS A WOMAN'S WORLD."

By "Exasperated Wife," N.S.W.

"You and Your Baby"

IS there a new young mother or mother-to-be on your Christmas gift list? An ideal gift for her would be a copy of "You and Your Baby" by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A.

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"You and Your Baby" can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from leading bookshops in the capital cities. Price 15/-, plus 10d postage. Please print name and address when ordering.

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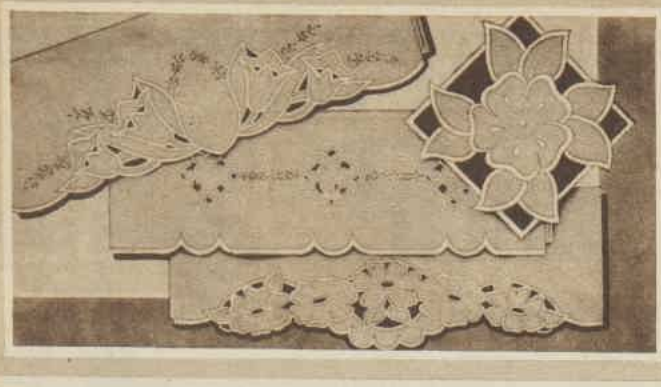

CUT WORK in graceful patterns of tulips, roses, and daisies to decorate sheets and pillowcases are from Embroidery Transfer No. 180. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-.

Recipes for Christmas

● A reader who has given us directions and recipes for her Christmas baking day wins the £5 main prize this week.

SHE is Mrs. R. Berry, of Elizabeth Park, S.A., who wrote: "Just one week before Christmas I have a baking day, and the Christmas season really begins."

The day before baking day she prepares all the fruit (see recipe below) for puddings, cake and tarts, lines the cake-tin with two thicknesses of brown paper and one of white, and greases pudding basins and patty-cases in readiness.

Level spoon measurements are used in her recipes below.

FRUIT MIXTURE

Two pounds currants, 2lb. sultanas, 2lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. dates, ½lb. chopped dried apricots, ½lb. mixed candied peel, 4oz. sliced drained cherries, ½lb. chopped dried figs (or use 1 jar fig jam), 4oz. halved almonds, 4oz. shelled peanuts, 2oz. candied pineapple (chopped), 4oz. candied ginger (sliced or chopped), 4 teaspoons ground ginger, 4 teaspoons nutmeg, 4 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, ½ can golden syrup, juice and rind 2 lemons, 1¼ cups rum.

Place all fruits, nuts, syrup, spices, lemon juice, and rum in large saucepan or boiler. Bring slowly to boil over low heat. Cover and stand overnight. Next day you have large plump fruit beautifully spiced and flavored. On baking day, divide fruit into 3 sections, one for cake, one for puddings, and one for mince tarts.

PUDDINGS

Four eggs, juice 1 orange, 8oz. solid white shortening, 1½ cups brown sugar, ½ cup self-raising flour, 1 cup dry breadcrumbs, 1 cup plain flour (or use 2 cups plain flour if no breadcrumbs are available), ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda (dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water), 1-3rd portion of fruit mixture.

Lightly beat eggs and orange juice together in large bowl, add brown sugar; beat a couple of minutes. Add melted shortening, beat 2 minutes. Gently fold in 1-3rd fruit, sifted self-raising flour, salt, plain flour, and breadcrumbs. Lastly mix in soda dissolved in hot water. Fill into prepared basins to ⅔ full. Cover with thick greaseproof paper, tie securely with tape or string. Place in large saucepans of boiling water (which should come half way up sides of basins). Simmer over low heat approximately 3 hours, check water to make sure it does not boil away while cooking. On day of serving, slice and serve with ice-cream or reheat in hot water 30 minutes and serve hot with custard. Makes 2 large puddings.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

Eight ounces solid white shortening, 4 eggs, juice 1 large orange, 1½ cups brown sugar, 2 cups plain flour, ½ cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4-3rd portion fruit mixture.

Melt shortening. Beat eggs lightly, add orange juice, brown sugar. Beat 2 minutes, add melted shortening, beat 2 more minutes. Add sifted flours, salt, and 1-3rd fruit mixture. Fill into prepared tin, bake in moderately slow oven about 2 to 2½ hours. When cooked, remove from oven, stand aside 30 minutes, turn out of tin, leave paper on until ready to ice. Makes one 9in. or two 6in. cakes.

FRUIT MINCE TARTS

One pound cooking apples (peeled, cored, and cooked with ½ cup sugar and ¼ cup water until mushy), 1-3rd fruit mixture.

Pastry: One pound flour, ½lb. grated butter or substitute, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, cold water, egg glazing, extra ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

Combine apple mixture and fruit. Prepare pastry: Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute, add sugar. Mix to stiff dough with beaten egg and water. Roll out portions of pastry thinly on floured board, cut into approximately 2in. rounds, fill into patty-cases. Add spoonful of mince mixture, then top with slightly smaller rounds of pastry. Prick with fork, glaze with egg-glazing, sprinkle with mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 15 to 20 minutes.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Berry, 78 Peterswool Rd., Elizabeth Park, S.A.

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Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies antique pieces, including a chair, owned by readers.

● *Venetian chair*

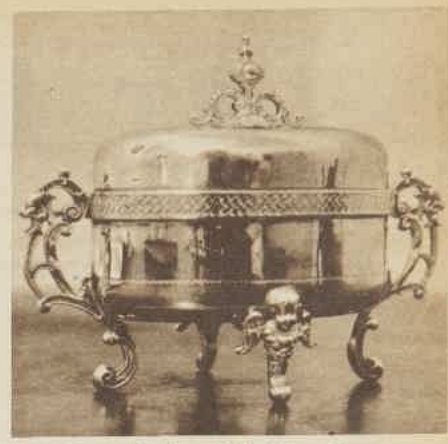
My chair is beautifully carved all over and has a small brass plate on the back with the markings Alo & Gppe Flli BOTTACIN, Meubles & Objets d'Art, VENISE. — Mrs. P. M. Sides, Goolgowi, N.S.W.

This Venetian carved chair (left) appears to be made of walnut. It is about 80 or 90 years old.

★ ★ ★

My sugar-basin is gold dipped with black markings on the scroll decoration. On the base it has 2805 FRAGET W WARSZAWIE GALW. — Mrs. F. Sole, Auckland, N.Z.

This uncommon sugar-basin (right) with hinged cover was made in Poland during the mid-19th century. It is an interesting example of electro-gilding or plating. The black coating on the decorative sections is niello, which is a black alloy containing lead inlaid decoratively on the silver-coated metal. The art of niello was much practised in the 19th century in Tula, Russia, and it soon became fashionable elsewhere.



● *Sugar-basin with hinged cover*

Could you tell me something about the production of copper plate and the age of the example in the form of my wall plaque? It has a number of molten copper drops fed into the back, apparently to strengthen the image. The copper is wearing very thin in some places. — E. W. Chapple, Nunawading, Vic.

The copper plaque (below) was made about 1865-75. In England, Messrs. G. R. & H. Elkington, of Birmingham, took out a patent in 1840 for the purpose of electro-plating base metals with silver. At

● *Copper wall plaque*

the Great Exhibition of 1851, Messrs. Elkington & Co. exhibited some plaques and vessels reproduced by a new process described as electro-typing. This new process enabled the manufacturer to reproduce faithful copies of antique vessels, etc. The electro-type model, or copy, is formed by deposition of copper on a mould by galvanic action.

★ ★ ★

I have a fruit-bowl about which I would like information. It is highly colored and has a lovely glaze. The figures are cream with brown hair, the fishing-net which forms the bowl is grey, the plant on which the net rests is green, and the base is mauve. Markings are Brownfield 2 77 Z 190. — Mrs. A. Richards, Campsie, N.S.W.

Your charming group (below) was made by Brownfields, of Burslem (Staffordshire), about 1870.

● *Fruit-bowl*

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● Now that the hot weather, the party season, and stone fruit are all upon us at once, I'm going to try out two cherry recipes that I've been treasuring for the last eight or nine months.

THEY'RE both for soups (an odd ingredient for soup?), and I discovered the recipes about a week after the last cherries disappeared from the greengrocers' shops last summer. Both are served cold, one as a liquid and the other jellied.

For the first you need: 2lb. of stoned dark cherries simmered for 15 minutes in a pint of chicken or beef broth. Add salt and a little sugar to taste. Mix a dessertspoon of rice flour with half a pint of thin cream, add to the broth, and then simmer it gently for five minutes.

When it has cooled, put it in the refrigerator and serve it well chilled. Morello cherries, the dark, slightly bitter variety, are the best if you can get them, but any dark cherries will do.

With gooseberries as an alternative fruit, you make the soup in exactly the same way, but beat one egg-yolk into the cream before you add it and the rice flour to the broth.

For the Jellied Cherry Soup, the recipe is very much the same, except that you use chicken feet to produce the jelly.

Put 12 or 14 chicken feet into boiling water for a few minutes, then drain them and remove the skins. Then put the skinned chicken feet in a pint and a half of cold water, bring them slowly to the boil, and let them boil for an hour and a half.

Skim the liquid, remove the chicken feet, add the 2lb. of dark cherries, boil them for 15 minutes, then add salt, sugar, rice flour, and cream in the same proportions as in the recipe above. Leave it at room temperature to set (about two hours) and then put it into the refrigerator until it is thoroughly chilled.

If you want an amazingly easy and elegant fruit dish for a dinner party on a hot night, try cherries in red wine.

You put a pound of stoned cherries and four ounces of ripe gooseberries in a heatproof bowl with half a pound of castor sugar, three-quarters of a pint of red wine, and half a cup of water. Mix them gently, place the bowl over a saucepan of hot water, cover the bowl and let it cook for 15 minutes. Serve it cold.

And if you want a much cheaper cherry pudding (one that's a great favorite with my family), make up your own favorite baked custard mixture and pour it into a fireproof dish in which you have put half a pound of ripe cherries (washed but not stoned), sprinkled with a little sugar. Bake in the normal way. The cherries will be cooked when the custard is set.

"A bird in the hand" . . . might make pigeon pie

THE latest craze among American hostesses, who have to break their necks to think up new gimmicks, is to send out party invitations by hand. The invitation card is delivered by a messenger who also takes a carrier pigeon out of a small wicker cage and hands that over to you, too.

The idea is that you then write your note of acceptance or refusal, slip it into the message-carrier attached to the bird, and release it. Your answer is back with your hostess almost before the human messenger has turned the corner of the street.

There could be pitfalls for guests in this system of sending out invitations. You can hardly dial a number on the telephone while you're holding a lively bird in the other hand—so what do you do on those sad occasions when, before answering an invitation, you check with your husband to see whether **HE** can think up a good enough reason for refusing it.

If he is the sort who is likely to say "Look, I'm busy now, I'll think of something and ring you later," all you could do would be to turf the budgie out of its cage and put the pigeon there, while you sent one of the children haring off to the nearest library to find out what pigeons eat.

In any case the poor homing pigeon's reputation would be completely ruined by the time he got home, and he'd probably end up served in a pie for the dinner you'd declined.

How to grow bottled fruit on your trees

LATEST, maddest, and most decorative way of making liqueur brandies comes from Switzerland, where fruit beautifully bottled is regarded as a decoration rather than something to be hidden in the kitchen store cupboard.

There, according to newspaper reports, you will often see luscious peaches, pears, apricots, or plums many times larger than the neck of the clear glass bottle they're preserved in.

How's it done? Simple. Go out into the garden with your bottles when the fruit is tiny. The twig carrying the tiny fruit is carefully manoeuvred into the bottle, which is then tied firmly to the branch of the tree.

Soon the fruit swells and grows (probably the extra warmth of the bottle would hasten the process), and when it is fully grown and ripened, you snip the twig off the tree, bring the bottle into the house, fill it up with brandy, cork it tightly—and use it as a decoration and a conversation piece while the fruit brandy is maturing.

Only question that would be worrying a lot of Australian housewives would be, "Has it or hasn't it got fruitfly in it?"

Maybe the brandy would deal with that? Or maybe the fruitfly would add a little **je ne sais quoi** to the brandy!

I'm pinning my fruit hopes this year (with stewing in mind rather than bottling) on the new tins with fly bait that people are hanging from their trees.

Ours are definitely catching one sort of fly and one only (with yellow markings on its wings), and Kay assures us that they're wiping out our male fruitfly population, and that we'll be able to eat the fruit instead of burning it this year.

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Blue Ribbon Suggestions: Try the three ways shown below, for enjoying Ideal — Australia's top quality milk!

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At breakfast time! Morning cereals stay crisper! They're tastier and they're better for you, when you pour on the concentrated nourishment of doubly-rich, doubly creamy IDEAL milk.

Simple dessert—and luscious! Slice up fresh fruit, or open canned fruit. Then pour on rich, creamy IDEAL milk! Serve IDEAL milk often. It's the best your money can buy!

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Interested? Then inquire further by contacting—Assistant Director, Army Nursing Service, at Army Headquarters in your capital city.

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HOW TO MAKE—

FRUIT CAKES

By our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

● Fruit cakes are an investment of time, money, and hopeful anticipation. Below we tell you what to do, how to do it, and why, to make your fruit cake a worthwhile investment.

SUCCESS in cake-making is not dependent on a knack for baking or good luck but on an understanding of the underlying principles of cake-making.

Although there are innumerable variations in cakes (especially among the rich ones) there are really only two main types of fruit cake. These are:

- The economical or plain fruit cake.
- The rich fruit cake.

Types of cakes

Rich fruit cake is the traditional Christmas cake; dark, moist, densely packed with fruit, fragrant with rum or brandy, which gives it the quality of keeping well.

The plainer types of cakes are simple to make and good for year-round baking.

Recipes for both types of fruit cake and their variations are given below.

The first fact to know is this: It is the fat, eggs, and sugar that make a cake rich, not the fruit.

You can have rich plain cake—such as a madeira—without any fruit in it; or you can have an economical plain cake with perhaps sultanas or currants.

Technically speaking, a cake is a plain one if the amount of butter or other shortening used is half or less than half of the amount of flour. It becomes rich when the amount of fat is more than half the amount of flour; this type of cake also needs more eggs and sugar in proportion to flour.

Ingredients: It is important to balance ingredients correctly; some variations in choice of ingredients do not matter very much, but variations in the amount of ingredients are important.

Proportions: Most faults in fruit cakes arise from using an unbalanced recipe—that is, the incorrect proportions of fat, sugar, eggs, fruit, and liquid in proportion to the flour for the type of cake being made.

Measurements: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes on these two pages.

ECONOMICAL FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 8oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 6oz. mixed fruit.

Sift together flour, baking-powder, salt, and soda. Cream butter until light, gradually beat in sugar. Add eggs one at a time; beat well. Add milk alternately with flour mixture. Stir in fruit. Spoon into greased, lined 6in. tin; bake in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours.

SEMI-RICH FRUIT CAKE

Five ounces butter or substitute, 5oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons milk, 10oz. mixed fruit.

Sift together flour, salt, baking-powder. Beat butter or substitute until creamy, gradually add sugar, beat until very light. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. (If mixture curdles, sift in little flour.) Add flour, milk, and fruit all at once. Cut through mixture lightly with edge of spoon and lift up spoonful of beaten mixture, folding it over flour and fruit. Do this until all ingredients are folded together evenly. Spoon into greased, lined 7in. tin. Bake in moderate oven approx. 2 hours.

RICH FRUIT CAKE

Ten ounces butter or substitute, 10oz. castor-sugar, 6 eggs, 12oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 12oz. sultanas, 8oz. currants, 6oz. raisins, 4oz. chopped blanched almonds, 6oz. chopped glace cherries, 4oz. chopped mixed peel, 1 teaspoon each vanilla and almond essence, pinch bicarbonate of soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon milk.

Sift flour with salt and spice. Beat butter well, gradually beating in sugar until mixture is light and fluffy; add essences. Beat in eggs one at a time. Fold in flour, fruit, and nuts alternately to creamed mixture until all has been added. Lastly fold in milk and bicarbonate of soda. Bake in greased, lined 9in. cake-tin in slow oven approx. 4 to 4½ hours.

SIMPLE BOILED FRUIT CAKE

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup dates, 1 cup sultanas, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon candied peel, ¼lb. butter or substitute, 2 cups plain flour, 1½ teaspoons spice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Beat eggs and the sugar to a cream. Put in saucepan the dates, sultanas, raisins, walnuts, peel with the 2 cups of water; boil 10 minutes. Add butter or substitute. Add well-sifted flour to creamed eggs and sugar, then spice, nutmeg, cream of tartar, soda; then add the boiled fruit. Place in greased tin, bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. Cool in tin. If desired, top with chocolate icing.

SPECIAL BOILED FRUIT CAKE

Two and three-quarter cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon each of salt, allspice, cloves, and cinnamon, ½ cup walnuts, 2½ rings glace pineapple, ½ cup glace cherries, 2 eggs, 1½ cups water, 1½ cups sugar, 2½ cups raisins, ½ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup chopped peel, ½ cup sultanas, 2 tablespoons sherry or rum.

Sift flour with baking-powder, bicarbonate of soda, salt, allspice, cloves, cinnamon. Set aside ½ cup of flour mixture. Chop walnuts coarsely. Cut pineapple and cherries into small pieces. Mix water, sugar, sultanas, and raisins together; cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add butter, stir until melted, remove from heat. Add beaten eggs to butter mixture. Gradually add the liquid to the dry ingredients. Mix nuts, pineapple, cherries, peel with remaining ½ cup flour, stir into cake batter. Stir in sherry or rum; mix all together very well. Spoon into prepared 9in. tin, bake in slow oven 3½ to 4 hours. Remove from oven, let cool on cake-cooler.

"Just a small piece, please"

FRUIT cake is so rich and moist that it is difficult sometimes to cut narrow servings for guests who would like to taste your cake but, after a hearty meal, want "just a small piece, please."

It's easy if you do it this way.

Cut large wedge from cake. Place wedge cut-side down and slice downward into narrow slices. Restack slices and fit wedge back into place on cake-plate.

Then you can easily lift out slices of cake to serve, instead of attempting to cut and lift narrow upright slices.

Preparing fruit

Prepare fruit the day before cake is to be made; this will ensure fruit is completely dry before it is added to the batter.

Wash currants and sultanas in warm water; remove sugar from candied peel and crystallised fruits by washing in warm water.

Rub well in a cloth; remove stalks, spread fruit out on trays to dry off completely. If fruit is not properly dried, the extra moisture might affect the balance of cake.

Preparing cake-tin

Stand tin on 1 layer greaseproof paper and 3 layers brown paper; mark round, then cut to give circle the size of tin.

For the sides, fold double thicknesses of greaseproof and brown paper about 2in. higher than the depth of tin and long

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... that never fail

enough to go round inside of tin and overlap about 1in.

With scissors, snip in a sloping direction about 1in. deep along folded edges of the paper.

Put the long strip inside tin with snipped margin lying flat all round bottom; ends should overlap so sides of tin are completely covered. Lining could stand up about 1in. above rim of tin.

Put the rounds of greaseproof and brown paper in bottom of tin over the cut margin.

Brush all over inside lightly with melted shortening, giving thin, even coating. (This is not necessary for a rich fruit cake.)

If lining a square tin, pay special attention to corners. Lay greaseproof and brown papers in oblong strips crosswise in tin to give good lining.

Spoon cake mixture into centre of tin, then spread out batter to corners. This will help to retain shape of paper lining and avoid it creasing.

Knock base of filled tin firmly on flat surface to remove air pockets and help settle mixture.

Make sure batter is level before putting cake into oven.

For long baking

When making a large rich fruit cake which needs long cooking time, there is a danger the crust will become hard and dry before cake is completely cooked through.

To guard against this, cover outside of cake-tin with round of corrugated paper or cardboard or several thicknesses of brown paper.

Stand tin on baking-sheet over thickness of corrugated paper or cardboard or several thicknesses of brown paper.

Cover with brown paper for first hour or so of baking. Some cooks put a lid on cake-tin for first hour of baking so cake steams a little and is nicely moist.

Set shallow pan of water in bottom of oven to keep cake moist during baking.

Use of baking-powder

The richer the cake the less baking-powder or raising agent is used. This is because there is less flour in proportion to the fat, sugar, and eggs, and they have to be given time to work together with the flour. Too much raising agent would make mixture rise before this had happened, then cake would sink in middle.

The amount of fruit in a rich cake also affects amount of baking-powder needed, because fruit contains sugar and acid. There is also acid in baking-powder, so it should be reduced as weight of fruit is increased.

Semi-rich and rich cakes are therefore made with plain flour plus carefully controlled amounts of baking-powder or without any baking-powder.

Storing the cake

Rich fruit cakes should mature 2 or 3 weeks before being iced. Plain fruit cakes do not keep so well and should be made no more than 2 weeks before they are to be used.

This standing time improves flavor and cutting texture—the cake will cut more smoothly without crumbling.

Allow 24 hours for thorough cooling before storing cakes. Remove from tin when cool, but leave on paper until preparing to ice or cut cake.

To store cake, wrap in aluminium foil or greaseproof paper, then wrap clean dry towel round to cover it completely.

Or, after covering, cake can be kept in tin with cover that allows a little air to get in. Don't store rich fruit cakes in completely airtight tins.

Icing the cake

When ready to ice, turn cake upside down on cake-board and use the flat surface for decoration.

Before covering cake, brush lightly to remove any loose crumbs, then brush with lightly beaten egg-white; this will make the paste adhere more easily to cake. Fill any holes or creases with almond paste or fondant scraps.

Almond paste is best applied 3 to 4 days before cake is to be cut. Let it stand then for 24 hours before doing the icing and decoration.

ALMOND PASTE

One and a half pounds pure icing-sugar, 8oz. almond meal, 3 egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons sherry, lemon juice.

Sift icing-sugar into bowl, mix in almond meal, make well in centre, and add egg-yolks and sherry. Mix to firm dough, adding little lemon juice if mixture seems too dry. Knead into smooth ball, roll out to size and shape required.

FONDANT PASTE

Two pounds pure icing-sugar, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons liquid glucose, few drops glycerine.

Sift icing-sugar into basin, reserving ½ cup. Make well in centre, add egg-whites, cover lightly with icing-sugar. Add heated glucose and glycerine, mix to smooth dough, using the reserved icing-sugar to obtain correct consistency. Knead firmly to smooth, pliable dough. Cover until ready to roll out.

Note: If almond paste is not required on cake, allow extra half quantity of fondant mixture so a thicker fondant paste can be used.

ROYAL ICING
(For piping decorations)

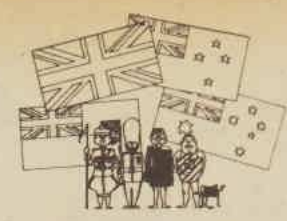
One egg-white, 6oz. to 8oz. pure icing-sugar, 2 drops acetic acid or lemon juice, food coloring.

Beat egg-white very lightly, gradually work in finely sifted icing-sugar, beating well after each addition. Add sufficient icing-sugar until mixture forms small peaks in bowl. Add acetic acid or lemon juice and food coloring. Beat well, cover until required.

FAULTY CAKES — AND THE CAUSES

● If any of the faults below have occurred in your cakes, here's the reason why—and how you can avoid them in the future.

WHAT WENT WRONG	WHY?
Too dry.	Not enough liquid; not enough shortening; not enough sugar; baked too long; too much raising agent.
Hard crust outside, with damp, uncooked centre.	Oven too hot; cake baked too quickly; too much liquid.
Sank in middle.	Too much raising agent in rich cakes; sometimes oven too hot; fruit not thoroughly dried; cake moved in oven too soon, before it had time to set.
Cracks across top.	Tin too small; oven too hot; too much raising agent; not enough liquid.
Texture has holes.	Too much raising agent.
Cake insufficiently risen.	Not enough raising agent or not enough liquid; oven too cool; not creamed sufficiently; tin too big for quantity of mixture.
Cake crumbles when cut.	Not enough egg to bind ingredients in rich cakes; not enough liquid in plainer cakes; too much raising agent.



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For summer living — add a timber sun deck

● One of the easiest and cheapest ways to add outdoor living space is to build a timber deck on to your house. This simple deck forms a covered patio at ground level —with the house contributing most of the support.

THE deck sketched at left needs only two supporting columns because the span between is less than 10ft.

If the span is longer, additional columns should be used. The height of columns can be adjusted to allow for sloping ground or to support deck at the first storey level as shown.

For a ground-level deck it is best to rest the girders directly on the concrete piers.

Materials required: Oregon or good northern hardwood should be used for 6in. x 4in. columns; 8in. x 4in. girders; 8in. x 2in. decking; 4in. x 2in. plates to wall; 6in. x 2in. fascia to decking; 4in. x 2in. supports to bench surround.

TO MAKE

The 8in. x 2in. decking should be no longer than 8ft. from the wall except for the two boards which extend to support the bench. The ends (nearest wall) rest on 4in. x 2in. plates securely fixed at 18in. centres with coach screws to wall studs or floor bearers.

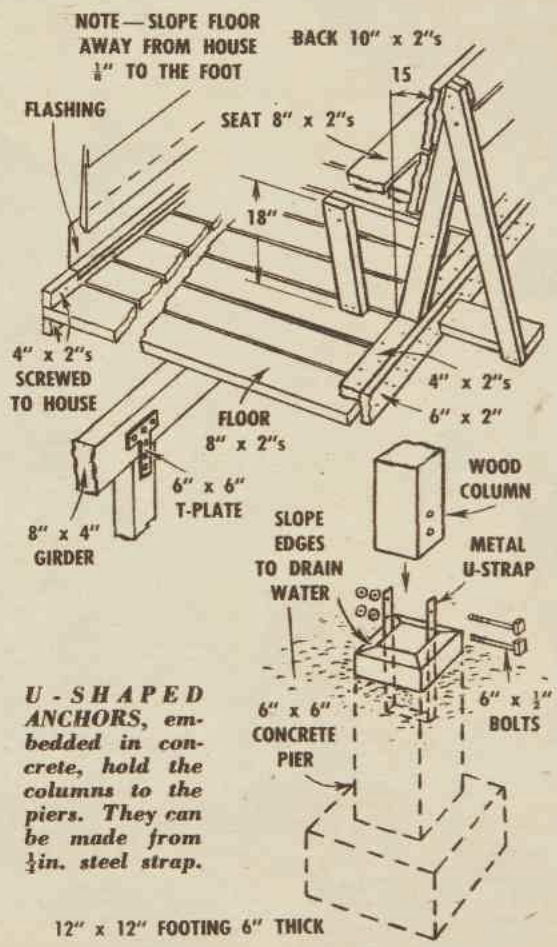
After decking is fixed to 4in. x 2in. plate with 3in. x 9-gauge nails, another 4in. x 2in. plate is securely fixed to wall as before, directly on top of decking. The uprights supporting the bench slope back 15 degrees to make a comfortable sitting angle.

The columns should be set out from the house at a distance equal to two-thirds of the deck width or 5ft. 4in. for an 8ft.-wide deck.

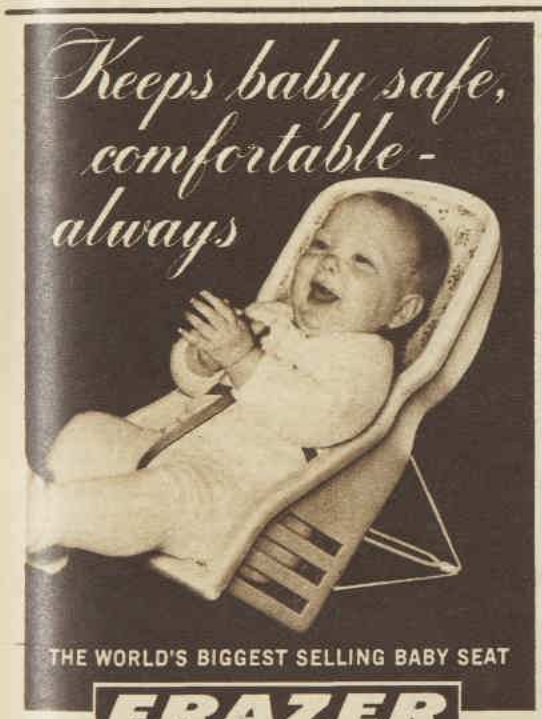
Use a 4 to 2 to 1 mixture of blue metal, sand, and cement for the concrete. Place a waterproof membrane or cap over the tops of the piers before bolting on to the columns.

The beam is temporarily skew-nailed to the columns and then bolted together with T plates each side of column as shown in the sketch below.

When finished, paint the timber or treat it with a wood preservative.



U-SHAPED ANCHORS, embedded in concrete, hold the columns to the piers. They can be made from ¼in. steel strap.



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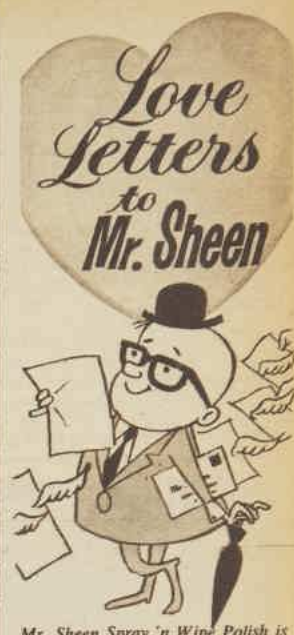

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Mrs. Millar, Rokewood, Vic.:
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"I have recommended Mr. Sheen to my friends and they are all as pleased with it as I am."

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"But he smokes," said the disciple. "If he is so poor, how can he buy tobacco?"

"He grows a little for his own use," said the Devil. "What a tough nut he is! And that wife of his. You'll have two nuts to crack."

"So I'll hire myself out as usual then?"

The Devil nodded. "I'll give you three years."

"But it will never take that long to turn a simple man into a vain man with riches. There's some weak link in every man's armor."

"It'll take you all three years," said the Devil. He touched his disciple on the shoulder and the invisible cloak vanished. The disciple became a fresh-faced youth in working corduroy clothes with weathered veldschoens on his feet.

Continued from page 39

THE DEVIL'S RIGHT-HAND MAN

As the Devil vanished in an eddy of smoke, Jan at the end of a furrow was looking at the hill. "There goes a dust devil," he said. He pushed back his hat and scratched his head. "And the day isn't so hot." Then he saw the youth standing.

"Good day to you, mynheer," said the youth.

"Good day to you, my son," said Jan. "You're a stranger."

"Yes, mynheer, I've trekked up from the Cape."

"Oh, and where are you heading for? I should say to Johannesburg if you're looking for work."

"No, mynheer. I've fallen in love with this valley and I would like to work for you."

"For me?" Jan blinked in the sun. Then he chuckled. "If you weren't a stranger, you would know that I'm the poorest Boer in the valley. But there are many rich farmers, and some of them would be glad to have a sturdy youth like you."

The youth smiled, and Jan saw how white and even his teeth were. "I want experience," he said.

Jan laughed. "But my neighbors will tell you that I'm not only the poorest but the worst farmer in the valley. Sannie and I are even too poor to employ any blacks to work for us."

"I'm going to stay and work in this valley for you—and for no wages at all."

Jan gaped. There was a stumble in his gait as he walked to the shade of the tree. He sat down and called, "Come and sit down."

When the youth was seated, Jan said, "You come out of the blue as fresh as this spring day, and you tell me, as if it were ordained, that you want to work for me—and for nothing. It is as if the Lord is sending me a great gift. If I were worthy of it I might understand." He saw a spasm of pain in the young face. "Have I hurt you?"

"No," said the youth. "Accept me how you will, but accept me you must."

Jan got to his feet and stroked the only ear which one of the asses boasted. "We make little more than it takes to keep Sannie and myself," he said. "And the little more we make we give to the church. I doubt if we can feed you."

"I'll bring you more in than I'll eat, Uncle."

Jan liked the respect the youth showed him in calling him uncle. He asked, "What's your name?"

"Pieter Jordaan."

"It's a good name. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"It's a beautiful age. I can't make any decision until I've consulted Sannie, but as you're here, let's see how you handle the plough."

"I wouldn't be wasting my time ploughing the land this year, Uncle."

"But it will be year of drought. Everybody is ploughing in the hollow land."

"It will be a summer of rain, Uncle, and we'll plough the sloping ground. We shall contour the slopes to conserve the soil."

"How would you know about rains, Pieter?"

"I have a hunch."

JAN unyoked his donkeys, telling Pieter that the one-eared one was aptly named Stompoor, and the other was called Fielie, the diminutive of Philemon. The donkeys went trotting home. And as they followed them Pieter asked, "Why are your donkeys so happy? All the other donkeys I have seen are drudges with drooping ears."

"I love them, Pieter. I never take a whip to them. I always think of the little ass as the beast that carried the most precious burden in the world—that time it carried the Christ to Jerusalem." Pieter put up his hand quickly to hide the flush on his face. And full of concern, Jan stopped and asked, "What ails you, Pieter? You look as if you had a stab of pain."

"It's nothing, Uncle, nothing."

The house of the van der Merwes was no more than a shack, Pieter saw at a glance. The veld came up to the doorstep. It crouched under some tall gum trees. The low roof of corrugated iron was crying out for paint. As they came up, Sannie almost filled the doorway.

"So, Jan, you've given up the ploughing early," she called. "Oh, you've got a stranger with you." She beamed like a full moon. She was as round and comfortable as a teapot, and her blue eyes were almost hidden in the folds of her cheeks.

"This is Pieter Jordaan, Sannie."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Pieter," she said, and they shook hands.

Over coffee in the sitting-room, which was also the kitchen with its polished floor—it had been made of cow dung, and through the years it had been polished into a mirror brightness—Jan told Sannie the astonishing news of Pieter's announcing his decision to work for them—and without wages.

And Sannie smiled across at Pieter. "It's a poor enough home," she said. She glanced round at the sticks of furniture to emphasise their poverty. "But you are more than welcome, Pieter, because Jan and I have no children."

"So I'm staying," said Pieter.

"You're staying," said Jan. "Sannie has taken to you as I have."

They showed him their two scrub cows and a few goats. Then they were joined by the wagging Wagter, a flea-bitten old warrior of a dog which had come home from foraging somewhere in the hills. The dog bristled when it saw Pieter and retreated, snarling.

There was an argument about Pieter's sleeping quarters. They wanted to give him their own feather bed, but he insisted he would do well enough with the bed in the dark, tiny loft.

They accepted his decision that the sloping lands should be ploughed.

To page 61

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Continued from page 60

THE DEVIL'S RIGHT-HAND MAN

"The Therons, the de Klerks, the Snymans, and all the neighbors will laugh at us," said Sannie.

"We'll have the last laugh," said Pieter.

He pleaded weariness when after supper Jan took the great Bible and unclasped the brass clips.

"This Bible came with my people up from the Cape in the great trek," said Jan. "The first van der Merwe here called the place Rusoord, and it's been their resting place ever since. We read something out of the Book of Life every night."

"But you look tired, Pieter," said Sannie.

"I'm tired, Aunt. Good night." He could have heard the reading by Jan from his bed, but he blocked his ears.

They ploughed the sloping land on the next day—and for many days. Pieter found many excuses to send Uncle off so that he could do the ploughing. And on his return Jan would be astonished at the ground that Pieter and the donkeys had covered.

The people of the valley laughed. Jan van der Merwe could afford to hire a youth who was ploughing the slopes. Jan was a poor white, they said, because he was a bad farmer. But they had to admit that Pieter was a gallant worker. They didn't know that seed from their maize and kafir bins had gone to swell the meagre supplies of the van der Merwes.

Neither did Jan and Sannie. Frans Theron didn't know that his prize Aberdeen Angus bull had serviced both Jan's cows. There was no sign that Jock o' Lammermoor had been out of his stall.

AND the rains came. They came in smashing storms with rattling thunder, and huge black clouds. Jan's neighbors saw their crops drown while on his contoured slopes his maize, kafir, and summer wheat flourished. The farmers flocked to the old church at Karreesburg and prayed to God to halt the devastation. Jan and Sannie parked their donkey cart among the limousines at the church and prayed with them. But the rains pelted down.

Pieter, listening from his bed, could hear every word that Jan and Sannie spoke from their own, even though they talked in whispers.

"Sannie?"

"Yes, Jan."

"But for Pieter, the rains would have ruined our crops."

"Yes, but I knew he would bring us luck."

"But Sannie, how could he have foretold what the weather would be? In the cycle the drought was due. And the weather prophets said so."

"Pieter is the knowing one, Jan. He's odd, too."

"I love him, Sannie. But always he avoids the Bible reading, and he won't go to church. He was sarcastic about the people pleading to God to stop the rain. He said to me, 'If it had been a drought they'd have prayed for rain.'"

"He's right, Jan. But I can't get over the way Wagter hates the sight of Pieter, and the old dog has never been vicious to anybody. He still bolts with his tail between his legs whenever he meets the boy."

"Old Wagter is getting crotchety," said Jan.

The summer seeped on, and Jan's crops were the wonder of the countryside. The harvest was bountiful. A span of twelve oxen and a new waggon came to Rusoord. Jan and Sannie gave all the credit to Pieter, but they pleaded in vain with him to join them at the church harvest festival.

There was a new wonder when the two cows each dropped bouncing twin calves. There was an argument with Frans Theron about the obvious strain of Aberdeen Angus in them, but Jan said he had no idea how it had happened.

That winter Jan and Pieter built new barns. The donkeys were retired and wandered about like pets. Jan acquired a horse, and they called it Bles because of the white star on its forehead. On Sundays Jan and Sannie rode to church in a spanking trap. And so they rode to Karreesburg on market days. New stock was added to the herd of cows. For a supply of seed, Frans Theron, hard hit by the drought, allowed Jock o' Lammermoor to service all the cows.

Spring came again, and the weeping willows in the valley were braided with their first green. Pieter was ploughing the hollow land with the twelve oxen, Chaka and Dingaan at the head of the span. But no birds followed his many-disked plough. Jan didn't notice, because he was looking after the stock while Pieter did all the tilling.

And the Devil came to Pieter and said, "It's a year since you were hired out. What progress have you made?"

"Jan and Sannie are rich, but they remain humble."

"Make them richer."

"I shall. It'll be a year of drought and that is why I'm ploughing the marshland."

"And their neighbors?"

"They are arrogant. They say that Jan van der Merwe was plumb lucky last year. They are ploughing the sloping lands."

"Any touch of vanity in Jan and Sannie?"

"Jan has bought a new suit and Sannie a new hat."

"They are little signs. I'll be back a year from today."

And the rains were late. The sky was brassy. The clouds mustered only to roll away. The valley was as hot as the inside of an ant heap. The young plants wilted in the lands of Jan's neighbors. Jan's crops in the valley lived and got the spurt they needed when the rains came. The neighbors came and asked for fodder for their stock.

"Remember how they used to laugh at you," said Pieter. "If you and Aunt Sannie had gone to them for bread they would have offered you a stone."

"Pieter, you are not just to the people," said Sannie.

"Did they ever give you anything, Aunt Sannie?" asked Pieter. "And did they offer their tractors for the ploughing when they saw Uncle Jan struggling with his poor pair of donkeys? Remember the greed in Frans Theron when he thought his prize bull had sired the new calves? And you, Uncle Jan, you would have shared the calves with him had I not talked you out of it."

"Pieter," said Jan, "we shall give bread to our neighbors and fodder for their stock."

"Even if I left you, Uncle?"

"Even if you left us," said Jan haltingly.

From his bed Pieter listened to their whispering.

"You know, Sannie, Pieter is not as hard as he pretends to be."

"I know, Jan."

"They are saying in the valley that all our luck has come through him. They say he's a miracle boy,

To page 62

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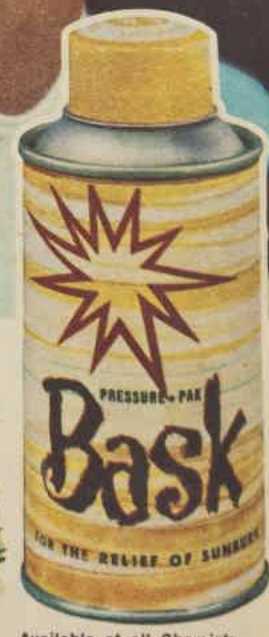

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and some of them have tried to bribe him away from us."

"I know them, Jan."

The neighbors came to look at the heavy-eared corn of Jan van der Merwe, the swelling cobs of maize, the golden field of ripening wheat. They marvelled, and some of them went away to weep in anger. But to Jan's face they said that Rusoord would return to the glory it had known in the days when his grandfather had owned all the valley. Pieter wanted him to buy the valley, but Jan, abetted by Sannie, insisted that they were content with what they had.

The harvest swelled, and Rusoord had to employ a large number of Africans. A kraal was built for them, and the laughter of piccaninnies filled the days.

And Jan said, "Rusoord is an Eden."

Frans Theron was so indebted to him that Jock o' Lammermoor joined the Rusoord herd. But Jan told Theron that he could still use the bull for his cows. And Pieter was angered by his charity, which he called foolishness.

Jan and Sannie were also stubborn at first when he suggested that they should build a bigger house. They agreed to compromise later, and finally a bigger homestead was built a short distance up from the shack in the heart of a grove of syringa trees.

"It's about time, Pieter, that you had a decent bedroom," said Aunt Sannie.

"Is that the only reason for building?" he asked.

"One of them," she said, "but I would also like a bigger kitchen. So many of the neighbors call these days."

The house was built under the syringas when the misty-blue blossoms of the trees were full of the bother of bees. Jan and Sannie liked sitting on the wide porch. They tried to coax out of Pieter the story of his life, but all he would tell them was that he was an orphan and had worked on several Cape farms.

Yes, said Jan, if Pieter thought they needed another tractor he would get one, even though they now had two. Pieter told them that next year the rains would be normal and he would plough both valley and slopes. He promised them the greatest of all harvests.

They didn't doubt his farming genius or his weather lore. He had produced more bags of corn to the acre than any other farm in the Transvaal — and on soil which was previously believed to be rusty. Farming experts had tested the soil and then shook their heads. The crops defied all the accepted laws of soil culture. "The Farmer's Weekly" ran a story called "The Miracle of Rusoord."

When Aunt Sannie announced that she and Jan had been to a lawyer in Karreesburg and that in their will they had made him their sole heir, he told them that three years to the day he had come to them he would be going. They pleaded. And Sannie wept.

"I must go," he said. "I would stay if I could, for I have fallen in love more than ever with Rusoord. And I have learned that there is nothing in life like the gift of labor." He couldn't explain why he had to go. "But I'll be with you for quite a time," he said.

For many days they stooped under the burden of the loss they feared, but they told him that when the time came he wouldn't be able to wrench his roots out of their lives.

Pieter knew when Gina Theron came to spend so much time with Aunt Sannie that she was being used as a ruse. Gina had been away in school and she was nudging eighteen when she came home for good. He knew that on the promise of the strictest secrecy, Jan and Sannie had confided their worry to the Therons that in less than a year he would leave them.

But no sooner had Gina seen Pieter than she had melted. She was lissom, as dark as Pieter was fair. Her teeth were as white as a puppy's, her face had the golden burnish of a wheat ear, and her candid brown eyes were pools of mischief. Sannie watched the impact on Pieter when he first met Gina, and she told Jan, "He made a desperate effort to mask his feelings, but he was bitten."

"We'll be patient," said Jan.

GINA often stayed for supper, and Pieter had to take her home across the fields. But she told Aunt Sannie that he didn't so much as hold her hand.

Gina would be at the cheese-making, at the butter-making. She rode Bles into the hills and surprised Pieter at his work, and she sat beside him as he munched his lunch and drank his coffee. The valley talked openly about the machinations of Frans and Anna Theron to capture Pieter to their own advantage. Gina Theron, the people said, was hunting Pieter in full cry.

But Pieter went on living in a world of his own, within his own deep shell. He was aloof, although Jan and Sannie assured their friends that he was not so with them.

But when Sannie saw that even Gina could not hold him back from his decision, she suddenly took to her bed. Dr. Hendrik Kotze, of Karreesburg, was called in, and Pieter waited outside the house while the doctor was with Sannie. When Dr. Kotze came out, Pieter asked him if Aunt Sannie was very ill.

"For all I can see, she is suffering from heartache," the doctor said.

Gina moved in to take charge while Sannie was ill. She and Pieter were sitting in the moonlight on the porch while Jan was in the bedroom reading the Bible to Sannie. Wagter was coming up the steps, but, seeing Pieter, he turned tail. Then they heard him howling at the moon.

"Why does the old dog fear you, Pieter?" she asked. "Every time he sees you he gets into a dither."

"I wouldn't know what ails the old dog, Gina. I've never had any time for dogs."

"But Wagter is the most docile of dogs. He wags his tail to greet everybody — everybody except you."

"Perhaps you have a theory."

"It puzzles me as it does Uncle Jan and Aunt Sannie. But would you like to know what I think?"

"What?" He hid his face behind a cloud of smoke. At last he had grown a milder tobacco than Uncle Jan's, and he had taken to the pipe.

"I've come to think, Pieter, that the old dog knows more about you than we do. After all, nobody knows anything about you except that you seem to perform miracles."

Pieter laughed. "Is that all? I know people think I'm uncanny.

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Continued from page 62

THE DEVIL'S RIGHT-HAND MAN

But all I've done is help Uncle and Aunt to get the fruits of the earth they deserve."

"Why did you do it?*For love?"

"Is there such a thing?"

"It glows between Uncle and Aunt. In their poverty they were the finest people in the valley. Now that they are rich they refuse to be proud, vain, or greedy." He was silent. She flung a new challenge at him. "Why don't you ever go to church?"

"Why should I? The most Christian man in the valley, Uncle Jan, is not even an elder."

"But they have begged him to go into the big pew."

"Because he's rich. And in his humility he has turned down the offer."

"And you were angry when Uncle Jan told you what he was going to do with his money. You were beside yourself with rage."

"Did the minister come when Uncle Jan was poor?" he countered.

"No, but why should you try to harden the hearts of Uncle Jan and Aunt Sannie? You wanted them to build a mansion. You railed against them for helping their neighbors. They have told me that everything will turn to ashes when you go away, and Aunt Sannie will die of a broken heart."

"That must not happen," he said savagely.

She had pierced his armor. "Then go to her and say you won't desert them."

"I can't. I can't. I'd give my life to be able to stay."

She went close to him, took his face in her hands, and put her mouth to his. "O Pieter, Pieter. I love you."

"I love you, too," he said. He stroked her hair. "But, but—" She closed his mouth with her own.

"Pieter, I've a confession to make. You know my father used to be the richest man in the valley. Now he's among the poor and heavily in debt to Uncle Jan. He and my mother planned that I should marry you."

"I know," he said, "and Uncle and Aunt were in the plot."

"There's nothing you don't know. But it's all changed. We love each other."

"But I must go," he insisted.

"Fight to stay, Pieter. Why should an orphan turn down a rich inheritance?"

"Money has never meant anything to me."

"And this valley?"

"I could live here for ever, Gina."

With the passing weeks they all saw that he was more hardened than ever. He would be with them and yet not of them. Often in the night he wandered the hills alone. All the land in the valley and on the slopes could be ploughed, he told them, for the rains would be normal. "But I'll doctor our lands against the pests that are coming," he said.

"And the crops of our neighbors?" asked Jan.

"I'm not concerned with them."

"In the name of the Lord, Pieter, I conjure you not to go on bewitching our neighbors." Pieter walked away quickly. "Pieter, I'm sorry if I hurt you," Uncle Jan called after him. Pieter went beyond hearing.

It was the last day and the Devil was waiting for him. They stood looking down on the valley.

"So you made Jan van der Merwe the richest man in the valley," said the Devil.

"That is so."

"Have you netted them—him and his wife?"

"I'll show you," said Pieter. They went within sight of the house.

"Still unostentatious," said the Devil.

Before Pieter could reply, Gina came out on the porch. Pieter started, because for a moment he forgot that he and the Devil were invisible.

"She's pretty," said the Devil. "Pity she is a mortal." Pieter was silent. "She's like a peach ready for the plucking."

"We'd better go to the village," Pieter interrupted. "There's something I want to show you. What happens if I've failed?"

"I'll damn you to be a mortal again," the Devil said.

The dusty village of Karreesburg was dozing in the morning sun. In the square dominating the houses and the shops rose the resplendent new church, its spire a lance pointing to the sky. Pieter pointed to a tablet in gilt letters on the wall, and the Devil read, "Erected to the glory of God in humble thanksgiving for his gifts — Jan and Sannie van der Merwe of Rusoord." The Devil choked. "So you failed."

"I failed."

The Devil vanished in a whirl of smoke . . .

They came from the yard with their arms locked. "I knew you'd come," Aunt Sannie called.

With them came Wagter, his tail wagging. Se ran up to Pieter, who bent down and lifted him in his arms, and the old dog licked his face.

"Look, Sannie, look, Gina," said Jan. "Look at that miracle."

Pieter laughed. "The last miracle," he said. He put the dog down, and Wagter turned over on his back with his legs pawing the air and his tail thumping the ground.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD

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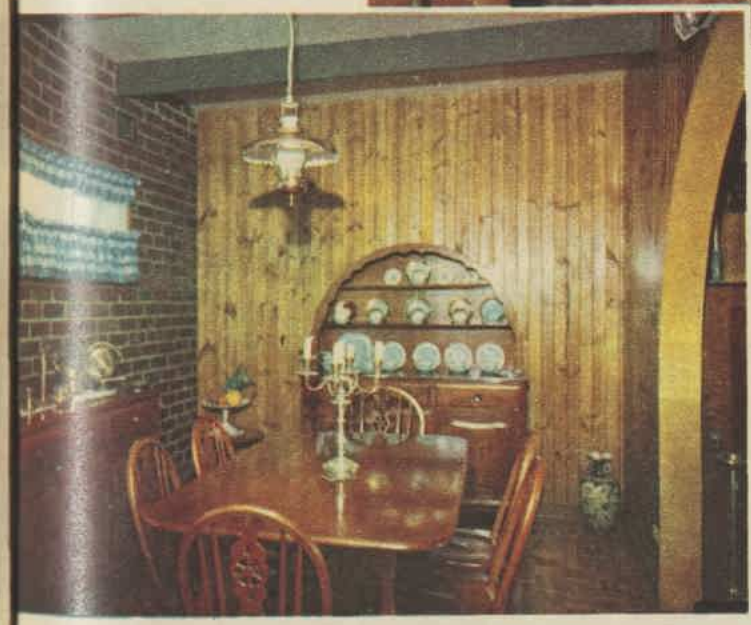
MODERN HOME IN COLONIAL STYLE

EXTERIOR VIEW of the 10-roomed home shows the red-blue clinker bricks, flat roof.

● Australia's early colonial - style houses, with their narrow windows, inspired American architect Peter Fisher to build this charming home in Mentone, Victoria, for his wife and three small children. See story and plan overleaf.



WOOD PANELLING in dining-room (above) blends with bricks, beamed ceiling, and parquet floor. Colonial-style theme is repeated in brass lamp, cafe curtains, furniture, and collection of brassware.

CLINKER BRICKS and low - beamed ceiling combine perfectly with narrow, colonial windows and parquet flooring in living-room (above). Unusual chimney separates this room from den.

ARCHWAYS (above) are set in walls of knotted pine timber. The swinging bar doors lead to the kitchen, and the open archway separates the living- and dining-rooms. Australian timber is used throughout the house.

KITCHEN is small, but well planned for efficiency. Wood panelling, bricks, checked cafe curtains, and copper ware give warmth and color. Streamlined oven is set into wall. Bar has pink-toned marble top.

Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard

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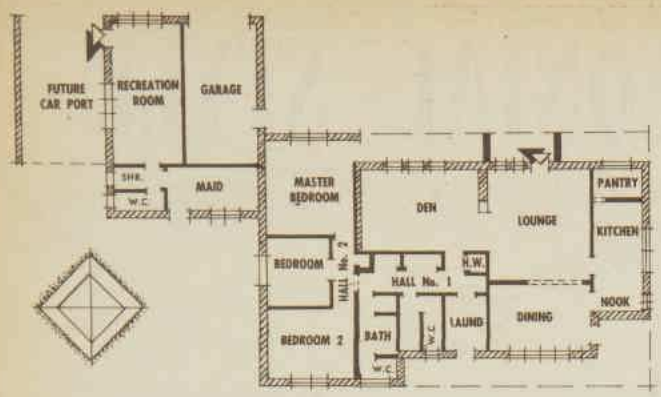
Modern home in colonial style . . . *continued*



***FLOOR PLAN** of the house shown in color on previous page. Separate suite at the back is used as an office.*

● Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fisher built their modern adaptation of an Australian colonial house at Mentone, Victoria, because they believe the style will never date.

THIS practical house is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher and their 16-month-old twin sons and four-year-old daughter. It has tiny windows with small panes, arched doorways, and low-beamed ceilings.

Mr. Fisher, an American architect, will never have to take paint pots and brushes in hand to keep his house attractive — he designed and built it so it will need no maintenance in his lifetime.

The house is built of a red-blue clinker brick, which also makes some of the walls inside. Those that aren't brick are lined with knotted pine boards or sheets of polished Tasmanian oak.

Both brick and wooden walls are in their natural color and coated with a plastic varnish. The only upkeep they will ever need is a washing.

The oregon-beamed ceilings are lined with a sheeting of washable cork and plastic mixture in a mushroom color.

Even the spouting and guttering will require no maintenance. They are made of vinyl and will not corrode, split, or need painting.

All Australian timbers are used throughout the house — from Australian myrtle parquet floors to cedar window frames chosen for their durability and beauty.

The turret-like windows with their small white-painted panes have a purpose. In addition to being colonial and attractive, they help to keep out heat and cold.

The Fishers' house is the only one for miles built in red clinker bricks, which were fashionable in the 1930s.

They believe their house has a warmth and atmosphere of its own.

The £10,000 house took only nine weeks to complete. In the tenth week the family moved in, and the curtains were then up and everything in place.

The speed was due mainly to the house having a concrete slab floor and flat roof.

Careful planning

It has 10 rooms — three are in a separate suite at the back, where Mr. Fisher works. Later, when the children are older, they will have this area for their own separate quarters.

Attractive furniture and ornaments are in keeping with the charm of the colonial atmosphere. Mrs. Fisher even bought an oak colonial-style bassinet for her babies.

Most frequent question she answers with a firm "No" is — "Isn't your kitchen too small for comfort?"

The kitchen, only 12ft. by 7ft., adjoins a small pantry, where refrigerator and food supplies are kept.

Mr. Fisher designed it on the style of American commercial kitchens, where chefs work efficiently in small areas with only turning space.

Mrs. Fisher finds her small kitchen — devoid of furniture — cuts down her daily mileage. She prepares everything on pink marble-topped benches or on a shelf which folds out from her streamlined electric wall stove.

She serves over a bar counter, where colonial stools are set for use at breakfast or snack times.

Bright blue and white checked cafe curtains add color to the dining-room, and the kitchen has cafe curtains, too, in brown, tan, and white.

The main living-area of dining-room, lounge, and den has floors in myrtle parquet. The floors are coated with plastic and need no polishing.

Bedrooms and bathrooms are done in vinyl tiles.

Mrs. Fisher chose wood panelling as well as mauve tiles for the two bathrooms — "to get away from the clinical look."

The three bedrooms (there are built-in bunks in the boys' room) are small. "After all, bedrooms are only for sleeping, and we wanted to use the extra space elsewhere in the house," said Mrs. Fisher.

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GARDENS IN A WHEELBARROW

● *Giant fringed petunias, marigolds, ageratums, nasturtiums, and geraniums make a colorful display in this smartly painted wheelbarrow in the garden of Mrs. Pamela Bolles at Ormond, Victoria.*

AN unusual soil-container — for example, an old wheelbarrow — may strike a gay and picturesque note in a small garden.

The idea has special interest for flat-dwellers with a balcony and folk with pocket-handkerchief backyards. And the wheelbarrow has the special advantage that it can be moved with the seasons in or out of shade or shelter if there's a strong man in the household.

Mrs. Pamela Bolles, of Ormond, Vic., used the idea for her back garden.

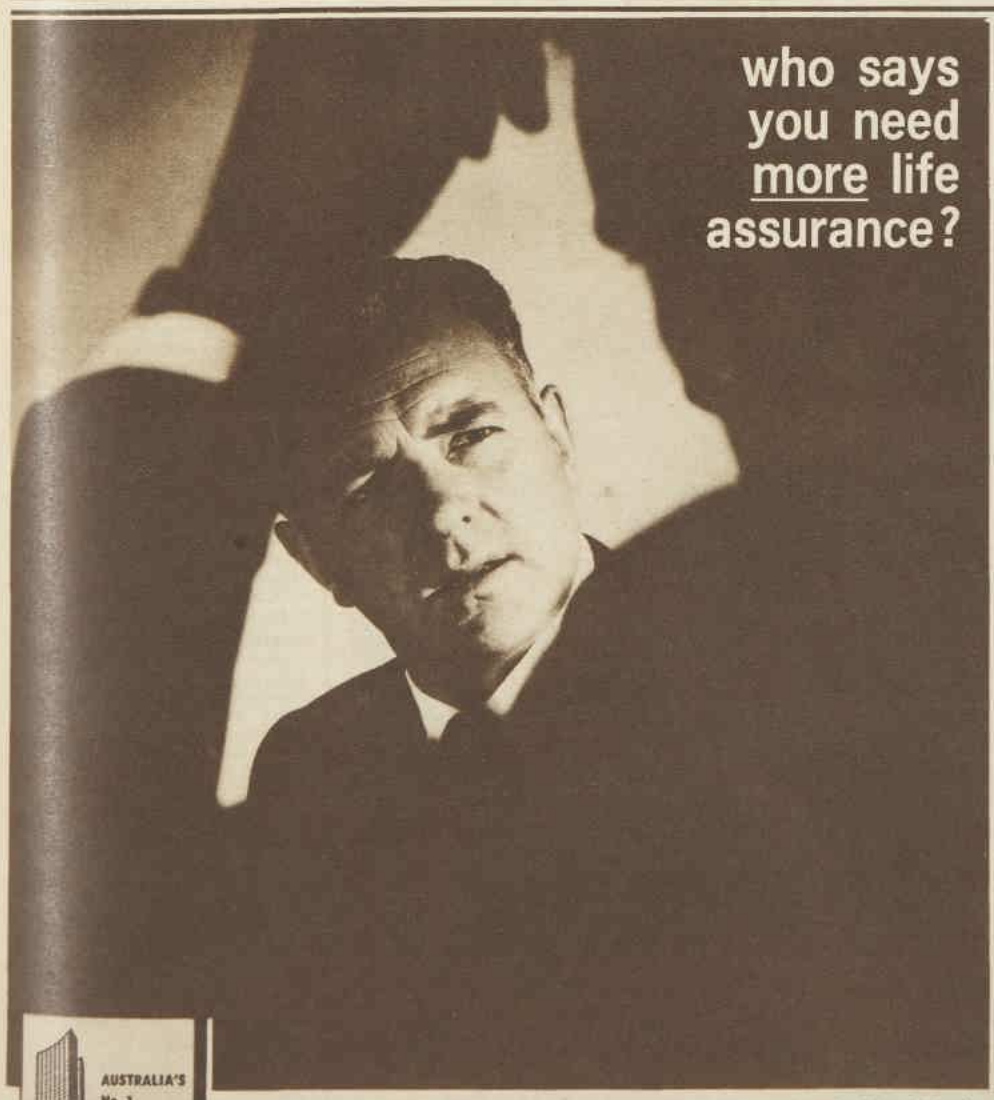
The barrow was covered with glossy white housepaint and has nail-holes punched in the bottom for drainage.

The same type of old-fashioned iron barrow has become a showpiece at Mr. and Mrs. Scarf's home at Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

It is moved in the garden to get the best aspect. Succulents, begonias, and trailing ivy were planted; and petunias and phlox add color in high summer.

Mr. Scarf gives the soil plenty of rich compost and a regular feeding of liquid fertiliser.

● *Filled with succulents, begonias, and trailing ivy, this barrow has become a gay talking-point in Mr. and Mrs. G. Scarf's garden at Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.*



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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

morning it made Fanny want to put her fingers in her ears and it penetrated to the study upstairs.

Caddie found a water snake asleep in the cypress hedge by the stone table. It was so fast asleep, its head on one of its loose coils, that it did not hear her on the gravel, "And usually they try and flick out of sight at once," she told Fanny. "You have to be clever to catch one." Unfortunately, Celestina, coming out on the terrace, saw it, too:

"Non velenso. Nicht schlim," she yelled encouragingly to Caddie; but she ran and got a broomstick and killed the snake with the handle. If it was not poisonous why did she want to kill it? It seemed so insensately cruel that Caddie, in her foodless state, burst out crying like a baby; Rob heard her upstairs and shouted, "Stop that cursed din."

He was too worried that morning to be kind. Fanny's face haunted him and he could not concentrate. Besides, he had reached a stage on Saladin when he needed a typist, a secretary. "And nobody seems to speak English, let alone type it, round this confounded lake," he said. He could have asked Renato to send a secretary out from Milan, but, "How can we import a secretary here when every available inch is taken up by children?"

"She can stay over at the hotel, the Lydia," said Fanny, "and work on the dining-room table. We can eat on the terrace."

"In this heat; middle day? Anyway, I can't work. The house is pervaded by children, and need they be so abominably noisy?"

"Rob, be fair. They are not usually noisy."

"They are today. Caddie bellowing on the terrace and Pia singing like a hypnotising dervish."

"I know. It goes right through one's head."

"Then why don't you stop her?"

"Because she is Pia. I have to be careful."

"Do we have to be so delicate with one another's children?"

"I think so," said Fanny wearily. Her headache was worse; she had a backache as well, a dragging pain that made her thin-skinned, and she snapped out, "You know nothing at all about children."

"I do. I have been a child," Rob said.

Hugh, bored with Pia's impersonality, began to fiddle with the knobs of the old radio and a wave of violent jazz swept through the house. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" shouted Rob.

Over everything else lay the dread of what he would do at lunch.

"Do you think they will send for Doctor Isella?" asked Caddie.

"No, but they may beat us," said Pia.

Lunch began with tagliatelle alla bolognese, fine strings of pasta in tomato sauce, with minced meat. Giulietta, as usual, handed it as they sat round the table. Fanny took some; Hugh, sitting next to her, helped himself, keeping his eyes down. Caddie shook her head. Rob took his and Giulietta came to Pia. Pia, her hair brushed, her hands and face washed, her napkin unfolded on her knee, sat quietly, though she was breathing in strange little snorts down her nose. Caddie felt cold with apprehension. Giulietta held the dish. Pia shook her head. Giulietta was taking it away when, "Un momento, Giulietta," said Rob. He reached across Pia and helped her himself. "Give some to Signorina Caddie."

"Servo la signorina?" asked Giulietta, startled.

"Si."

"Permesso," said Giulietta to Caddie and put some on her plate. Rob sprinkled cheese for them both and, "Eat it," he said.

Nobody moved. Pia and Caddie looked straight in front of them.

"I said eat it," said Rob. He took a spoon, chopped some of the tagliatelle, and held it to Pia's mouth. Pia kept her lips shut and breathed through her nose. "Eat it." With his other hand Rob gave Pia a sharp slap on the back of her head. It sent her forward against the spoon with such a jerk that she opened her mouth. The spoon went in. As Rob took it away he, too, was breathing hard. "Now swallow."

Pia looked at him with her small black eyes and spat out the tagliatelle. As with everything she did, the spit was direct and it landed on the tablecloth in a stain of tomato and gravy. Caddie gave a little hiss of terror and Rob lost his temper.

He jerked Pia out of the chair, and in a second she was face downwards across his knee. "You asked for it; you shall have it," said Rob, and before all their eyes he gave her a good spanking.

Hugh and Caddie sat too shocked to speak; Fanny was white to the lips; only Giulietta watched with amusement in her eyes as if this were entirely natural. At last the sound of his slaps ceased and Rob lifted Pia off that powerful knee.

"Now are you going to eat it?" But Pia, her face contorted so that once again she looked like that ugly monkey, had made for the stairs. On the third step she paused and loosed a flood of invective at Rob. It was Italian, so that Fanny, Hugh, and Caddie could not understand, but they heard Giulietta give a gasp and saw her run up to silence her, but Pia shook her off. Then she drew herself up and spoke to Rob in English with immeasurable scorn. "I will ask God to forgive you," she said, opened the brocade door, and went upstairs.

"Caddie, do you want the same?"

Caddie stared at Rob, her eyes full of horror as if she were trapped.

"Then eat your lunch, or in spite of your mother you will be spanked as well."

"Caddie, eat it. You must."

With her eyes on Rob, Caddie picked up her fork, lifted a piece of tagliatelle. It had grown cold and felt slimy. The memory of the mangled snake came back. Caddie made a loud retching noise and was sick.

Rob had shouted, standing up and sending his chair back with a push that knocked it over. "Do your children perpetually have to vomit?"

"That's not fair." Fanny sprang up too. "They are not used to seeing people hit."

"Hit! I didn't hit Pia. I gave her a spanking where she needed it."

"You used force."

"Of course. What else could I use?"

"It's never fair."

"Fair! This isn't a case of being fair. It's discipline."

"Discipline shouldn't humiliate."

"I see," said Rob at white heat. "You think I oughn't to have beaten Pia. That I should allow

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A Christmas Tradition

Arnott's famous Christmas cakes and Christmas tin assortment, gaily packed for giving . . . there's the 2 lb. cake in the carton, the 3 lb. rich dark fruit cake in this attractive round tin, an assortment of favourite Arnott's biscuits in the lovely "Pied Geese" Christmas gift tin.

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

anything these little rats choose to do."

"They are not little rats. They are people. People." And Fanny said, "We have never beaten Hugh or Caddie."

That "we" seemed to ring out and, "I didn't mean . . ." Fanny sat down suddenly among the litter of plates and dishes and put her hand across her eyes.

"If they had been beaten," said Rob, and now he was quiet, "they probably would not be here. They would be obedient. Come," he said. "We can't lunch here now. Let's get out and clear the air. I will take you to San Vigilio."

"I couldn't eat any lunch."

"We will have a drink then. Come."

"Caddie . . ."

"Hugh, take Caddie upstairs, then get Celestina. She will look after her," but Giulietta had already brought a pail and cloth and was mopping Caddie up.

"Poverina, povera anima innocente," Celestina followed and guided Caddie upstairs. Fanny got up, hesitated, then went after Rob; Hugh, finding himself alone with Giulietta, jumped up as if he had been scalded and ran down to the jetty. When Giulietta had cleaned the floor she began to clear away the untouched tagliatelle.

PIA had changed from her skirt and blouse into a cherry-colored linen dress banded with white. Now elegant again, she was sitting on her bed, her eyes shut, her lips moving. The eyes flew open when she heard Caddie come in from the bathroom. Celestina had told Caddie to lie down.

"Did they make you eat?"

"I was sick," and Caddie felt bound to say, "I think you are brave, Pia, much braver than I am, especially when you are so empty. I . . . I . . ." "Perpetually howling," Hugh said of Caddie these days. The tears were brimming now and she hastily changed the subject. "Are you asking God to forgive Rob?"

"Yes, and you might help," said Pia. "Ask Him to send your mother back to England."

"I have asked and asked," said Caddie. "And he doesn't take the slightest notice. I wish I was a Catholic," she said.

"I wish your mother was."

"Why?"

"Catholic mothers don't go marrying other people's fathers when their husbands are alive."

"Don't they?" Caddie digested this. "What happens if they fall in love?"

This disconcerted Pia. She could not deny that Catholic mothers fell in love — one had only to go to the opera, the theatre, watch television. "They fall in love," she said, "but they don't go upsetting everything."

"You mean if Mother were a Catholic she wouldn't have done this?"

"Certainly not," said Pia. "It would be sin."

There was no doubt in Caddie's mind that Pia was an expert on religion, and she asked trustfully, "How do people become Catholics?"

"If they are not born one, they have to learn," said Pia.

"How do they learn?"

"I suppose they speak to a priest or nun."

Caddie could not imagine herself speaking to a nun, though she knew Pia's teachers were all nuns, but she had seen the priests in Malcesine. There was one of whom Celestina talked reverently, Padre Rossi, the arciprete, Celestina called him, which seemed to make him very important, but all the same Caddie had made up her mind. She went to Hugh and asked, "Is there any Topaz money left?"

"A little. I have been using some to buy bait. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"I want some," said Caddie.

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"How much?" asked Hugh reluctantly.

"Enough for the bus into Malcesine."

"Why don't you walk?"

"I don't think I could," said Caddie. "I feel queer." Reluctantly he gave her a five-hundred-lire note.

It was hot, even for early afternoon, the hottest part of the day. The sky looked heavy, white-grey; Caddie was still squeamish, and the bus smelled of hot rubber, hot oil, dust—and hot people, thought Caddie. She was glad to get off at Malcesine, but here, too, the white glare lay over the whole town.

Caddie walked along the motor road until she came to the steps that led down to the church piazza where the heat came off the bricks. There were always people round the church, and now boys were playing football, women sat on the low balustrade under the trees, gossiping and knitting, while babies played and staggered at their feet.

The women and boys stared at her, making her feel an intruder. She remembered having seen yesterday a side door into the church and she walked past the big front doors trying to whistle, her hands, though Pia would have reproved her, in the pockets of her caramel-colored jerkin.

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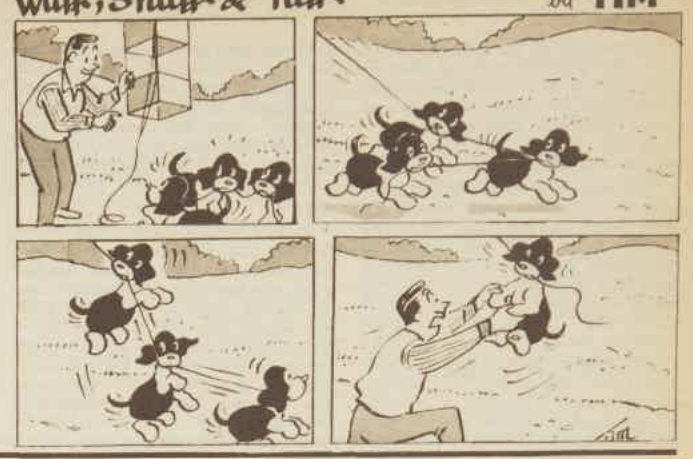
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

At the side of the church, under an arch, was a courtyard with a stair leading up from it to a little house. Was that where Father Rossi lived? She stole through the courtyard to a small door covered in leather and slipped into the church.

She stepped into a merciful coolness and dimness—even that short walk from the bus had made her sweat; in fact, she was feeling so giddy that she had to sit down and lean her head against the polished wood of a pew. I ought to kneel down, she thought, but her knees were too weak.

A Catholic church, Rob had said, was never empty, and that seemed to be true. This was a Monday afternoon, but candles were burning in front of the side altars of the big church—at least, they looked like altars; they were spread with lace-edged cloths and had vases of flowers. Pia had told her that candles were lit for requests or in thanks; evidently a great many people had been asking or thanking.

People were praying. Some of the women had shopping bags or baskets, some were in slippers. An old man was having a comfortable nap. A woman came in carrying, with the utmost care and pride, a pot of arum lilies. In front of the High Altar a red lamp burned, and Caddie saw, sitting in the front pew, a man dressed in black and reading a book. She tiptoed to an old woman, a cleaner with a box of spent candle ends and a small whisk broom, tiptoed to her and pointed at the man.

"Il prete?" whispered Caddie.

"Si, si, il prete, Padre Rossi, arciprete." It would be the arciprete, but the old woman nodded encouragingly. "Si, si," and went back to her candle-trays.

Cautiously Caddie drew nearer. She saw a big man, with brushed brown hair, a fresh rosy face, his neck rising rosily from the narrow band of his soutane. He did not look very alarming, and he was alone, but could she dare to disturb him when he was praying or reading a holy book?

Father Rossi, Caddie knew, was a good priest. She had heard Rob and Fanny talk about him. Though he was not old he had been made arciprete, and he was a scholar in Latin, Greek, Hebrew. He spoke German, French—many languages, said Celestina—Caddie prayed that he spoke English.

But if I go and tap him, he will think I want to confess, and what shall I do then? thought Caddie. She longed for Pia. Pia, she knew, would not have hesitated, and if Pia can, I can, thought Caddie.

She tapped so gingerly that at first he did not feel it. She had to give him a small thump. Though she did not know it, this was not a confession time and for a moment he looked displeased. "Was vollen sie? Ver sint sie?" the priest said.

He can see I am not Italian, so he thinks I'm German, thought Caddie. Perhaps he can't speak any English, and her heart sank.

"English?" asked Caddie, and desperately, "I'm English."

His blue eyes took in her pallid unhappy face and red eyes and he stood up. He was big, burly, in his soutane, in fact anyone's idea of a fat priest, but there was more to him than that; a calmness about him, something strong. He looks as if he could tell you things, thought Caddie, and now, "English?" he said gently. "I speak a little English." He said "spik" and "leetle," but it was such a relief that, for about the sixth time that day, Caddie began to cry.

This time she could not stop, and at last he took her hand and led her out of the church, bending his knee to the altar — Caddie bent hers, too — and then out through the courtyard, empty now, and up the stair. She had guessed right, it led to his house. At the top was a little piazza shaded with oleanders and an olive tree.

The front door had two bells, one marked "notturno." Even through her tears Caddie wondered why anyone should want a priest in the night; then he took her into a narrow waiting-room with a marble floor, a table covered with oilcloth, some hard chairs.

He made Caddie sit down. "Subito, subito," he said, and disappeared.

IT was as quiet and peaceful as it was poor and bare; anything less like the vicarage at Whitcross it would be hard to imagine. Caddie tried to dry her eyes, but her handkerchief was a wet ball. At last she gave up, put her head down on the oilcloth table and sobbed.

. . . . . .

"But, my dear little girl, I cannot make your mother a Catholic."

"Can't you?" The tears began to stream again and Father Rossi said hastily, "Drink your coffee."

It was a miniature cup, the sort of coffee, thick and black, that Rob drank while they ate ices. An old woman, "My mother," said Father Rossi, had brought it on a little tray. "Drink before you try to talk." The coffee was so strong that it took Caddie's breath away, but it stopped the tears.

"Now you can tell me," said Father Rossi, and Caddie began:

"I . . . I . . .," but it was difficult to put into words and she said, "Oh, I wish I had brought Pia."

"Pia? That sounds Italian. Who is Pia?" and he said, "You must speak slowly if you want me to understand. Now tell me."

"I can't," but he was not an arciprete for nothing, and slowly, bit by bit, with a gentle question here and there, he drew the whole story out of Caddie. But it was no good.

"My dear little girl, I cannot make your mother a Catholic."

"Why can't you?"

"Only God can do that."

"Then why won't He?"

Father Rossi shook his head. "That is not for us to know. You must pray and I will pray." That did not seem to Caddie a hopeful answer, but he got up. "Come, I will put you on your bus, and as soon as you get home you will ask Celestina — I know her, she is a good woman, Celestina — to give you a strong soup. The little Pia, too. This, to starve, is not the way."

"What is the way?" asked Caddie.

"I wish I knew," and he sighed again. The old woman brought him a flat black hat that looked as if it were made of beaver — Caddie had once had a beaver bonnet — and they went out into the sunshine.

They were waiting at the bus stop, when the car came along the road, Rob and Fanny coming back from lunch. Before she thought, Caddie waved. Rob braked with a screech of tyres and pulled up, just past the stop. Fanny was out of the car in a moment.

"Caddie! Has something happened?" But Father Rossi stepped in front of Caddie.

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

"Indeed, it has happened." The passengers waiting for the bus all looked; people in the road paused, seeing their padre with the English signora. "You are Candida's mother?"

Rob had come up. "I'm afraid, Father Rossi, that Caddie has given you a wrong idea," he said.

As Rob knew everyone, he seemed to know the arciprete, but here was one person who did not smile at him.

"Signor, she has given me a singularly clear idea," said Father Rossi.

"We are not Catholics and have no right to bother you."

"Every child has the right to bother me." Father Rossi kept his hand on Caddie's shoulder. In his long soutane he seemed much larger than Rob and his voice rang down the road. A small crowd had begun to gather. This, clearly, was no ordinary conversation.

"Look at this child," said Father Rossi. "See her state."

Fanny's face was flooded with a burning color.

"See her state, and she tells me there are two of them. Two little girls, starving, to bring you to your senses."

Someone in the knot of people was translating for the others. There were murmurs, of admiration for Caddie, of indignation against Fanny and Rob. Father Rossi heard the murmurs and his voice lost a little of its harshness as he said to Fanny, "You are not a Catholic, Signora, but I would suggest to you that you should go into my church, kneel down there, and think what you are doing."

Fanny took a step back against Rob.

"Kneel down there and think before it is too late," said Father Rossi.

"Caddie, get into the car at once. At once!" said Rob.

SHE was frightened by the silence. No one spoke. Rob drove so fast, alone in the back, she was bounced up and down and flung from side to side. Fanny sat with her head bent; Rob looked straight ahead. He drew up at the villa gates but did not turn in.

"I'm going on to Riva," he said to Fanny. "Will you come?"

She shook her head and he leaned past her to open the door; before she got out he put his hand under her chin and turned her face up to look at him. Caddie expected him to say something momentous, but all he said was, "I have to telephone Renato and get some money."

Caddie could see that Fanny's lips were shaking, but she said nothing and Rob let her go. Then he reached back, opened the door for Caddie, and said, "Get out," as briefly as he had said, "Get in." Caddie understood that she was beyond the family pale. He slammed the door and drove away in a cloud of dust.

Fanny went into the house. In this long afternoon her pain had grown worse and now she knew what it was. She went into the bathroom, came out, passing Caddie on the landing without a word. Caddie heard her opening drawers, moving about the bedroom, but then there was silence. Cautiously she pushed the door. It was open and she looked in. Fanny was lying face downwards across the bed.

. . . . . .

In Riva the paths along the harbors were deserted. Rob left the car and sat down on a bench in the shade of the willows, but the scene in Malcesine still danced before his eyes. He could not even smoke, but sat, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, staring at the dust, dust pocked with little stones. He saw Caddie's face. Fanny's. "Poor little toad," he muttered. "Poor little toad," though which of them he meant he did not know. Perhaps he meant himself. Poor toad. Hugh, Caddie, Pia, piling things one on another; it was too much.

When he thought of the hunger strike his lips twitched, as they twitched when he thought of Hugh and Giulietta, but behind lay an immense aching. He felt Pia's lightness, her small bones, under his hand; it had been like beating a bird—contrary to what he had told Fanny, Pia had never been beaten—and indignation came up in him. They should never have been drawn into this, he thought, then he remembered that it was he who had drawn them in, and he groaned aloud.

Hugh and Pia were bad enough, but when it was Caddie the whole problem suddenly grew deeper. Caddie, thought Rob, brought you into real truth. I knew that the first time I saw her on the terrace, that little bungling ignorant girl, and—they won the first day they came, thought Rob.

At last he sat up, lit a cigarette, and smoked. The tenseness was gone; he was very thoughtful. He lit another, pitched it away, stood up and shook his shoulders to settle his coat. Then he walked away to the post office and the bank . . .

"Mother." Caddie felt she had stayed at the bedroom door for an hour. "Mother."

No answer.

"Mother, aren't you well?"

"Mother!" It was a wail.

At that Fanny looked up. Something of Caddie's bewilderment and remorse reached her. Eleven is a painful age to be, thought Fanny. Too young to understand, too old to be unconscious, and, "You're not a criminal," said Fanny. "You needn't look like that." Fanny at this moment could not spare much pity.

Her skin was clammy, there were dark rings under her eyes and she

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"You forgot to put me to bed."

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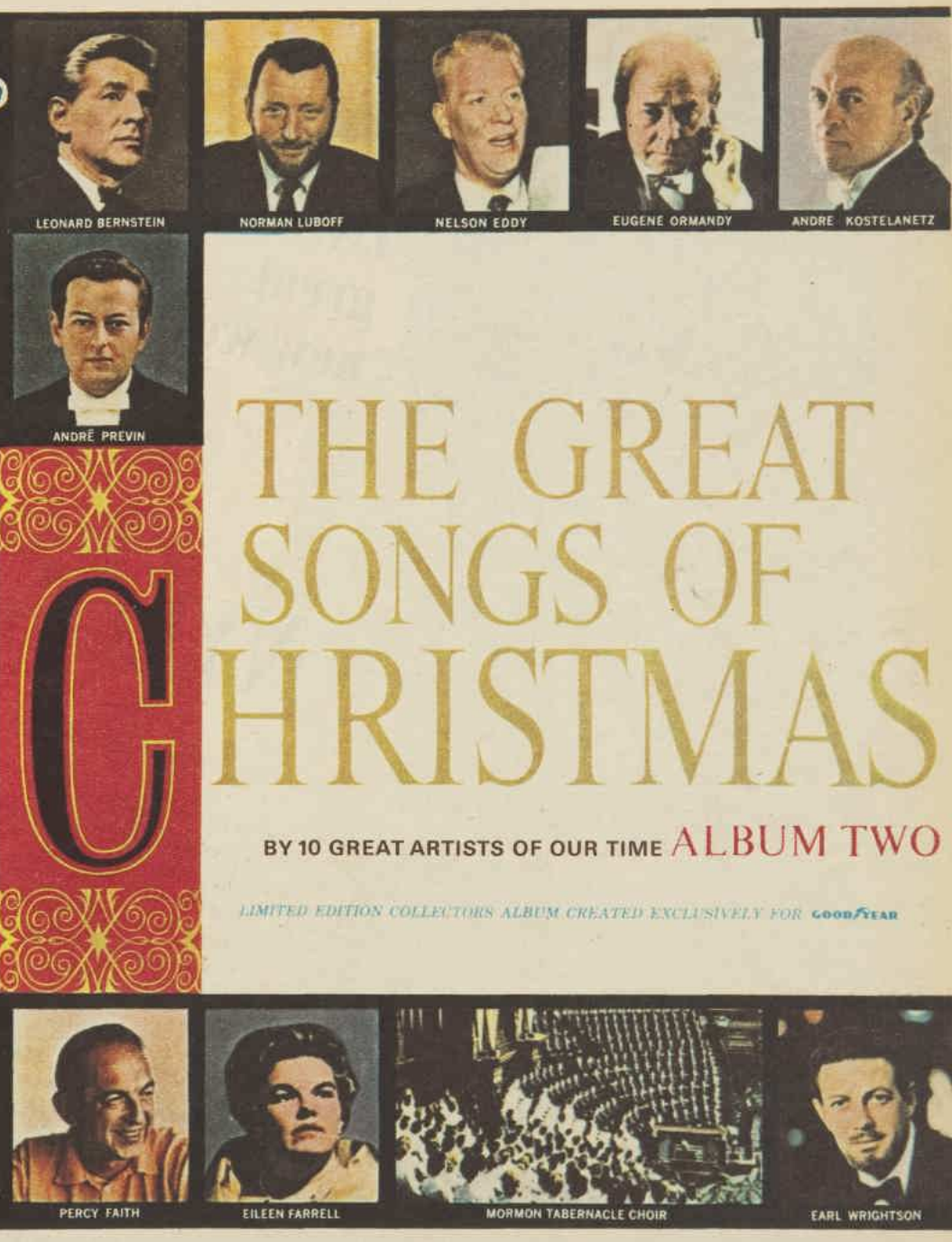

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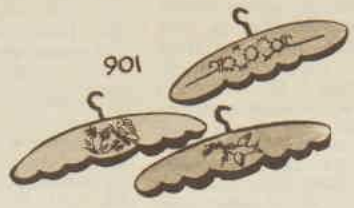

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

Continued from page 71

was full of pain, pain and disappointment. That secret hope was gone. Thank heaven I didn't say anything to Rob. "Run away," said Fanny to Caddie.

"But Mother . . ."

"For goodness' sake, Caddie, leave me alone. I must be alone!" and Fanny got up and ran downstairs into the garden.

Caddie followed and watched.

At Stebbings, when anything upset Fanny, and she had to try and control herself, if Lady Candida had driven her beyond bounds, or there was some bad news, Fanny had had a way of going into the garden, walking up and down there, under the familiar trees, past all her flowers, touching them, as if to touch nature steadied her, brought her anger or grief into proportion. She was doing that now.

Caddie could not bear to watch. What had she precipitated by going to see Father Rossi? At last she wandered miserably down to the boathouse.

There was no sign of Mario, or of Hugh, thought Caddie at first. Then, walking out on the jetty, she stopped. There were voices, children's voices, laughing and talking. They sounded as if they came from the back of the boathouse; and through the wisteria on the boathouse fence, its twisting stems and flowers, Caddie caught sight of something cherry-red; Pia's dress.

It was odd for Pia to be in the boathouse. Caddie stepped nearer. There, hidden from the villa by the wisteria, the line of nets, Caddie could see Beppino and Gianna and, sitting at the table in that immaculate dress, Pia. On the bench beside her was Hugh and on the table were bottles of orange soda with straws, plates, tubs of ice-cream and Pia was "Eating," breathed Caddie. "Eating!" In one hand Pia held a roll, split by pink ham, and as Caddie watched she took an enormous bite; in the other was a cardboard spoon for the ice-cream. Hugh was watching and laughing!

DUMB with amazement, Caddie stood there until the last of the roll disappeared into Pia's mouth and a tongue, small as a kitten's, came out to flick the last crumbs inside. She took another roll. Now the plate was empty and Pia commanded Beppino, "Va a comperare due altri panini con prosciutto ed un' altro gelato," which Caddie knew meant more ham rolls and another ice. She saw Hugh pull his wallet out of his shorts pocket and give a note to Beppino. He was paying Beppino to go and fetch them. Buying paninos with my money, my Topaz money! It was the final insult. Caddie tore in at the boathouse gate, up the verandah steps, and launched herself at Pia.

The table was pushed aside. The plates, bottles, spoons were on the floor and in a moment Pia was down, Caddie pummelling her with both fists.

The tumult came into the villa garden, Pia's shrieks and Beppino's and Gianna's. Their father and mother ran across the road from the trattoria, and down the back lane, and the mother added her scolding to the pandemonium when she saw the broken plates and bottles. Celestina and Giulietta came running from the villa, Giacomino walked after them, and all the while Hugo trying to catch Caddie's fists, shouted to her to let Pia go. It was that English, "Let go, Caddie! Caddie, let her go!" that brought Fanny running, too.

"Caddie! Caddie! Caddie!" shouted Fanny as she ran past the wisteria fence. Caddie looked up, and in that second's pause Hugh plucked her away, holding her with

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

her wrists twisted so that she screamed, while the trattoria father picked up Pia.

"Caddie! Have you gone mad?" panted Fanny.

"She was eating," screamed Caddie incoherently. "Eating! I think she has been eating all the time."

"Hush, Caddie. Hush." But Caddie would not hush.

"Hugh! Hugh was helping her . . . helping her eat and they never told me . . . It was my money . . . my Topaz money."

Hugh had loosed his hold of her wrists and she was rubbing their hurt redness in an anguish of sobs. He stood by, sullen and defiant as always when caught out. Pia, trying to look unmoved, was wiping her dress with a napkin, picking ice-cream and bits of ham out of her hair.

A knot of villagers had gathered, amazed by this sudden outbreak of the English. Beppino and Gianna had taken refuge by their mother, and all of them, with Celestina and Giulietta, talked in torrents.

"Helping her eat, with my money."

"Is this true, Hugh?" asked Fanny.

"I helped Pia once or twice," muttered Hugh.

"But . . . how was it Celestina didn't know? If you got things from the trattoria?"

"We didn't get them; Beppino smeaked them out to us. I paid him," said Hugh virtuously.

"With my money. My Topaz money."

"Hush, Caddie. Hugh, you did this, while Pia let us think she was on strike."

"Well, no one but Caddie would be silly enough to strike properly."

"But why didn't you tell me?" broke in Caddie. "Why did you shut me out?"

AT that Pia lifted her head. "You wouldn't have been able to pretend," she said, and, even in her woe, Caddie knew that this was true; but it still seemed to her the depths of treachery for Hugh to do this. Her own brother! Hugh! Caddie thought she had exhausted all her tears when she was with Father Rossi, but now she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Is anything else going to happen today?" said Fanny. To Hugh she said, "I think you are disgusting. Pia, tell the trattoria people I will pay for the broken plates and the bottles, and tell Celestina I want to speak to her. Now, all of you, come with me." She put her arm round Caddie and took her away.

. . . . .

"Very well," said Fanny. "Very well."

They were sitting round the dining-room table eating, and drinking tea. Fanny had made the tea herself, while at her orders Celestina lightly boiled eggs and made hot toast. Fanny had buttered the toast, cut it into small pieces and broken the eggs over it. For a moment, it was the old Fanny presiding over the tea or breakfast table at Stebbings. "You must be careful after so long. Eat slowly or you will have a pain."

Ironically, now she could eat, Caddie did not want to. "I shall be sick again," she said, but Fanny coaxed her and slowly it went down, a bit of toast, a lick of egg, though the tea was best of all. It revived her more than Father Rossi's coffee, and though she still felt sodden and salted with tears, her eyes sore, her head stupid, pride began to stiffen her. I starved, thought Caddie, really starved, and I was the only one. She was able to sit up, hold her head up with Hugh and Pia.

Then, "Very well," said Fanny. Her face looked as if it were made of paper, with two holes for eyes.

"Very well. When you have finished tea, we will go upstairs and pack."

"What did you say?" asked Caddie.

"We will go to a hotel for tonight," Fanny went on. "We — you, Hugh, and Caddie and I. We will send a telegram to Gwyneth and tomorrow I will take you back. We can probably get on one of the planes. I expect Rob will take you, Pia, back to Rome."

"Do you mean you will come back and live . . ." Hugh could not go on. It took Caddie to blurt out, "With us and Father?"

"Perhaps — if he will have me."

Caddie did not like the look of this Fanny and, "Are you sure?" she asked, but Pia pounced.

"Do you promise?"

"I promise," said Fanny.

"What will . . . he say?" asked Hugh.

"Rob? He has gone to telephone Milan. I expect about the same thing," said Fanny with a wry smile.

"But you said nothing to him," said Caddie.

"Rob and I don't have to say things."

"Then it's my fault," said Caddie.

"You can't say 'fault,' when it was right."

"Was it right?"

"Perfectly right."

Hugh, Caddie, and Pia looked at one another. Had they won the battle? Then why did it feel so flat? As if everything had collapsed? Hugh went to Fanny and put his arm round her, but he went mechanically and, "Please don't touch me," said Fanny in a voice she had never used to Hugh, and he stood helplessly by her chair. It was as if they had been dolls, worked by strings; the strings had suddenly been let go and they were left limp. Pia alone sat erect in her chair. At last she said, "I thought you were going to pack."

"She is going to pack."

All of them jumped. Rob was standing in the doorway. Coming in from the terrace in his rope-soled shoes he had made no sound. How long had he been there? He was an intruder, yet at once the strings were gathered up, were taut and everything began to move.

"She is going to pack." Rob came round to Fanny's chair. Hugh moved out of the way. "Pack, but not go with you, because we are leaving," said Rob.

"Leaving?"

"Yes. Fanny and I."

"Leaving — us?" That was Caddie.

"Leaving you," said Rob. "You fought us; now you can take the

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

consequences." Fanny made a little sound of protest, but he silenced her. "You will be quite all right with Celestina until they come for you."

"Come for us?" It seemed that all they could do was repeat what Rob said.

"I spoke to Nonna on the telephone," he said to Pia. "Miss Benson is coming to fetch you; she will be here tomorrow morning. Hugh and Caddie will have to wait until Friday or Saturday. Colonel Clavering will probably not get here till then."

"Darrell coming here?" Fanny sounded dazed.

"I expect so. He must think nothing of travelling. Anyway, he will make his own arrangements. They will be quite all right with Celestina. I have given her money," and to Fanny he said, "Renato has found us a flat in Milan. That's why I was so long; I had to wait until he rang me. It's his cousin's. We will move in there; a service flat with not a single inch of room for children."

"But . . . Mother has promised." Caddie had risen, holding to her chair.

"Promised," said Pia, and to Rob, "You heard her; she promised."

"Under duress, which is a kind of blackmail," said Rob, "something you must not apply. That is what you have been using, all of you. In law, a promise made under duress doesn't bind you, bind anyone. Fanny hasn't promised. I see your strike is over," said Rob, looking at the tea-table, and to Pia, "I hear you are a blackleg. Caddie, you have been very brave and I respect you, but, you see, children cannot be allowed to dictate or govern. Someday you will come and visit us again — but when we ask you. Have you finished tea, Fanny?"

Fanny did not speak or move; he bent, put his hands under her elbows and, as if she were powerless, lifted her out of her chair and turned her toward the stairs.

"You are kidnapping me," she said with a breathless little laugh.

"I am not," said Rob and let her go. "You are coming, that is all." Then he held out his hand: "Come, dear. Come with me." Fanny put her hand in his and, leaving the children, they went upstairs.

. . . .

Caddie's ears were strained to what was happening upstairs. "They are packing; they are really going," that beat in her head. Giulietta had carried all the cases up. "We are defeated." Caddie wandered into the kitchen, "to be with someone," she could have said, and she felt cold, which was curious because the air, with Celestina's cooker going full blast, was hot and close.

It was growing dark. If she had not been so shocked and numbed, Caddie would have thought it was early to be so dark, the kitchen clock only said seven o'clock; all the same, the darkness seemed fitting — "It soon much rain," said Celestina, glancing out of the window — fitting that even the sky should weep on this dreadful evening. Caddie herself had no more tears. She was simply limp, cold, defeated. We had won — her eyelids quivered — won, and then it was taken away. She could hear footsteps going backwards and forwards upstairs; it was evidently a thorough packing. She could, too, hear Rob's voice, still authoritative. It seemed he was guarding Fanny.

Hugh and Pia had disappeared. As far as Caddie was concerned they could disappear. She did not want to see either of them again, and, sitting at the new kitchen table, it came to her that she had lost everything now: lost Topaz, lost Hugh, lost the battle; in a few minutes she would lose Fanny; everyone, everything, she really cared for; she was Caddie alone, with nothing and no one to hold on to. She would always be alone now, and it was then that Caddie made a startling discovery: she was alone, defeated, she had lost everything — and she was still Caddie, still all right. Then, it doesn't matter what happens to you, thought Caddie. You go on.

As if she were an old, old lady she seemed to look back down the years; well, I have grown a lot in these few weeks, thought Caddie, more, she could guess, than some people do in their whole lives. It had been painful, but it was a steady growing. In this one day she, Caddie, had been rent, hurt, betrayed, yet here she was in the evening, sitting in the kitchen, still me, thought Caddie.

A GUST of wind shook the house with a drawn-out whining; the shutters rattled. Next moment a scurry of drops hit the window-panes:

"Il mio bucato, i miei panni, i miei lenzuoli!" Giulietta cried. "My washing!" With Beppino and Gianna she rushed out to the garden. Caddie ran after them, but such a wind met her on the terrace that she could hardly stand up. Her hair was whipped into her eyes, her skirt wrapped round her. The whole lake and sky were changed; the mountains blotted out by driving cloud and rain, the sky dark. Then there came two terrific thunderclaps.

"Stupidi, paurosi, vigliacchi! Help me!" screamed Giulietta.

As Caddie ran to the washing-line she could see that far over the lake the water was rough and white, the wind whipping it up into waves; their spray was flung high above the rocks. A gust came from the

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Smile! Holbrooks make the happiest Christmas funfoods. Like olives, gherkins, and onions. Each prime one juiced up with festive zest., Bigger. Plumper. Tastier. Picked, pickled and packed for you with specially tender care. Be sure you have enough for Christmas—they're at your food store now!

HOLBROOKS OLIVES GHERKINS & ONIONS

TRUDY

"Trudy, stop arguing with the TV set and come to bed."

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One-upmanship for bachelor cooks

● Businessmen visiting America are bringing back for their wives and hard-working secretaries copies of a cook book which has America chuckling.

***ROASTETTES ROSSER:** One of the recipes from "The Madison Avenue Cook Book."*

ALTHOUGH written primarily for men, "The Madison Avenue Cook Book—for People Who Can't Cook and Don't Want Other People to Know It," is a book which women will find delightful.

The author, Alan Koehler, a young advertising man, claims it is the nearest thing to "How to Succeed in the Kitchen Without Really Frying."

The book deals with such diverse abilities as "how to make friends with the butcher" and the choice of a "mystery touch" ingredient (identification of which must be perennially postponed).

Mr. Koehler gives advice on a variety of subjects, including:

Herbs and Spices: "Those necessary are few, and they are absurdly simple to use. Your hand must be lavish. Never worry about whether you're using too much, only too little. When in doubt (and when not) too much is always better. You may, if you wish, excuse yourself to your guests and appear to snip fresh unidentified herbs from a window-box, and then go ahead and use dried ones."

Help in the Kitchen: "Helpless though you are, never allow guests to assist in even the most irrelevant preparation for dinner. There must be the implication of something mystical in even the way you stir."

ROASTETTES "ROSSER"

For each person: One 3in. lamb chop, boned, rolled round half a lamb kidney, wrapped in bacon, and tied; garlic powder, rosemary, oregano, hickory smoked salt, pepper.

Roll chop round half a lamb kidney, wrap it round with bacon, tie with a string. Arrange roastettes with one of the lamb sides up on grilling-pan and sprinkle lavishly with garlic powder, rosemary, oregano, hickory smoked salt, and pepper. Grill 10 minutes. Turn, apply spices to uncooked sides, grill 10 minutes more, and serve.

(Americans like lamb slightly underdone. Australians would probably prefer these chops oven-baked for a longer cooking time, so lamb is well cooked through and crisply brown.)

HORS DERVISH

Buy the blackest loaf of black bread you can find and slice it thin. Cut off crusts and cut slices in 2in. squares. Open the costliest can of plump sardines, chilled. Cut sardines in half amidships and put half on each square of bread. Beside each sardine arrange one large and several small pieces of chutney imported from Bombay, chilled, with a little of the syrup.

FRUIT OUT OF SEASON

Obtain at whatever cost glowingly ripe fresh fruit as far out of season as possible. Serve the fruit raw. A subtle touch is to add a liqueur which has the same flavor as the fruit and then, of course, to deny the addition of the liqueur. You will soon acquire the reputation for serving the most exquisitely flavored fruits known to man. (When serving strawberries, cut a triangular cone which includes the stem from the top of each berry, pour liqueur into the hollow inside, and arrange the berries so they stand top side up until each berry closes itself over the liqueur.

"The Madison Avenue Cook Book" is not yet available in this country. If you've friends travelling to America soon, it's worth dropping a hint about this book. Publisher is Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York.

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...and flavour-sealed in foil

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Cracker Barrel Cheese

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

other side as the wind hit the mountain, a blast that caught Caddie and almost spun her round. With it came more thunder, so close that it might have been in the garden itself, and each clap seemed to roll from mountain to mountain across the lake. Caddie helped Giulietta to struggle with the billowing sheets, with pillowcases full of wind. Wet towels lashed their faces, table-cloths were torn out of their hands.

By the time they had gathered up all the washing they were breathless, sweatingly hot, their faces smarting from the driving rain, their hair and clothes wet. As they reached the kitchen door they saw Mario, with his coat over his head, running up from the boat house.

. . . . . .

"We must wait awhile," said Rob.

"I don't want to wait," said Fanny. "I can't."

"It will be over in a few minutes. It always is," said Rob. "It would be silly to go now. You would get blown and wet, all the luggage soaked."

They were both ready, the cases packed. Fanny was in the travelling suit she had worn when she came, the small soft hat. Her bags and gloves were on the bed, and, "Don't let's wait for anything," she begged. The hand on which Rob's ruby shone was clenched so that the knuckles stood out.

"Darling, don't be so tense. This will all soon be as if it had never happened."

"I can't believe that."

"It will."

"Listen to the wind," said Fanny and shuddered.

"It's only wind," said Rob. "A storm; it will blow itself out—so will this. Let's be sensible. They put up a brave fight. Well, they have lost, that's all. When we are married everything will settle down. Stop thinking," he commanded. "Come. I'm going to get you a drink," but there was a clap of thunder and another so near it sounded over the bedroom. Then the window burst open, letting in a gale of wind and rain as Celestina wrenched open the door. Fanny sprang to close the window and, "Che cosa succede?" said Rob sharply. "Cosa?"

Celestina stood against the door panting for breath. She must have run up the stairs, thought Fanny, trying to hold the window, and for Celestina the run was no light thing. Behind, on the landing, was Giacomino, Giacomino, who never came into their part of the house, and Mario and Giulietta, whose dark eyes were frightened. Beppino and Gianna wriggled themselves under Celestina's arm and Fanny saw Caddie pressed against the wall.

"Ma che diavolo succede?" said Rob again, and in English, "I told you the Signora was not to be worried."

"Signorino-Hugh," Celestina managed to get out, and behind her Giulietta shouted above the wind, "Hugh! Pia!"

"Hugh and Pia. What about Hugh and Pia?" Rob had reached behind Fanny, pushed and bolted the window shut. "What about Hugh and Pia?"

Mario's deep voice spoke from the landing and Fanny saw Rob's face change.

"What is it? What is it?" Her voice screamed like a sheet tearing. "What is it?" and Rob said, "Hugh and Pia have taken the Fortuna and gone sailing."

"In this?"

"They may have been carried over to the opposite shore. They are probably in Limone by now. They are all right, Fanny. I'm sure they are."

"Why didn't Mario stop them? Go after them?"

"He didn't see them go. He had taken the outboard motor to the garage. Even if he had seen them, even if the outboard had been working, a sail in this wind would be faster than any motor; but Hugh would have got the sail down," insisted Rob. "He would have had that much sense."

"If he could get it down." Fanny's lips were stiff as if they were frozen. "Listen to the wind." With her hands over her ears, she tried to shut out its whine, but she could feel the whole villa shaking.

They had all come down to the drawing-room. Celestina, Giulietta, Giacomino—Mario and the trattoria children stood a little away in a silent group.

FANNY gave a little moan. Rob came to her, knelt beside her, and took her hands down from her face. "They are all right, Fanny. I know they are," but she could feel him trembling. "Give it a few minutes," he said. "If we can't sight them then I will start the alarm."

In those first days at the villa, when she and Rob were alone, Fanny had welcomed the wind — though perhaps I should have welcomed anything, she had to admit. Then its blustering and shaking had only made them seem more shut away and safe, made this room, with its books and flowers, gilt and paintings, the big olive fire, seem more theirs and they were close. Now it seemed they were paying the price of those days. It was as if the whole villa was exposed to the storm, beaten under the wind, forcing her and Rob apart.

"I want Father," said Caddie suddenly. The whispering prayers, Gianna's snivelling, above all Rob's pacing, were too much for Caddie's nerves. Father would not have let them behave like that. "I wish Father were here."

"Hush, Caddie." But Fanny, too, wished there were someone rock-like, somebody English, thought Fanny instinctively, not sharing but in command. Darrell would not have trembled, she thought, and hated herself for that; she pushed the thought away. Rob was doing all that he could.

"We shall have to wait until it clears. Nothing could put out in this," he said again and again, but after a few minutes he could not wait. He fetched a coat and put it over his head and shoulders.

"But where will you go? Where can you go?"

"At least I can get to Malcesine. Fanny, when it drops, go over to the Hotel Lydia and wait. I will ring you in half an hour to see if there's a sign."

"And if not, what can you do?"

"Get boats out. Tell the police. Mario, Giacomino, come and help me with the garage doors."

Fanny ran to the upstairs windows, Caddie after her. They stood at one window after another, trying to see through the rain, looking at the threshing sea of olives, the

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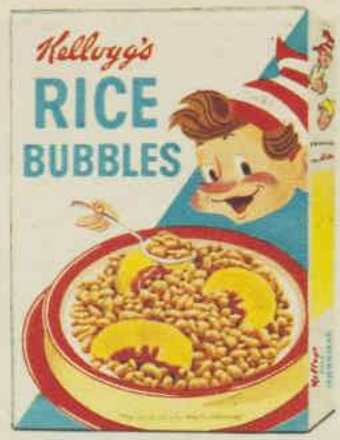
The nicest breakfast call of all



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Just pour on the milk and you hear Kellogg's Rice Bubbles* call you to the most enjoyable breakfast of all. Crisper—because they're oven-popped.

More sustaining—because they're made from one of the world's most nourishing grains . . . rice. Enjoy them tomorrow morning?

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

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cypresses almost bent double. The waves on the rocks sent up clouds of spray and as far as their eyes could see was tumbling water.

"You would never find a sail in all that white," said Caddie.

"There wouldn't be a sail by now," but Fanny did not say it.

The wind dropped. Abruptly, as if someone had reached out a giant hand and turned it off, it ceased to blow, the rain to flail. The cypresses stood erect, the olives ceased to thresh, though they quivered and dripped. Low down, in the sky above the mountain, the sun sent a watery beam among the clouds before it sank out of sight. Fanny and Caddie came out on the landing balcony. The garage doors were open, Rob had gone. Mario had run to the village, Giacomino was out on the headland scanning the lake.

Fanny and Caddie came down and, with Celestina and Giulietta, stood out on the terrace. In the growing dusk they could see that the white crests of the waves were flattening out into giant rollers. They strained their eyes, Giulietta shading hers with her hand, Fanny and Celestina alternately using the binoculars. Once Celestina shouted and pointed to a dark blob in the water, then they saw it roll. "Una latta di benzina!" cried Giulietta. It was a petrol drum. There was no sign and, "I'm going to the hotel," said Fanny. "To telephone."

"Si. Si." Fanny made Celestina understand that Mario was to go down the lake road, Giacomino up.

"Look. Ask. Everywhere."

"Si. Si," said Celestina.

THE news had run like wildfire through the village and now the couple from the alimentari came running in to tell that two carpenters, working in a half-finished lakeside canteen, had seen a sailing boat just before the storm, making toward Riva.

"They could never reach it," said Fanny.

Though it was of little use, the local boats had put out. They saw Mario and Giacomino in the rowing boat, other fishermen in theirs. A crowd was standing round the alimentari and there was no need to explain in the Hotel Lydia. The hotel guests had gathered in curious groups and the German manager, Herr Untermeyer, came out himself to meet them.

"They will find them. Certainly they will find them," Herr Untermeyer kept on saying soothingly, but he looked appalled. He took Fanny and Caddie into his office, away from the people, and they waited in silence until the telephone rang. Fanny was there before Herr Untermeyer. Rob's voice said, "Any sign?"

Fanny told him of the carpenters. "They think perhaps Hugh tried to make Riva, put in there."

"I doubt it. It would be too far, even if that boat was the Fortuna. They probably tried to turn and run before the wind. They may have been blown a long way. Very well. You had better go back to the house. If you see or hear anything, come back to the hotel and telephone the police, the carabinieri, here at Malcesine. If I hear anything, I will telephone Herr Untermeyer. We shall have news soon," said Rob. "They are alerting every town and village on the lake."

"Have they thought . . .?" began Fanny, but Rob cut her short. "They know how to deal with it. They have these accidents often."

"Do they think they will find them?" but Rob would not answer that.

It was almost dark now, a jewel evening. The water still heaved and rolled, splashed on the rocks, but the lake was the darkening blue of a sapphire, hardly broken by white. The mountains stood out, their outlines sharp against the sky which had taken opal colors, and higher tonight than it had been was the evening star; as Fanny and Caddie watched it was drawn down, as if by its invisible thread, to fall behind the mountain. Soon the lights of Limone glittered and now they could see lit sparks like fireflies on the water. Fishing boats putting out with their lamps.

"But the lake is so big," said Fanny.

"Thirty-two miles long, eleven across," said the exact Caddie.

There were scores of fishing boats.

"The Signor has offered a reward of a million lire," said Celestina.

"A million!" said Caddie.

Fanny was called once to the hotel. Rob was on the telephone and, with a beating heart and a dry throat, she took the receiver from Herr Untermeyer, but Rob was only saying:

"The police want to know what they were wearing. Can you endorse what I said?"

On the terrace they still strained their eyes to see. "But it's too dark now," said Fanny, and her fingers closed on Caddie's shoulder, holding it so tightly that she bruised. Caddie tried to comfort her.

"Perhaps they are all looking in the wrong places. Hugh and Pia may not be on the lake at all. They may have been washed ashore. They may."

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HAZEL . . . . . . Ted Key

"SPONGE!"

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays; and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.

Why tea is the best way to cool off!

Funny how sportsmen usually prefer to cool off with a cup of tea—you'd think soft drinks would be much more refreshing.

You'd think—and you'd be wrong. Because tea doesn't just quench your thirst (though it does that magnificently), it stimulates you, sets you up, beats hot weather headaches, too.

If you want to cool off—turn to tea. Get the full, lively taste by making it right. A good big spoonful for everybody *and one for the pot.*

You'll find the clean, hearty taste of tea is the best refresher there is—it cools you off and revives you, too. On a hot summer's day who could ask for more?

TEA LOVES THE TASTE OF LEMON. For a change try lemon tea. Made in the same way, just put in a slice of lemon instead of milk.

TRY TEA ON THE ROCKS. Think iced tea's difficult? Not when you make it this way. Just pour normal tea into a glass full of ice cubes. Add a slice of lemon. Cool, man!

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

Now the boats showed more definitely on the water than they had in the twilight; some bigger boats were there; one looked like a ferry steamer, its lights showed green or red as it turned. Searchlights shone their beams, white, this way and that, picking up a length and breadth of water.

Just before ten o'clock they heard Rob's step. Its slowness and heaviness made Fanny stand up, holding to the back of her chair, Caddie beside her. Haggard with tiredness, his shoulders sloped, he appeared in the doorway.

"Yes?" whispered Fanny. "Yes?"

"They have found the Fortuna."

Fanny could not speak.

"She was drifting down, just off Campagna, the village below Limone. Hugh didn't get the sail down; the mast must have snapped because it was over the side. She was capsized."

"And them?"

"No sign. They may have been picked up. They may have got to shore somehow."

"Hugh could swim." That was Caddie. "He could lifesave. He would lifesave Pia. I know he would," said Caddie.

"We can hope," said Rob to Fanny. "We must hope, but I'm afraid, dear, they want you down at the police station. I have come to fetch you."

. . . . .

Children, thought Caddie, are always left out. In any crisis of fear or sorrow they are treated as outsiders, left to wait without news, not told. With scarcely a glance at her, Rob had taken Fanny down to Malcesine. Caddie was left on the terrace alone again. With dragging steps, Caddie went back into the empty drawing-room and stood at the window, watching the lights dotted over the lake.

Celestina came in with a tray of soup, soup with the pasta in which she so much believed, but she did not stay — there was too much talk and excitement in the kitchen. "Cerca di mangiare qualcosa," she said encouragingly. "You try eat." She patted Caddie's shoulder and disappeared. Caddie could have gone with her, but she was too tired.

Suddenly she did not care any more. Then she took two or three spoonfuls of the soup, put down her spoon, staggered over to the sofa, and lay down.

Giulietta found her there when she came for the tray. She tried to rouse her to take her upstairs, but Caddie was too fast asleep. Giulietta put a cushion under her head, took off her sandals, and fetched a blanket to put over her.

"Poverina, Poverina," murmured Giulietta as she tucked Caddie in.

It was the strangeness that woke Caddie, or perhaps it was the hardness of Madame Mengini's sofa. But the memories of the night came flooding in. How could I have gone to sleep? What had happened while she slept?

She sat up. There was a wry taste in her mouth that, experienced now, she knew came from not having brushed her teeth. Someone had set her sandals side by side, covered her with the blanket, turned out the light. Celestina? Giulietta? Fanny? Caddie swung her legs down, pulled her socks completely off, and stood up. The floor was so chill that it made her toes curl away from it and gave her the same shock of reality that her bedroom tiles had given her long ago, so long ago that it was another Caddie who had felt them. She left her sandals where they were, shook her skirt straight—Pia would indeed have been shocked at its crooked pleats—pulled down her jerkin, smoothed her hair, and stood listening. The villa was silent, it was too early even for Celestina's birds, there was no sound but the lapping of the lake, gentle now. Caddie tiptoed into the dining-room.

THE clock here said twenty to six. The house seemed to be wrapped in sleep. Would they sleep when Hugh and Pia . . . It seemed odd, but then Caddie herself had fallen asleep on the sofa and stayed asleep all night. After all, if Hugh and Pia were drowned there was no sense in the rest of them staying awake. Perhaps it was only Celestina, Giscomino, and Giulietta who slept. The other Italians would all have gone home: Mario to the boathouse; Beppino, Gianna, the trattoria mother and father, to the trattoria: the alimentari couple to the alimentari; villagers to the village. Perhaps Fanny and Rob had not come home, perhaps they had found . . . Here Caddie's stomach gave a strange heave and she began to shiver. She was cold and still weak, and she thought it would be wise to go into the kitchen and find something to eat.

Her bare feet made no sound as she went across the dining-room tiles; if it had not been for their coldness she would have felt as if she were floating on air, but when she reached the foot of the staircase she forgot about going into the kitchen; she seemed to be drawn upstairs, past the brocade door, up to her own room. There was nothing to see there. The two beds were empty and smooth as Giulietta had made them in the morning, yesterday morning thought Caddie, an eon ago, twenty-four hours that seemed to stretch into infinity.

The sight of Pia's table, the missal, the vase, the photograph of "my friend" made Caddie's heart stop again. Will Rob take her body to Rome if they find it? Caddie's head swam so dizzily that she ran cold water into the basin and dowsed her face. As she dried it and combed her hair she was surprised to see her hand was trembling.

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

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Still feeling as if she were floating, she went out of the bedroom on to the landing. She was remembering the first evening when she and Hugh had explored the empty villa, seen Rob's shirt drying on the balcony, gone into his study and read the notice, seen the signs of Fanny's bath in the bedroom, the big bed turned down. Once again Caddie listened: Celestina's birds had begun to chirp now, a few sleepy trills, answering the birds outside. A shutter gave a small clatter and even here came the quiet sound of the waves against the rocks. She peeped into the study; the table was cleared; there was only a litter of paper on the floor. She withdrew on to the landing, turned, went into the dressing-room where Hugh had slept — and stood rooted on the rug, wide awake as if life had suddenly been poured back into her bones. Hugh was lying in the bed.

Dead? thought Caddie. But if he were dead, surely they would not have brought him back to the villa? Nor covered him up in blankets? She had an idea that dead people were covered with a sheet, and then she saw that, unmistakably, evenly, the blanket was moving up and down. Hugh was breathing.

She crept nearer. He was asleep, perhaps too much asleep, because he was breathing in a strange way; young people did not breathe as heavily as that. The ear nearest her had a grazed edge, rimmed with a dark red crust of dried blood. She could see another graze on his cheek and a bluish swelling. Tentatively she touched him. Hugh was alive. But how? thought Caddie. How?

Filled with wonder she gave a loud and unexpected sneeze.

"Caddie?"

IT was Fanny's voice, but not Fanny warning Caddie off as she usually did when Hugh was ill. It was like a stifled cry, asking, pleading for help? thought Caddie. That was what it sounded like, but she must be wrong.

Yet, "Caddie," it came again, more urgent. "Caddie."

The door between the dressing-room and the bedroom was open. Instinctively the children had avoided that side of the landing at night or in the early morning; a bar of shyness had descended when any of them had to pass that bedroom door to go to the bathroom, especially if they heard voices inside, or saw Rob come out in his dressing gown. Caddie and Pia had not been old enough to understand, but they understood all the same, and they all kept away, did not listen or look, but, "Caddie." Again that voice, mournful and hollow, as if it were Fanny, not Hugh or Pia, who had been drowned.

Caddie went to the door, listened again, and then went in.

Fanny was sitting by the window, dressed as she had been the night before, for travelling, thought Caddie. Only her hat had been taken off and was where she had thrown it last night on the bed. The bed, like Pia's and Caddie's, had not been slept in.

Though Fanny had called her, Caddie had to stand beside her for perhaps a minute before she turned her head.

"Caddie?"

Caddie did not say "Yes?" but answered, for what reason she did not understand. "I'm here."

"You . . . woke up?" That was obvious, but, in this new awareness, Caddie treated it gently.

"Yes. A little while ago. Hugh's not drowned."

That was obvious, too, but Fanny only shook her head.

"Is Pia?"

"No. She has a broken leg."

Fanny spoke as though a long way off, through veils, thought Caddie.

"Pia is in Riva Hospital, but Rob is taking her to Milan. Her grandmother is coming. They are both safe."

"But how?" asked Caddie. "How?"

"Hugh knew when he went out it would be rough, that a storm was coming, but he didn't care. That was our fault." Fanny's voice trembled. "Then, when it grew so dark and thundered, he got frightened. He tried to get up to Riva, then to put into a beach, but the storm broke before he could; you know how sudden it was. He struggled to get the sail down, but he couldn't. He said Pia would cling to him and they were swept across the lake toward Limone."

The words came out slowly as if jerked from a machine. "The mast broke and the Fortuna went over. He held Pia and clung to the side. They were swept still more toward the shore. A duckboard floated up. He managed to catch it and push Pia half on to it, and he held on above her, trying to swim."

"Then the current did not take them down?"

"They were close inshore. The Fortuna was clogged by her sail, but as soon as they left her they were swept on to the rocks. That's where Pia broke her leg. She was knocked unconscious. Of course the boat was not far out, but in those waves . . . It couldn't happen. They all say it's impossible, but it did."

A little life came into Fanny's

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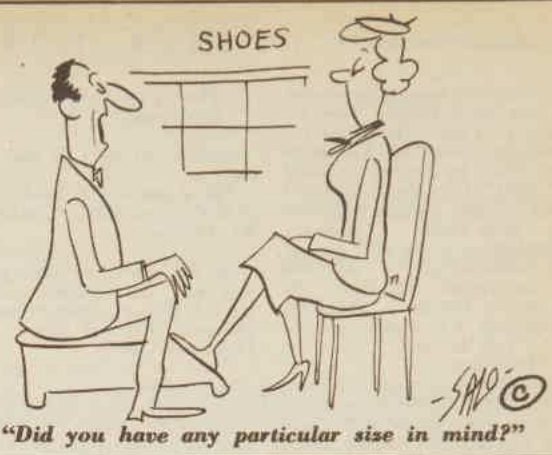

"Did you have any particular size in mind?"

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Continued from page 79

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

voice. "Celestina says it's a miracle. Hugh was brave, Caddie. They say as brave as a man. He pulled Pia up from the waves. Then he said he fainted. When he came to he found a . . . cleft." Here the voice tailed off and Caddie caught only the words, "grass tufts . . . oleanders . . . climbed up to the road. One of those double lorries . . . two men . . . one stayed with Hugh, the other went to Limone . . . They got a doctor with a boat and took Pia off . . . sent for us."

"Is Hugh hurt?"

"Bruised and cut and shocked. Doctor Isella put him to sleep."

Only bruised and shocked. There was a silence, then Caddie asked the question she had to ask.

"Where's Rob?" she asked quietly.

"Rob's gone."

"Gone!"

Caddie was right. It had been a cry.

Fanny put out a hand, groping as if she were blind. "Caddie. Help me. Help me."

. . . .

In the old days, when a battle was won, the conquerors brought their defeated enemy home, a prisoner. That was how it felt to Hugh and Caddie.

"Will we go back to the flat?" asked Caddie.

"I suppose so. I had better send a telegram to Father." Hugh was as slow as he had been quick before. Every thought seemed an effort.

"Will Mother come to the flat?"

"I don't know. I should think it depends on Father."

"Where else could she go?"

"We can take her to a hotel," but Hugh sounded as helpless as Caddie felt. They neither of them knew what was to be done with this shell of Fanny.

They had had to wait twenty-four hours. It was only toward the afternoon that Hugh had opened his eyes.

He opened them wide as if he had not seen the room or the villa before, but, as a matter of fact, he had been awake a long time. He had woken first about ten o'clock and lain listening to the silence in the house, silence that was echoed in himself. There was no struggle in him now, no torment. When Fanny, brought in by Doctor Isella, bent over him, it meant nothing at all. When Giulietta came, closing the shutters against the sun, bringing a fresh glass of water, he did not even have to turn his eyes. They were only Fanny and Giulietta. Why? Why suddenly? thought Hugh. Was it, as some people said such things were, from having been so close to death? For the rest of his life, in Hugh, would be the remembrance of the death drag of that water; its coldness was in his bones — but no, it was not that that had changed him. It was mysteriously something to do with Pia. He kept seeing a nightmare glimpse of her unconscious face as she lay on the rocks. "I thought I had killed her."

He had been brave, they told him, and he had said brusquely, "It wasn't brave. It was instinct and training," but he lied. It was this odd way that Pia had of making him do things better, be stronger than he was, and he knew he could never have let her go, even if he had drowned with her. "I would rather have drowned with her," he said in surprise, surprise because he did not remember anyone before who had been more important to him than himself, Hugh. Fanny, Caddie, he loved them, of course, but, little old Pia! Funny, I didn't know I really liked her, thought Hugh. The liking, indeed, seemed to have let him into this curious freedom from Fanny and Giulietta — and from Raymond? he could have asked. Then he knew that was not true; he would never be free of Raymond, but mysteriously Raymond was in his proper place, in perspective. It was all puzzling, perhaps because his head hurt so much, and, "I don't understand anything," said Hugh.

There was, he felt, one person who could have explained — this was toward evening when his head was more clear — one person who would have talked, not preached, and when Caddie next came in — she was acting as liaison between upstairs and downstairs, between the bedroom and dressing-room — Hugh croaked, "Caddie."

"Yes, Hugh?"

"I want to see Rob."

"You can't. He has gone."

"Gone?" With Hugh's cut lips and swollen face it was difficult to talk. "Why has he gone?"

"Because we have won after all," said Caddie, and burst into tears.

If Rob had gone, that meant Pia had gone, too, taken out of their lives just when . . . Hugh lay very still. Would he ever see Pia again? Perhaps not. Perhaps when they were grown up. He toyed with that a minute and saw himself a young man, Pia a foreign elegant girl, he could guess how elegant she would be; but that time was far away, years, thought Hugh.

. . . .

Renato sent a car to take them to Milan. It brought their air tickets and a note which Caddie read: "Everything is paid. If the boy" — "that's you, Hugh" — "is not well enough to travel tell the chauffeur to telephone me and I will book you on another day. Keep the car," but Hugh, though stiff and sore, covered with bruises and still shocked, insisted on going.

The villa, too, was already clearing them out. It seemed Madame Mengini had dismissed them. During the morning Celestina was sent for from the Hotel Lydia to telephone Milan. The villa was let, or lent, again.

"So soon?" asked Caddie.

It seemed callous even to Celestina, but Madame Mengini's husband's niece was coming on holiday, "And why should she go into a hotel when the villa will be empty," said Celestina.

The niece was coming tomorrow with her husband and five children. "All rooms! All beds!" said Celestina. "Everything be put away."

The villa began to be back as it had been; the little curtains went up again on every window, mats were put back under every vase and ashtray. The chairs were arranged round the centre table, the plant pots set in rows. Rob's study was a bedroom again. As soon as Fanny came out of her bedroom the necklace and cross would be put back over the bed. The only thing altered in the villa would

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FROM THE BIBLE

● *"Is it easier to say to this paralysed man, 'Your sins are forgiven,' or to say, 'Stand up, take your bed, and walk?'"*

—*Mark 2:9*

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OUR RECIPE CONTEST

CANNED FRUITS PRIZEWINNERS

● Major prizewinners in our successful Canned Fruits Recipe Contest are given in this feature. The recipes are desserts based on canned peaches, apricots, or pears, with one or more of six other ingredients.

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE (£500)

THIS beautiful dessert at right, Choco-Nut Pear Marshmallow Dessert, won the Grand Championship prize of £500 in our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest.

The winner is Mrs. V. Schuhkraft, 248 Boorowa Street, Young, N.S.W.

CHOCO-NUT PEAR MARSHMALLOW DESSERT

One packet buttercup cake mix, egg and water as required, sherry.

Pear Marshmallow: Three-quarters cup cold water, 2 tablespoons gelatine, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 dessertspoons lemon juice, 1 unbeaten egg-white, 1 cup pear syrup, 1½ cups mashed canned pears (well-drained).

Choco-Nut: Three tablespoons evaporated milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, ¾ cup chopped milk chocolate, ½ cup crushed nuts, ½ cup coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Make up cake as directed on packet (if possible the previous day). Only half the cake is required.

Cut prepared cake into half-inch blocks, sprinkle lightly with sherry (optional), and set aside. Place water, gelatine, sugar, cream of tartar, and half the pear liquid in saucepan and bring to the boil. Simmer gently 10 minutes. Remove from heat and allow to cool. Empty into large mixing-bowl. Add lemon juice, unbeaten egg-white, and remaining ½ cup pear liquid. Beat until thick. Fold in pears, mixing lightly.

While pear marshmallow is beating prepare choco-nut mixture: Place evaporated milk, sugar, and butter in saucepan and bring to the boil. Boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in chocolate and vanilla. Mix until chocolate is all melted, then stir in coconut and nuts. Mixture must be still slightly warm when assembling sweet.

To assemble sweet: Line base of 8in. cake-tin or spring-form pan with waxed paper and lightly coat sides with oil. Pour one-third of marshmallow mixture into tin. Cover with layer of cake blocks, leaving a little space between each piece and pressing lightly. Spread half the choco-nut mixture over cake pieces. Cover with more marshmallow, another layer of cake pieces as before, remaining choco-nut mixture, and remaining marshmallow; chill until firm. Unmould, decorate with remaining pear halves, whipped cream, and grated chocolate.

● *More prize-winners overleaf*

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SECOND-PRIZE WINNERS

● Second-prize winners of £20 each in the Canned Fruits Recipe Contest are below. The three sections of the contest were — Section 1. Canned Peaches; Section 2. Canned Apricots; Section 3. Canned Pears.

Competitors also included one or more of the following ingredients: Cake mix, ready-to-eat breakfast cereal, evaporated milk, gelatine, pastry mix, custard powder.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure are used in all the recipes.

SECTION 1

(Second prize, £20)

Won by Mrs. D. Wightman, Box 63, Lismore, N.S.W.

PEACH PIE DELICIOUS

Crust: Three cups crushed cereal flakes, 4oz. melted butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Mix crumbs, cinnamon, and sugar together, then pour over melted butter, mix thoroughly. Press into 9in. pie-plate, chill until firm.

Filling: One can sliced peaches, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ½ cup hot water, 1 cup peach syrup, 3oz. cakecrumbs, 6oz. sifted icing-sugar, 3oz. marzipan meal, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped cherries, 3oz. grated dark chocolate, 2 tablespoons brandy, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 cup cream, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Drain syrup from peaches, chop peaches up finely, reserving enough to decorate top of pie. Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add to 1 cup of the peach syrup, mix in chopped peaches; chill slightly, then place in pie-case, set aside in refrigerator.

Mix cakecrumbs, 3oz. icing-sugar, marzipan meal, cherries, 1oz. grated chocolate. Mix together brandy, lemon juice, and egg-yolk; gradually add to crumb mixture. Place on top of set peaches in case.

Peach Pie Delicious

Mix together remaining 3oz. icing-sugar, 2oz. chocolate, coffee essence, and little brandy to mix. Add little warm water, place over low heat until of pouring consistency. Pour on top of pie. Whip cream until stiff, flavor with sugar, spoon on top of pie. Decorate with reserved peach slices, grated chocolate.

SECTION 2

(Second prize, £20)

Won by Mrs. L. Ryan, 15 Drysdale St., Malvern, Vic.

GOLDEN APRICOT DELIGHT

One tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, ½ cup reconstituted evaporated milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ cup apricot syrup, ½ cup sieved cottage cheese, ½ cup coconut, 2 egg-whites, 1 cup chilled evaporated milk, 1 can apricots, drained and pureed (reserve a few to decorate), little coconut.

Soften gelatine in cold water, then blend in reconstituted evaporated milk, sugar, and egg-yolks; cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to bubble. Remove from heat, add lemon juice, apricot syrup, cottage cheese, coconut. Chill until partially set (about 45 minutes to 1 hour).

Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, then whip evaporated milk to double its bulk. Fold beaten egg-whites and evaporated milk into chilled mixture. Spoon into parfait glasses in alternate spoonfuls with pureed apricots; chill. Just before serving, top each with few reserved apricot halves and little coconut.

Golden Apricot Delight

SECTION 3

(Second prize, £20)

Won by Mrs. J. Geddes, 89 La Perouse St., Griffith, Manuka, A.C.T.

PEAR SUPREMA

Pastry: One packet pastry mix, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1oz. almond meal, 3 drops sesame oil (if available), few drops almond essence, water or milk to mix.

Base Filling: Three slices root ginger (or use preserved ginger), ½ pint milk, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons custard powder, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons evaporated milk, 1 can pears (drained).

Glaze: One cup pear syrup (make up with water if necessary), 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 slices root or preserved ginger, 1 dessertspoon gelatine (softened in 1 tablespoon cold water).

Break up 1 packet pastry mix in basin, mix in finely cut-up butter and almond meal, stand aside 1 hour, covered. Sprinkle over sesame oil and almond essence, mix to firm dough with milk or water as directed on packet. Roll out thinly, fill into lamington-tin, covering base and sides. Prick well, chill. Cover base with greased foil, top with rice or dried beans. Bake in moderately hot oven about 15 minutes. Remove from oven, remove foil and rice, put back in oven to allow base to brown (about 5 minutes).

Soak ginger in milk and sugar. Bring to boil, add custard powder (blended with little extra milk). Simmer 1 minute, stirring constantly. Allow to cool, remove ginger, then add butter and evaporated milk. Pour evenly over base of pastry; chill. Cut drained pears into thick slices, arrange evenly over chilled custard.

Bring pear juice, sugar, and ginger to just under boiling-point; cool slightly, remove ginger, stir in softened gelatine, stir until fully dissolved. When glaze has cooled and beginning to thicken, pour evenly over fruit; chill until set. To serve, cut into squares.

Pear Suprema

Third-prize winners, overleaf

First-prize winners

IN this column and on the opposite page are the recipes that won the first prizes of £100 each in the three sections of the contest.

SECTION 1

(First prize, £100)

Won by Mrs. V. Wallington, 3 Pilgrim Ave., Strathfield, N.S.W.

PEACHY LEMON CRUNCH

Three tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup peach syrup, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 orange, ½ cup peach pulp, 3 dessertspoons butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 tablespoons water, 2 cups corn cereal, peach slices, whipped cream, glace cherry.

Dissolve gelatine in water, blend flour with peach syrup. Place both in saucepan with sugar, stir until boiling; boil 5 minutes. Cool slightly, add orange and lemon juices, rinds. When cold and beginning to thicken, whip until thick and frothy, fold in peach pulp. Fill portion of mixture into shallow serving-dish and remainder in oiled mould; chill.

Melt butter in saucepan, add sugar and flour (which has been blended with water). Stir until sugar is dissolved, cook 5 minutes. Pour over corn cereal, mix lightly. Spread over mixture in dish, unmould remainder of mixture, decorate with peach slices, whipped cream, glace cherry.

SECTION 2

(First prize, £100)

Won by Mrs. E. Pack, David Hill Rd., Monbulk, Victoria.

APRICOT ALMOND DREAM

Cereal Crumb Crust: Three cups crushed cereal flakes, ¾ cup melted butter or substitute, ¼ cup sugar, blanched almond halves.

Jellied Apricot Layer: One large can apricot halves (half quantity for meringue layer), 1 cup apricot syrup, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ½ teaspoon almond essence.

Custard Layer: One dessertspoon custard powder, ½ pint milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, ½ cup whipped cream, few drops almond essence.

Meringue Layer: One egg-white, pinch salt, pinch cream of tartar, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, reserved sieved apricots, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Combine cereal crumbs, butter, and sugar. Press firmly over sides and base of a well-greased 9in. tart-plate. Press almonds neatly round edge of tart

Continued opposite

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First prize section 1

PEACHY LEMON CRUNCH won the first prize. See the recipe opposite.

shell. Chill until firm or bake 15 minutes in moderate oven if liked.

Reserve few apricots for decorating. Press remainder through sieve, put half quantity aside; chill. Make up apricot syrup to 1 cup (if needed) with little water. Heat half syrup, use a tablespoon or more to dissolve gelatine. Add this to hot liquid, stir well. Combine with cold syrup, almond essence; chill. When almost set, pour over apricot puree, chill until firm in cereal crumb crust.

Mix custard powder to smooth paste with little of the cold milk. Put remainder of milk in saucepan with sugar, heat to boiling point. Pour on to paste, stir well. Return to heat, cook 2 minutes more, stirring constantly. Soften gelatine in cold water, add to custard, stir until dissolved. Flavor with almond essence, allow to cool. When half set, fold in whipped cream, pour on to jellied fruit layer. Chill until firm.

Combine in small basin egg-white, salt, cream of tartar; beat until doubled in volume. Add sugar gradually, beating all the time until soft peaks form. Fold in lemon juice, pureed apricots. Spoon lightly over custard layer. Decorate with apricot halves, whipped cream. Serve chilled.

SECTION 3

(First prize £100)

Won by Mrs. D. Brown, 24 Barwon Street, Box Hill, Victoria.

PEAR MINCEMEAT PIE

Pastry: One packet pastry mix, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Mincemeat Filling: One large can pears, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cooking apple (grated), ¾ cup brown sugar, 1oz. blanched almonds (chopped), 1 tablespoon sherry or pear syrup, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 4 tablespoons flour.

Cinnamon Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups cereal flakes, 1½ cups coconut, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 tablespoons sherry or fruit juice.

Make pastry up as directed on packet, adding the 1 tablespoon sugar. Divide into 2 equal pieces, roll out 1 piece thinly, place over base and sides of 9in. pie-plate which has been lined with foil. Drain pears, slice not too thinly. Arrange half over base of pie-shell, spread over mincemeat filling (which is made by combining all the ingredients). Top with remaining sliced pears. Cover with other half of pastry which has been rolled out thinly, press edges well together. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Remove from oven, invert on flat oven-tray, remove pie-plate and foil. Gently spread cinnamon topping over pie, return to oven; brown about 15 to 20 minutes. Serve warm or cold with cream.

Cinnamon Topping: Beat egg-whites with salt in warm basin until stiff, gradually add sugar, continue beating until stiff and white. Fold in corn cereal (which has been crushed finely), coconut, cinnamon, and sherry or fruit juice.

First prize section 2

APRICOT ALMOND DREAM (below), first prize in this section.

First prize section 3

PEAR MINCEMEAT PIE (below) was the winner in this section.

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THIRD-PRIZE WINNERS

THIRD PRIZE in this section is Frosted Peach Squares — a fine family-favorite dessert.

SECTION 1. Third prize, £10

Won by Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Rogers Street, Goodwood Park, South Australia.

FROSTED PEACH SQUARES

Crust: One and a half cups crushed corn cereal crumbs, 3oz. melted butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, raspberry jam.

Batter: One can peach slices, 4oz. butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

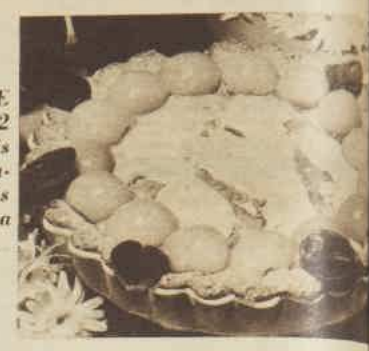
Frosting: Eight ounces icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon softened butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, peach syrup.

Mix crushed corn cereal crumbs with sugar and ginger. Add melted butter and mix well. Press over base of greased lamington-tin or other large shallow-sided tin. Spread with raspberry jam.

Cream butter and sugar together, add egg-yolks and vanilla, beat well. Sift flour and salt together, add alternately to butter mixture with 1 cup of chopped peach slices (reserve remainder for decorating sweet). Spread over ginger crust. Bake in moderate oven about 35 to 45 minutes. Allow to cool.

Frosting: Blend butter and lemon juice into sifted icing-sugar, add enough peach syrup to make stiff spreading consistency. Spread over dessert when quite cold. Cut into squares to serve, top each with a couple of peach slices.

THIRD PRIZE in Section 2 was won by this Apricot Streusel, which is made on a pastry base.



SECTION 2. Third prize, £10

APRICOT Streusel is a Continental-style dessert using pastry mix and canned apricots as the main ingredients. Cream cheese added to the pastry, and apricot syrup used to mix the dough, make an unusual and delightful recipe.

Won by Mrs. M. Bettridge, 13 Hilltop Ave., Devonport, Tasmania.

APRICOT STREUSEL

One packet pastry mix, 1 4oz. packet cream cheese, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, ½ cup coconut, 2oz. castor sugar, apricot syrup to mix, 1 can apricot halves, juice ½ lemon, 1 packet cinnamon streusel cake mix, 1 egg, water.

Turn pastry mix into bowl, cut in cream cheese, add cinnamon, ginger, coconut, castor sugar; mix to dough with apricot syrup. Press over base and sides of large 10in. pie-plate. Arrange drained apricots over base, reserving few for decorating finished sweet. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Make up cake mix as directed on packet, spread half batter over top of apricots, sprinkle with half the cinnamon-sugar mixture from packet. (Bake remainder in another tin to use separately.) Bake pie in moderate oven about 35 minutes, reduce heat to slow and continue cooking further 15 minutes or until cooked through. Serve warm, decorated with reserved apricot halves and accompanied by whipped cream or custard.

THIRD PRIZE in Section 3 was won by Spiced Pear Fiesta, which has two rich and creamy fillings.

SECTION 3. Third prize, £10

PEARS and chocolate — a classic combination of flavors — are the feature in this Spiced Pear Fiesta. In a base made of pastry mix it has two delicious fillings.

Won by Mrs. I. Gilmour, 53 Brecht Street, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

SPICED PEAR FIESTA

Pastry: One packet pastry mix, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 2 dessertspoons sugar, approximately ½ cup cold water, 1 egg-white (slightly beaten), ½ cup crushed corn cereal.

First Filling: One can pears, 1½ cups pear syrup (made up with water), 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons custard powder, juice 1 lemon and 1 orange, 1 teaspoon butter.

Second Filling: Three tablespoons chopped chocolate, 1 tablespoon chopped preserved ginger, 3 eggs (separated), ½ cup sugar, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, ¼ cup warm water, 1 cup chilled evaporated milk, whipped cream.

Sift ginger into pastry mix, add sugar, mix with water to fairly stiff dough. Roll out thinly, line greased 9in. pie-plate. Prick, glaze with egg-white, sprinkle with cereal crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven until browned; cool.

Heat pear syrup and sugar in saucepan. Blend custard powder with fruit juices and stir into heated mixture. When thickened, remove from heat, stir in butter. When cooled slightly, fill into cool pastry-case. Cut pears into quarters, arrange on top; chill.

Combine chocolate, ginger, egg-yolks (beaten), sugar in top half of double saucepan. Stir over hot water until thickened. Add gelatine which has been softened in the ¼ cup warm water; cool. Beat evaporated milk until thick, add chocolate mixture, continue beating, if possible in electric mixer, while you beat up egg-whites until stiff. Fold into milk and chocolate mixture, pile on top of pie. Chill until serving time, then decorate with little whipped cream if desired.

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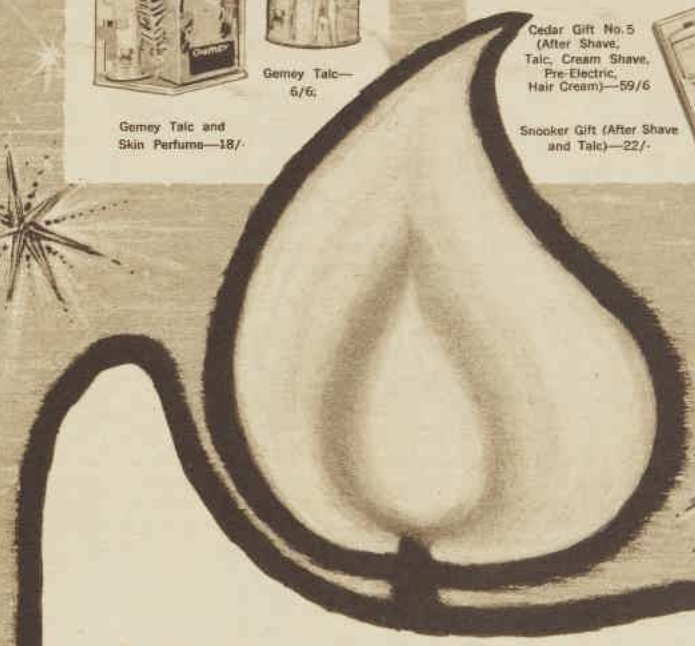

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Memories in the marmalade

● A housewife at Mt. Eliza, Victoria, makes marmalade from a 100-year-old recipe handed down by her grandmother, who was bridesmaid at the wedding of the famous Mrs. Beeton.

By MARGARET BERKELEY

***MRS. HENDERSON** prepares orange marmalade. The copper kettle belonged to her grandmother, Emily Andrews. Below: Christening robe worn by Emily Andrews 120 years ago, with other family souvenirs — the London Gazette of 1690.*

THE Seville orange marmalade which the Henderson family, of Mt. Eliza, Vic., eat for breakfast every morning is something special.

Each year when Seville oranges are available, English-born Mrs. Dudley Henderson gets out her recipe and makes marmalade.

While she's making it, it's easy for her to imagine two young women working out the recipe over a century ago.

Mrs. Henderson's grandmother Emily Andrews and Emily's cousin Isabella Mayson (later to become Mrs. Beeton) often experimented together with recipes in their respective homes in Epsom, England.

Isabella Mayson's stepfather, Henry Dorling, was Emily Andrews' uncle. The girls were also great friends. Emily was a bridesmaid at Isabella's wedding to Fleet Street publisher Sam Beeton in 1856.

Many of the recipes later published in the celebrated "Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management" were the results of their combined experiments.

Although Mrs. Henderson's family tree can boast Oliver Cromwell as an ancestor, her main interest in the family belongs to the years when Isabella Beeton was alive.

"When you realise that she died at 28, she must have been a remarkable woman to have achieved so much," Mrs. Henderson said.

Mrs. Henderson's aunt, the late Mrs. Maud Chapman, supplied a great deal of the information for the book "Mrs. Beeton and Her Husband," written in 1948 by Mrs. Beeton's great-niece, well-known English writer Nancy Spain.

Although this book records the marriage of Isabella and Sam Beeton as a happy and successful one, Mrs. Henderson believes it was otherwise.

"The family always maintained it was not happy," she said.

"Sam Beeton was very ambitious and never thought about anything else but getting on in Fleet Street.

"It was common knowledge in the family that he worried Isabella to correct proofs of a book to such an extent that she developed the fever of which she died.

"And at her funeral no one would speak to him."

No one connected with Epsom could really avoid being connected with racing, and in Mrs. Henderson's family cooking and racing go together.

As Mrs. Henderson explained, when Henry Dorling married he was already a widower with four children. Isabella Mayson, who was seven and the eldest of four when her mother remarried in 1843, became eventually the eldest of 21 children.

Henry Dorling had been appointed Clerk of the Course at Epsom in 1839.

"Epsom in April, with the Derby and the Oaks, the equivalent of our spring meeting here, was the setting for a big social gathering," Mrs. Henderson said. "London society descended on the Downs."

What Isabella learnt from helping her mother entertain at these gatherings, arranging and cooking enormous luncheons, formed the basis of her book.

In her home, "Hampton Gay," set in its lovely garden at Mt. Eliza, Mrs. Henderson has many reminders of her family history.

Among them is her grandmother's white lawn christening robe.

Each year Mrs. Henderson gets out her copy of Mrs. Beeton's book — a fairly recent edition — to make the Christmas pudding. And, of course, every winter there's the marmalade. Here is the recipe:

Four large Seville oranges, 3 lemons, 7 pints water, 7lb. sugar (makes 10-12 jars).

Method: Cut up oranges and lemons. Squeeze juice and put in separate basin. Save pips. Slice fruit peel thinly (on a china plate, to preserve natural oil) and place in basin. Cover fruit peel with 7 pints of water and allow to stand for 24 hours. Cover pips with water. Bring rind and water in which it has been soaking to the boil and simmer gently for about an hour. Pour back into basin and leave for 12 hours. Put fruit juice, water over pips, and rind and water into a saucepan, add sugar, and stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly until it will set (about 30 minutes).

"Old-fashioned"

"Mrs. Beeton had some funny, old-fashioned ideas, but they make sense when you come to think about them," Mrs. Henderson said. "Like cutting up the fruit on a china plate."

Mrs. Henderson and her husband, a Melbourne businessman, have five children, Tony (22), Virginia (21), Richard (12), and nine-year-old twins Julie and Stephen.

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Your jeweller (see listing below) will gladly show you, in the privacy and quiet of his Ring Room, colour photographs of the current Collection.

However, if your inclination is toward simple perfection, there is a range of Longines watches whose jewels are in the movement only and whose style and good taste, at least, are the equal of the rare Collection Prestige.

Forgive your jeweller's enthusiasm for any Longines. (To him there is something even more beautiful than a fine case—it is a precision movement. The fact of being only 00.033% off perfection is, to him, strong attraction indeed!)

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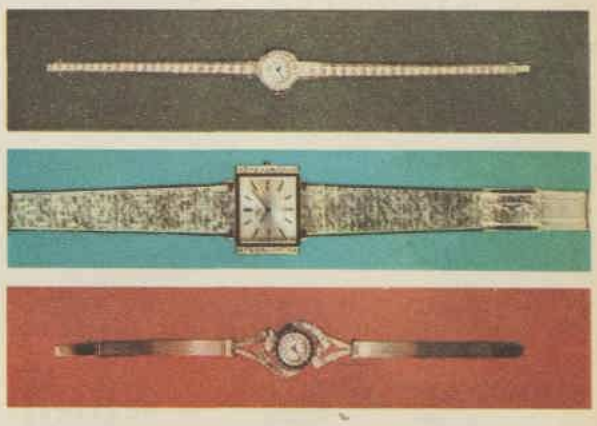

The Longines watch, above, with faceted sapphire crystal is one of the several new styles of Longines watches for ladies. From 34 gns. The other three are individual watches from the Longines Collection Prestige. Your jeweller will write or cable for full details of the design of your choice.

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● *Make a pair of Christmas bootees for a new baby or as a gift for a mother-to-be. Here are two designs to knit in a night while you watch TV.*

These bootees are beauties

Materials: 1 ball Woolworths white baby wool; 1 pair No. 13 needles; length of ribbon.

Measurements: Length of leg with top turned down, 2in.; length of foot, 4in.

Tension: To get these measurements it is necessary to work at a tension to produce 10 stitches to the inch in width, measured over plain smooth fabric.

Cast on 55 sts.

1st and Alt. Rows: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 26, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 26, w.fwd., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 28, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 28, w.fwd., k 1.

6th Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 30, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 30, w.fwd., k 1.

Cont. in this manner until 5 inc. rows have been worked from commencement, then cont. inc. at toe only until 10 inc. rows have been worked from commencement.

Work 4 rows in garter-stitch.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 50, turn.

2nd Row: K 13, k 2 tog., turn.

Rep. 2nd row 32 times.

35th Row: Knit to end of row.

36th Row: Knit (52 sts.).

37th Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 37th row once.

39th Row: K 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., * p 1, k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 37th row 19 times.

Work 5 rows in garter-stitch.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2, k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

8th Row: K 1, * k 1, p 2 tog., p 1, w.r.n., p 3, w.r.n., p 1, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

9th Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. 8th row once, then 7th row once.

12th Row: K 2, * p 9, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows three times.

Work 5 rows in garter-stitch. Cast off.

Work another bootee in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly.

Using a flat seam, sew up foot and leg seams. Thread ribbon through slots at ankle.

KICK-PROOF bootees (left) are knitted in garter-stitch with turn-down, pattern-trimmed cuffs. See directions given above.

THIS CHRISTMAS, smart cuties are wearing bootees in fire-engine red and junior navy. See directions below for bootees shown above.

Getting ready for a baby

Materials: 1 ball Woolworths baby wool; 1 pair No. 11 needles; a length of ribbon.

Tension: It is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 10 stitches to the inch in width.

Cast on 45 sts.

1st Row: (K 1, inc. once in next st., k 19, inc. once in next st.) twice, k 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: (K 1, inc. once in next st., k 21, inc. once in next st.) twice, k 1.

5th Row: (K 1, inc. once in next st., k 23, inc. once in next st.) twice, k 1.

7th Row: (K 1, inc. once in next st., k 25, inc. once in next st.) twice, k 1.

9th Row: (K 1, inc. once in next st., k 27, inc. once in next st.) twice, k 1.

11th Row: (K 1, inc. once in next st., k 29, inc. once in next st.) twice, k 1.

12th Row: Knit.

13th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Rep. 12th and 13th rows four times.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 29, p 11, p 2 tog., turn.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, p 11, p 2 tog., turn.

** **3rd Row:** Sl. 1, k 11, k 2 tog., turn.

4th and Alt. Rows: Sl. 1, p 11, p 2 tog., turn.

5th Row: Sl. 1, k 4, w.fwd., k 2 tog., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, k 2 tog., turn.

7th Row: Sl. 1, k 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., turn.

9th Row: Sl. 1, k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, k 2 tog., turn.

11th Row: Sl. 1, k 4, w.fwd., k 3 tog., w.fwd., k 4, k 2 tog., turn.

13th Row: Sl. 1, k 11, k 2 tog., turn.

14th Row: Like 4th row **.

Rep. from ** to ** once, then 13th and 14th rows once.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Sl. 1, k to end of row.

2nd Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

3rd Row: Knit.

*** **4th Row:** K 1, * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

5th Row: K 3, * sl. 1 t.b.l., k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., sl. 1 t.b.l., k 1.

6th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1.

7th Row: K 2, * sl. 1 t.b.l., k 2, rep. from * to end of row ***.

Rep. from *** to *** three times. Cast off.

Work another bootee in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up leg and foot seams, thread ribbon through slots.

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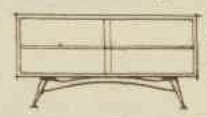

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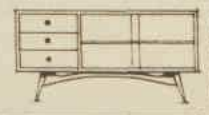
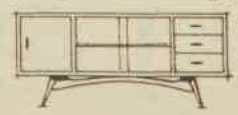


5 ft. Scandinavian Style Buffet for the large family home. (China section has mirror back and coloured interior.)



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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

Continued from page 80

be that Celestina had two kitchen tables.

Yet there were traces. In the bathroom Fanny had forgotten her soap, bathsalts, and powder. Giulietta asked her if she wanted them, but Fanny only turned her head away and Giulietta gathered them up to keep for her wedding.

When Hugh and Caddie brought Fanny through the sunk garden on the way to the car, she stopped by an old olive tree. It seemed she wanted to touch it. "Well, she always does that when she's in trouble," Caddie whispered. Fanny's hand came down its trunk, feeling the dry wood, and she looked at Hugh and Caddie with eyes that were suddenly awake.

HUGH had not been there, that early morning when Caddie had had to stand by, inadequately trying to pat away that terrible grief, but now, tinged with it himself, he could not bear those eyes. "Come, Mother. Mother, come," but even Hugh could not reach Fanny now.

Just before that dawn, "when the stocks smelled so strongly in the garden," whispered Fanny, "and it was so wet and chill," she had been sitting by Hugh's bed, as Rob, she thought, was sitting by Pia's in the hospital —each of us alone, with our own child, utterly separated. Separated not only by this division of children but because she too, in those hours, had echoed Caddie's cry "I want Father." "I want Darrell." Hugh was Darrell's child. "We should telephone him," Rob had said.

They could not do that, not while this agony was going on. "Not until we know," and then "Wait until the morning," Rob had said.

The morning.

Perhaps Fanny had dozed in her chair because she seemed to be woken suddenly by a sound, a feeling, she did not know which. Light was in the room, the first light, dawn light, colorless and with it a coolness that touched her cheeks and eyes. She was conscious of her clothes, the tightness of her girdle, an ache in her back, her feet aching too from wearing shoes all night, and I had a feeling of stifling, thought Fanny, of terror. The terror of the night had not happened, miraculously, as Celestina said, but this terror to come. It was as if we had traded, Rob and I.

"If that hope had really been the beginning of our baby, Rob's and mine . . ." That brought such a wave of longing that she had almost cried out. We should have been safe, thought Fanny, bound, as children do bind you, but now all the old teachings of Aunt Isabel had woken in her mind. If you do wrong, you will be punished, terribly punished.

Hugh was asleep. Fanny got up and when she came out on the landing, Rob's study door was open and he was at the table with the light still on; he had not noticed the daylight and he was writing.

For one moment Fanny had thought it was Saladin: Saladin, after that night! Writers are like locusts, she thought. They feed on the moment and pass on — then she saw it was a letter.

"Rob, what are you doing?"

He looked up. "Writing to Darrell."

"That's unpardonable." She seemed to be struggling for breath.

"I know, but you don't want to have to explain."

"Explain? I . . . I . . . I must go out into the garden," cried Fanny. It felt as if she screamed.

"Fan," Rob had got up.

"Don't, Rob. Don't call me that." And she cried, "I can't breathe."

The ground floor of the villa was shuttered as Celestina thought it should be, even on that night. Rob opened the door from the dining-room to the terrace; by mutual consent they avoided seeing the lake, and walked round the house, down the steps, past the geraniums colorless in the half-light, and through the sunk garden to the olive grove where the grass was grey still, and the twisted stems of the old trees loomed and retreated into shadow as they passed. The olive leaves glimmered, the wisteria arch was grey. It is filled with ghosts already, thought Fanny. The flowers were still half hidden in darkness, still wet from the storm; only the stocks smelled strong and powerful, making wreaths of darkness or white round the olives. Fanny's shoes and stockings were wet, but her face had cooled and she could breathe.

"We have given in," she said.

"Yes. Given in," said Rob.

"I am calm now," said Fanny and she lifted her face to Rob. "I won't make you a fuss."

THE bell began to ring from Malcesine.

"It must be twelve o'clock," whispered Caddie. The arciprete will be pleased when he hears, she thought; at least one person could be wholeheartedly pleased.

Twelve o'clock.

"Mother, you must come," said Hugh. "The car is waiting."

No answer.

"Mother, we have to get to Milan," but Fanny still stayed, pressed against the olive tree.

Caddie looked at Hugh, Hugh at Caddie. Then Caddie went to Fanny and took her by the hand.

"Come, Mother."

She came obediently and walked with them to the car, one of them each side of her.

Celestina and Giulietta had broken off their work to see them off. Giacomino had come to the steps, Beppino and Gianna were there. "Arriverderci," they called, "Arriverderci," but they were so busy they could not linger. Celestina shut the car door briskly and stood back to wave.

As the car drove out of the gates, Caddie noticed what she had not seen before: that the whitehorn flowers had dropped, their petals were scattered in the road. The hedges now did not disguise their pricks and, almost before the car turned up the road, Giulietta ran and shut the gates. The last thing Hugh and Caddie saw were the gilt letters "Villa Fiorita" as, with Fanny sitting between them, they drove away.

THE END

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov. 27.

ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ This week is much better than last — good for making vital decisions about personal matters, investment, and the share market, and for stabilising domestic issues. December 3-7 adverse.

TAURUS APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, pink. Lucky days, Thur., Friday.
★ A good week for clear, constructive thinking and planning. Get up and go until December 2 — there is a nasty cluster of bad stars from December 3-7 which could spoil your plans.

GEMINI MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Thur., Monday.
★ If you have many irons in the fire (and what Geminian has not?) go ahead and really make use of them. Very good for career and romance. December 3-7 unlucky.

CANCER JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, purple blue. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ You have a lucky period from Nov. 27-Dec. 2, and a bad patch from Dec. 3-7. Lottery luck with friends. Many benefit from a generous older associate or a relative.

LEO JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Thur., Friday.
★ An excellent time to iron out marital problems. Romance, love, career, and status all benefit. Speculation in oil could bring happy results. From Dec. 3-7 the stars are unhelpful.

VIRGO AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thur., Friday.
★ An excellent period for matrimony, courtship, and engagements. Marriage will be much less of a lottery than usual — if the wedding bells ring before Dec. 3. Don't delay.

LIBRA SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ For enterprising and energetic Librans, the week offers plenty of scope for solid and successful expansion. Industry could bring more than its due reward. Romance blooms.

SCORPIO OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ Until Dec. 3 you have every opportunity to enhance your reputation, expand your business interests, and strengthen marriage ties. Romance and partnership are favored, except Dec. 3.

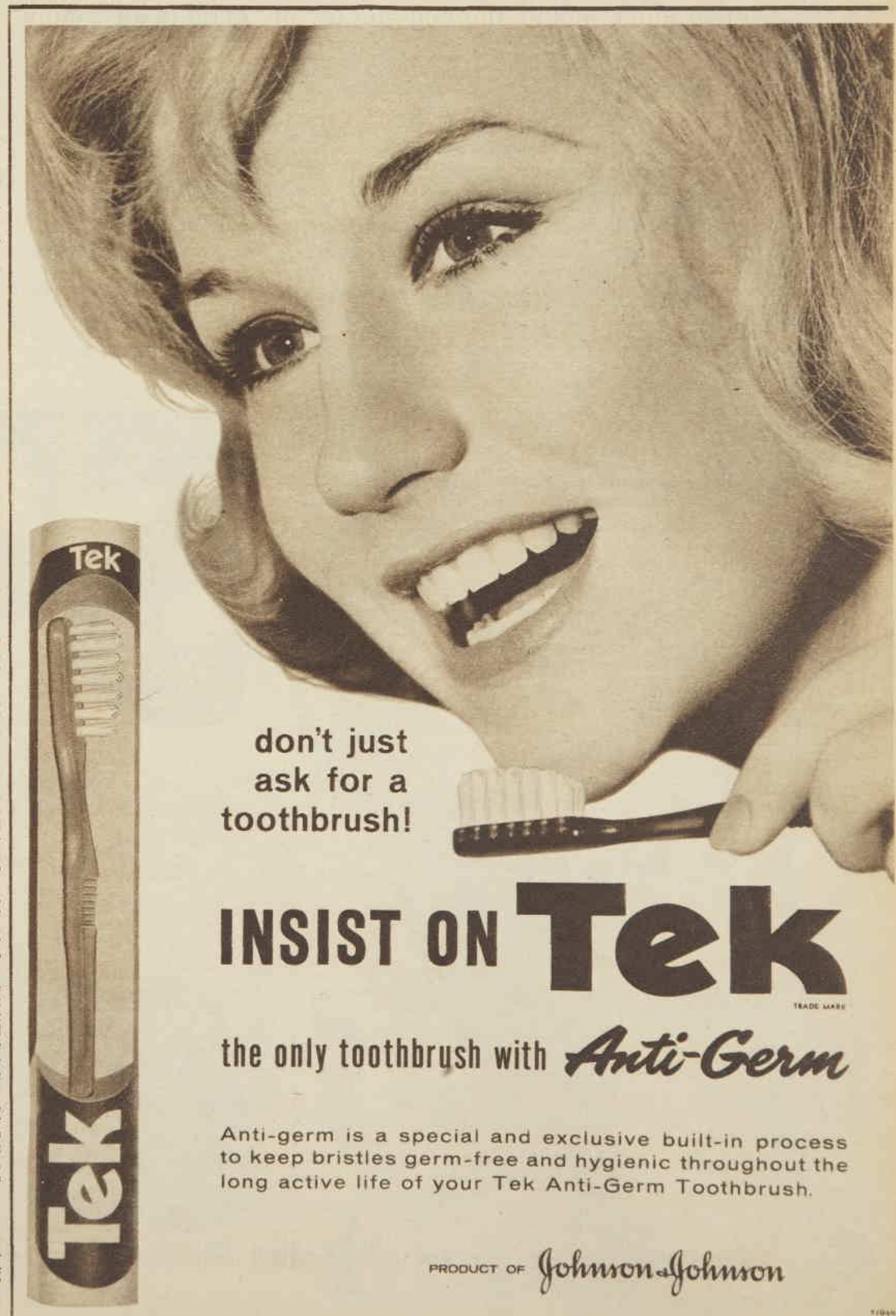
SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, red, rose. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
★ This is your No. 1 week for success. Anything shelved can be dusted; push it with all your know-how. Don't overshoot the mark on December 3, which is ill-starred.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ A successful week — but you are dogged by a peculiar influence that seems to hinder you. Love, finance, and reputation are benefited until Dec. 3, when bad weather begins.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ A relatively successful period, but there could be a sense of frustration — and things could get muddled. Home and family life benefit — but Dec. 3 has drastic aspects.

PISCES FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ If you have to sign an important contract, now is the time. The stars assist finance and new ventures. Marriage, romance, and co-operation are under happy planets.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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"You'd better. It will rust in this damp air."

Walt looked at me, pained. Then he said to Vicky, "Tell me the word, honey. I'll okay the spelling."

"No, it's not fair," Bruce protested.

"It is, too." Vicky was right in there.

"No, it's not."

"Cut that out," Walt ordered.

"Walt, you must remember to phone your mother back," I reminded him.

"Okay." Visibly annoyed, he turned to Vicky.

"Let me see your letters."

Before Bruce could protest again, I said, "Oh, let them, or we'll never finish."

Walt and Vicky had a whispered conference, the two shiny brown heads, so much alike, bent low. Then Vicky proudly set out her word: "gauge," neatly making a double word score.

"My goodness!" I said, very impressed, and began to count the score.

"That's Dad's word," Bruce complained. "She doesn't even know what it means."

"I do, too," Vicky said hotly. "Gauge means thickness. We were taught it in science, but I couldn't remember the spelling."

I added on her fourteen points and glanced at my watch. "Walt, you'd better phone your mother before it gets too late."

"Right away," he murmured, "after my turn." His eyes were on the board, but the corners of his mouth crinkled suspiciously. I wondered, but not for long. "Here we go," he said and, with a wicked grin, put down his letters into the triple-score corner.

"You set that up for yourself," I accused him, turning my head, trying to read the word upside down. "N-o-o-o. What is that, anyway?"

Continued from page 41

THE WIFE GAME

"N-o-o-d-g-e," Bruce spelled out. "Noodge."

"Oh, come on, Walt," I protested.

"What's noodge, Daddy?" Vicky asked.

"A noodge," Walt instructed her solemnly, "is one who noodges."

"If you mean nudge," I began.

"No. There's a difference," Walt said. "A nudge is like a gentle prod, but a noodge keeps it up, on and on and on."

"A nag," Bruce supplied.

"Well, sort of," Walt said, "but with your best interests at heart—and never lets you forget it."

"Like Mum?" Bruce looked up at his father, and as the two of them burst out laughing Vicky joined them.

"A little," Walt said, enjoying himself. "Phone your mother," he mimicked.

"Take in your bike," Bruce said.

"Get your gold skirt," Vicky joined the club.

I WAS hurt. Really.

"Mummy is a master noodge." Walt looked at me admiringly. "She could give lessons."

"Noodge lessons?" Vicky asked, and laughed, delighted.

"She needs a degree," Bruce said. "Nobody gives lessons without a degree. BN—Bachelor of Noodge?"

"No!" And Walt whooped with laughter, inspired. "R.N.—Registered Noodge."

"Har dee har har," I said mirthlessly, and I stood up.

"Oh, come on, Peggy, where's your sense of humor?" Walt asked, grinning.

"Noodges don't have a sense of humor," I said bitterly. "They just complain, and nag, and—and—"

"And noodge," Vicky finished for me, triumphant as Bruce and her father laughed appreciatively.

"I hope you realise what you've accomplished by this, Walt," I said.

"Oh, Peggy, don't be so sensitive."

"Sensitive?" I repeated incredulously. "I've just been slugged with a baseball bat, that's all."

"Don't be silly. It's all in fun."

Consulting the board, Walt began counting. "It's only a six-point word—but, tripled, I get eighteen."

"The game is over, Walt, at least for me." I retreated upstairs to my bedroom, deeply hurt and angry, but dismayed, at the same time, to find that it was all I could do to resist the impulse to remind Vicky about bedtime.

I'd been utterly rejected, and it felt awful. My plight was so touching, I almost cried. What had I ever done to deserve such castigation? Reminded — noodged — Vicky about her skirt. Or Bruce about his bike. Or Walt about his mother. Terrible, wasn't it? But Vicky didn't have her skirt. And I was willing to bet the bike was still outdoors. And Walt hadn't phoned yet, and if I didn't remind—noodge—him again, it would be too late.

WELL, let it be, I thought defiantly. No noodge am I. Not any longer. Let those monsters go get themselves another R.N. I resign.

Which was far, far easier said than done.

I spent the rest of the evening in the bedroom, staring at a magazine while I gnashed my teeth. I listened through the closed door as Vicky, ever the one to take advantage, managed to extend her bedtime almost an hour by stalling and puttering. She was just getting over a cold and needed her rest; she had gym the next day — would she remember to take her gym suit? For that matter, had it been laundered? Then, determinedly, I started reading the same paragraph over for the tenth time.

A little while later I heard Bruce, and I wondered just how much noodging Walt had had to do to get him upstairs before eleven. I wondered if Bruce would remember his appointment at the orthodontist's, that he was supposed to drop off a book at the library, that it really was time for another shave. It took heroic control to say nothing at all and to turn the magazine pages, unseen and unread.

To page 98

BACKACHE?

like this

Can't move without agony?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

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21 PRIZES

WIN A FABULOUS PRIZE IN THE

ZIPPY WONDER WORDS CONTEST!

Words, wonderful words about wonderful products, can win you one of 21 fabulous prizes in the Zippy contest. All you have to do is complete these lines on the entry form:—
"I like Zippy because . . ." A dozen words is all it takes. Write about both Zippy Window Cleaner and Zippy Starch.
Use Zippy Window Cleaner in the new, convenient squeeze pack that sprays on evenly — wipes off fast. See how quickly it banishes dirt and film that accumulate all year round. (And here's a tip that makes Zippy work even better — make the last rub-over with newspaper or tissue.) Zippy Starch offers wonderful inspiration for words too. Zippy, the Starch you just pour is easy to use, turns out perfect every time.
Entries close December 14. So buy your Zippy Window Cleaner and Starch now, fill in your entry, send along a label of either Zippy Starch or Zippy Window Cleaner, and you could be soon enjoying a wonderful prize.

1st. prize — A General Electric 15 cubic feet 'Americana' Refrigerator or a 23" General Electric 'Belvedere' TV or General Electric fully automatic Washing Machine.

20 OTHER PRIZES — you take your pick of a General Electric "Walk and Talk" Hair Dryer or General Electric Portable Electric Mixer or a General Electric Steam Iron.

'AMERICANA' 15 CU. FT. REFRIGERATOR: Features the trend setting swing out shelves and lift-out containers for greater ease and convenience.

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Devilled Eggs

Egg Crisps

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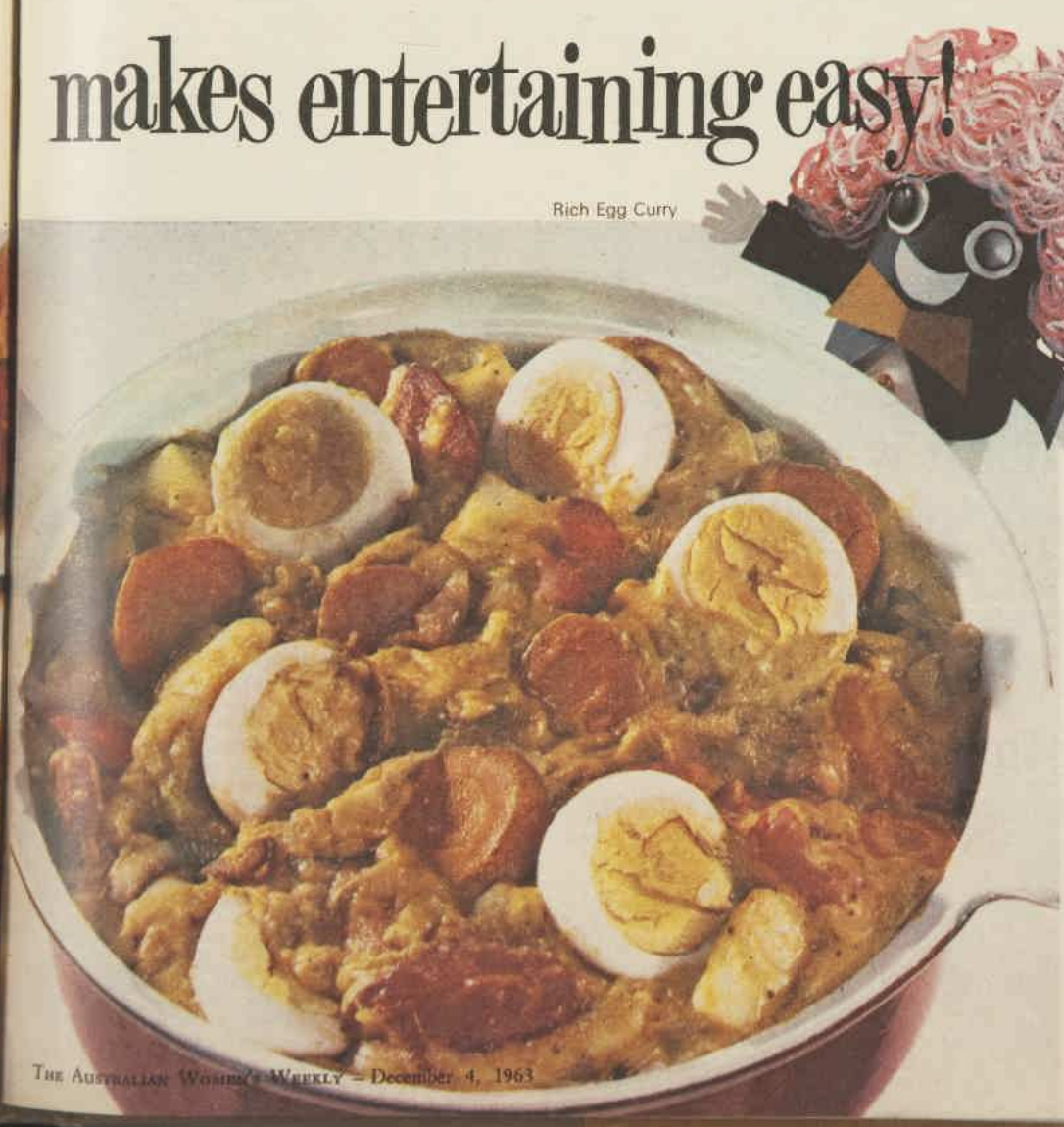
Egg Pizza

Stacked Tomatoes

Egg Dip

makes entertaining easy!



Rich Egg Curry

Get-them-going dishes for fingers. Keep-them-going dishes for forks. That's the recipe for a successful party. With eggs, it's easy. And keep plenty of eggs handy: someone's sure to stay on for breakfast!

HAWAIIAN EGGS

6 hard boiled eggs ... *cooked rice*

FOR SAUCE

2 chopped onions
Small tin pineapple pieces
1 tablespoon vinegar
Pinch cinnamon
2 chopped tomatoes
1 tablespoon cornflour
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
Salt and pepper

Fry onion in margarine till brown. Blend cornflour with a little of the pineapple juice and add, with other sauce ingredients, to onions. Simmer 10 minutes. Place halved eggs on bed of rice, pour sauce over. Serves 6-8.

EGG PIZZA

9" baked pastry case
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Chopped prawns
5 chopped hard boiled eggs
2 tablespoons chopped shallot
Finely chopped pimiento
Chopped ham

Combine eggs, mayonnaise, shallots, parsley and seasonings. Spread on base of pastry case, sprinkle with pimiento, parsley, prawns and ham to form small wedges of colour. Garnish with a slice of hard boiled egg and a centre of black olive. Serves 6-8.

STACKED TOMATOES

Small, firm, red tomatoes
4 hard boiled eggs
1 oz. grated cheese
Chopped celery
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
Salt and pepper

Cut tomatoes crosswise into three. Combine eggs (chopped), cheese, celery and seasonings with mayonnaise. Sandwich between the tomato slices.

EGG DIP

Combine 2 chopped hard boiled eggs, 4 oz. cream cheese, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, salt, pepper, and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Serve with crisps or biscuits.

KEDGEREE

1 lb. smoked fish
2 oz. butter
3 cups boiled rice
6 hard boiled eggs
Juice of 1 lemon
Parsley, nutmeg, chopped tomato

Cook skin and bone fish. Chop hard boiled eggs and add, with flaked fish, and other ingredients, to the rice. Heat thoroughly before serving. Serves 6-8.

DEVILLED EGGS

(Tip: 18 oz. eggs are the ideal size)

Halve 6 hard boiled eggs. Remove yolks, mash and mix with 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 chopped gherkin, salt and pepper. Pile back into whites. Garnish with small pieces of salami, garlic and parsley. Or, use grated cheese instead of the gherkin, and garnish with cucumber pieces and olives. Or, mix yolks with 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, ½ teaspoon mustard, salt and pepper. Garnish with gherkin and bacon rolls secured with toothpicks. Serves 6-12.

EGG CRISPS

Use ready-sliced bread minus crusts. Dip slices in melted butter, press into deep patty tins, bake in moderate oven until crisp. Mix grated cheese, mustard, salt and pepper with a medium-thick white sauce, then add chopped hard boiled eggs. Fill crisps with this mixture.

RICH EGG CURRY

Chop and saute: 1 carrot, 1 apple, 1 tomato and 2 onions. Hard boil and halve four eggs. Blend all ingredients into 2 cups curry sauce, simmer till hot. Serve with rice. Serves 4-5.

SUNRISE EGGS

Guaranteed new laid. In weight-stamped cartons. 18, 21 and 24 oz. to the dozen.

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See the amazing Supermatic in action — your Elna Dealer will be delighted to arrange a demonstration.

Continued from page 95

THE WIFE GAME

With Walt, it was even worse.

"Are you really annoyed?" he asked when he came upstairs. Disdaining an answer, I kept my eyes glued to the magazine.

"It was too late to phone my mother," Walt answered my unspoken question.

All right, he forgot to phone, I thought; but did he remember that the spare tyre had to be picked up at the garage? And that he had promised to stop at the nursery for my rosebushes? It took enormous willpower, but I kept my silence.

Next morning, I was silent as a Trappist monk. Bruce gulped his breakfast and was out like the wind. He did not remember to take his book, and he would be right next door to the library when he went to the orthodontist's — if he remembered to go there.

But I hadn't reminded him.

Well! What was the opposite of a noodge — a no-noodge? That was one no-noodge for the day. I could make a game of it.

As Walt came into the kitchen, I glowered darkly.

"Good morning," he sang out cheerily. When I didn't answer, he said, "Now, Peggy, are you going to nurse a grudge?"

I couldn't resist. "Who's better qualified—a Registered Noodge, nursing a grudge?"

Walt laughed. "That's my girl."

"I'm not your girl," I snapped. Then, as Vicky sashayed into the kitchen, I said, "Here comes your girl."

"Oh, Peggy, for heaven's sakes." With a helpless shrug, Walt sat down.

I switched on the radio, and as the news blared forth I served out cereal and pushed down the toaster, all with an unmistakably hostile clatter. Covertly, I noted Vicky's Ensemble of the Day — a plaid skirt, gold shirt, and matching headband. As always, she looked neat.

But something about her bothered me, and my noodge's instinct wouldn't let go, till I suddenly remembered her assembly day had been switched to Thursday and she should have been wearing a white shirt. But I wouldn't remind her. I could score at least two points.

"If you hurry up, honey," Walt said to her, "I'll give you a lift."

"Oh, good. I'll just be a minute."

The garage was on the way to the school, and he could pick up the tyre without driving out of his way; but I wouldn't remind him.

By the time they left, I thought I'd explode. What you need is a good cry, I told myself compassionately. It would relieve all this tension and make you feel better. Still, and I guess those conditioned R.N. reflexes were working even on me, I remembered that it was Thursday and I had to Do the Upstairs. There was no time on the schedule for a cry.

The phone rang at half past nine. It was Walt's mother. "Darling, why didn't you tell him I phoned?" she asked plaintively.

"I did," I said, with some satisfaction. "But you know Walt."

"I waited all evening." She sighed heavily.

"I know," I said sympathetically, "but what more could I do?"

"You could have told him, darling," she said, reproving.

"But I did."

"Please, Peggy, darling. I know you're busy, so maybe you could write it down? So you won't forget?"

I took a deep breath. Then I changed my mind.

"How are the children?" she went on, and then, without waiting for an answer, "That's fine. Well, all right, darling. Goodbye, and this time you'll remember to tell him?"

I hung up, helpless, the noodge that failed.

MY day passed, like every other Thursday, and by the time I had succeeded in getting the upstairs looking as neatly impersonal as a motel it was past three. I was trying to make myself presentable when I heard the back door slam. Vicky, I thought.

"Mo-ther!" she called, and she sounded angry. She came stomping upstairs, each tread creaking with fury. "Mother!" She stood in the doorway, tense and tragic. "Do you know what happened? I got in the most awful trouble."

For a moment, I was genuinely alarmed.

"All because you forgot my white shirt. Oh, Mother, it was sickening." Vicky groaned dramatically. "Doctor Johnson pulled me out of line and told Miss Abrams he expects every teacher to maintain discipline, and then —then he gave a long speech about respecting rules, and about an — an — you know, the thing where everybody does what they please."

"Anarchy?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's right, anarchy, and I have to write a composition about it for Doctor Johnson. Oh, Mother!" And with the most artistic sense of timing she burst into tears.

Calmly, I brushed my hair.

"How can you sit there like that? How can you?" she demanded. "You remembered, and I know you did." She pointed at me accusingly as the tears streamed down her cheeks. Then she looked at me, suddenly still. "It's because of Daddy and that Scrabble game last night, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes," I said quietly.

Tactfully, Vicky dropped it right there.

It was a complicated game I was inventing, I thought, going down to the kitchen to start dinner. Not reminding Vicky about her shirt scored as a no-noodge. Now, when the no-noodge came back to roost, when it pointed a moral or taught a lesson, surely I ought to score an extra point? Like royalties?

The phone rang.

"Hello," I said. "Why, no, Miss Westney. Bruce isn't home . . . Yes, I know he

To page 101

Great news for nylon

At last —
a way
to keep
nylon white!
(and only improved OMO can do it)

Ever been dismayed to see expensive nylon shirts going yellow with age? Ever tried (unsuccessfully) to keep nylon lingerie white?

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WIPE * MOP * CLEAN * DRY

with KLEENEX *the best for all your tissue needs*

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"*For emergency hair sets* place one folded Kleenex tissue on another, fold again then roll around your finger, wind hair and grip with two pins. Saves carrying bulky rollers."

"*Keep necklines clean* with Kleenex when you apply make-up to your neck. Keep sweaters fresh and dainty, *wear* Kleenex folded square, as disposable underarm shields."

"*It leaves no lint*, so Kleenex is good for cleaning lipstick and mascara brushes. When you strip off nail polish with Kleenex, clean polish bottle tops so they can't 'lock'."

"*Nothing better for all colds.* Kleenex is soft and absorbent so it soothes your sore nose without chafing. And Kleenex is so hygienic . . . no unpleasant hankies to wash."

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Continued from page 98

THE WIFE GAME

has an appointment . . . Yes, I presume he knows, too . . . Yes, I realise you have another patient. I'm sure he'll be along in a minute." And just then a sudden noise at the back of the house told me otherwise. I sighed. "Yes. Well, I'm sorry." And I hung up.

MY hand was still on the phone when Bruce clattered through the kitchen door. "Hi!" he said, very chipper. "I've got to go right out to footba —"

"Before you leave," I interrupted coolly, "you'd better phone the dentist and explain about breaking your appointment."

"Ohmigosh!" Bruce slapped his forehead heavily. "I clean forgot."

Without a word I handed him the phone and pointedly withdrew to the living-room.

His voice was hushed, but when he finished he hung up hard. "Mum," he bellowed, storming into the living-room, "do you know what she said? You'll have to pay for the missed appointment."

"You'll have to pay," I corrected gently. "From your allowance."

"That's not fair!" His voice rose alarmingly.

"People who make appointments are supposed to keep them or cancel them," I said calmly. "It's up to you to remember."

"Why didn't you remind me this morning, like you always do?" Bruce demanded.

But when I didn't answer him he understood. After a long moment he said, very quietly, "It's about that Scrabble game last night, isn't it?" And much subdued he went out to football practice.

Now there, I thought, was another royalty type no-noodge, with money involved, too, so I couldn't be sure of the exact point-score till I got the dentist's bill. Oh, the game was fascinating!

But then Vicky phoned from her friend's house, asking me if I wanted her to pick up anything at the grocery on her way home. And when Bruce came back home later and I heard him banging the empty garbage pail up the walk, bringing it back without having been asked — well, I was deeply pleased, but I realised I must be losing points.

Walt was very late getting home, and I had just about decided to give the kids their dinner when he marched in, very tense and edgy. Bruce and Vicky were still walking on eggs, and my own mood was extra touchy, so it was a quiet dinner indeed.

I was about to take the salad bowl out of the refrigerator when the kitchen doorbell rang. Walt bolted from his chair and ran to answer before I could even move. I looked at him in surprise, wondering whom he was expecting.

"Howdy." There stood Ray, our garageman, handing Walt his car keys, nodding at me and smiling. "Evening. Sorry to break in on your dinner, but I thought that you would want the car back as soon as possible."

"The car? What happened to the car?" I stared at Walt.

"Didn't he tell you yet?" Ray asked. "Oh, that was a good one, that was." He laughed richly. "You figure on paying the fine?"

"I'll tell her," Walt said tightly. "Is the car okay?"

"Oh, sure, nothing wrong with the car. I put on the spare and I'll have the flat fixed in the morning. Only this time don't forget to pick it up." Ray laughed again. "Tell me, you figure on paying the fine or going to court?"

"Court?" I repeated, aghast. "Fine? What is this all about?"

WALT exploded. "It's a trap, that's what it is. Did you know that in this misbegotten pile of dirt and bricks they call a city there is a law — an ordinance, if you please — stating that it is a misdemeanor to drive a car without a spare? 'Minimum standard equipment,' they call it." He stared at me defiantly, and I resisted a wild impulse to laugh.

"I got a flat," Walt said, his voice dark with anger, "in the worst possible spot, just before the bridge. I couldn't pull over very far, and the traffic piled up behind me. The cops weren't too mad till they found I didn't have a spare, but then, because of the construction, they had to close off one lane so the tow truck could get in — so they dug up this ordinance and I got a twenty-five dollar fine" —he turned to Ray—"which I will pay. What else can I do?"

"Plus the tow truck," Ray reminded him, enjoying himself.

Well, I thought, that was the supreme no-noodge of them all. How could it possibly be scored? Then why did I feel so exhausted, as though I had lost, instead of won?

"That sure was a traffic jam nobody will ever forget?" Ray shook his head in admiration as he turned to go. "Well, nobody's hurt, and that's what counts. And, Walt, say, you'd better take in those rosebushes. It's going to be cold tonight. So long, folks."

The rosebushes! "You've remembered the rosebushes." I didn't mean it to sound reproachful, so hastily I added. "Thank you so much."

"You're welcome," Walt said.

"Your mother phoned again this morning," I reported politely. "She asked you to phone her back."

I straightened up the kitchen while Vicky struggled with anarchy, Bruce with his homework, and Walt with his mother at last.

When he finally returned to the kitchen, the two kids came with him.

"Look, Peggy," Walt said, "we're sorry, we really are. Now please, let's go back to the way things were."

"No, sir!" I shook my head emphatically. "I'm finished. I will not act as your memory machine, not any more. I quit."

"You can't quit," Walt said. "It's your job."

"What's my job?" I looked at him, blank and baffled.

"You're supposed to be a noodge. All wives and mothers are. It's part of being a wife and mother, part of the job, and you can't quit."

The kids stood watching.

Tentatively, Walt put his arm round my shoulders, and this time I didn't pull away. "Anyway," he said, "you're getting too old for any other job. After all, your birthday is next Saturday."

"Walt!" I exclaimed, absolutely delighted. "You remembered!" But then experience made me suspicious. "Who told you?"

"I cannot tell a lie." He sighed. "Why do you think my mother has been phoning me?"

"To remind you? About me?" I was stunned.

"My mother, the noodge," he said, grinning. "And so it shall go, from generation unto generation," he went on sententiously. "Though I think she must have an extra title by now, maybe R.N.E. — you know, Emeritus."

"Indeed, indeed," I conceded graciously, and as Walt kissed me right in front of the kids I felt very warm and grateful to my mother-in-law.

I had won the game, after all.

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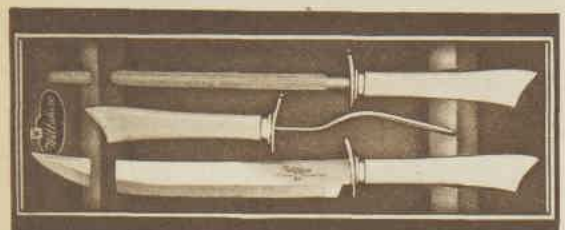

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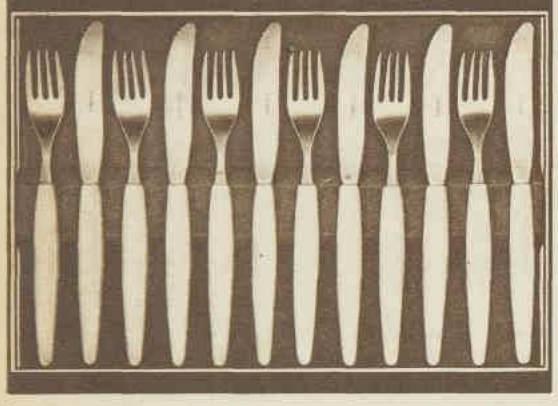

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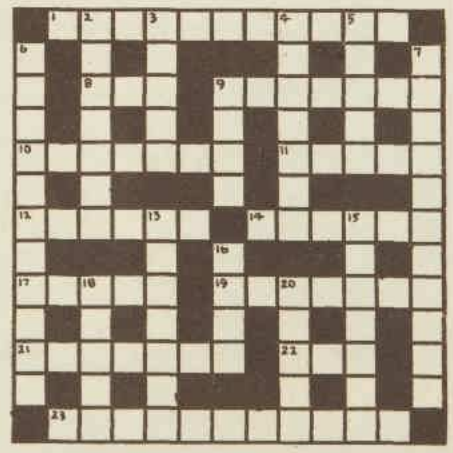
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

JOAN has made her decision — she will marry Rolo 19 and save him from spending 100 years in orbit. She will live on his planet. A spaceship carrying Rolo blasts off from Magna to collect Joan. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. These melodious utterances may come from a clockwork bird (6, 5).
8. Finish of an amendment (3).
9. Regal B.A. (mathematical anagr., 7).
10. Neat leg can be chic and in good taste (7).
11. Opera of Bellini (5).
12. Emblems of supposed relation between a natural object and a clan (6).
14. Stress a short account with American money (6).
17. I rose for a willow (5).
19. Cop it or make a porch with columns (7).
21. Ancient race mentioned in the Old Testament (7).
22. Skill in repartee (3).
23. Prose cuts or the persons who act in a criminal suit (11).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Introduce and being at hand (7).
3. The second most populous country of the world (5).
4. In cargo (anagr., 7).
5. In old England a tenant farmer, not fully free to rub back for instance (5).
6. Abnormal increase in size of tissue of organ of the body (11).
7. Great misfortune of a feline (11).
9. Stake headed by an insect (4).
13. Borders, which mostly spoil spirits (7).
15. Dispossessor, becomes a conqueror at the end (7).
16. Arched recess in church (4).
18. Bury (5).
20. Have a reciprocal effect concerning a part of a play (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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When girls talk things over

. . . it's surprising how often the subject of Tampax comes up

Many young girls feel—and rightfully so—that they'll positively use Tampax "some day." In every group, however, there are those for whom "some day" is right now.

The questions generally fly thick and fast. "Is it really as easy as they say?" "Is it comfortable?" "Do you feel lots more freedom?" "Does it help you forget about differences in days of the month?"

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2145—Smart dress and jacket cut in larger sizes. Eased, sheath-skirted dress with back panel, short unmounted sleeves, and square neck. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Butterick pattern 2145, price 5/3 includes postage.

2153—Pretty young dress. (A) Full skirt with elbow-length ruffled sleeves. (B) Short-sleeved version with self-bound shallow neck, eyelet beading, and ribbon trim. (C) Sleeveless with eyelet-trimmed neck. Sizes: Junior, 30½, 31½, 33in. bust; Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2153, price 5/- includes postage.

2198—Lingerie co-ordinates. (A) Waltz-length nightgown. (B) Dress-length brunch coat. (C) Pullover smock top with patch pockets, long slim pants. (D) Lace-trimmed shortie pyjamas. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Butterick pattern 2198, price 5/- includes postage.

9950—Maternity suit and sleeveless overblouse with shallow neck and hemline slashed at side. (A) Jacket with standing band collar and slashed side hemline. (B) Collarless jacket with narrow self-binding and bow. Slim "kangaroo" maternity skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 9950, price 5/- includes postage.

9988—Girls' sleepwear lingerie. Shortie pyjamas and shallow-necked muu-muu for summer, and pyjamas with long pants and sleeves for winter. Pants have elasticised waist and legs. Sizes 2 to 8 (21, 23, 24, 26in. chest). Butterick pattern 9988, price 5/- includes postage.

2410—Little girl's cross-stitch dress with high neck, front corded waistline, gathered skirt, elasticised back waistline, and back-tied sash. (A) Puffed sleeves, floral cross-stitch design. (B) Short, straight sleeves, band-effect cross-stitch trim. Cross-stitch diagrams included in pattern. Sizes 2 to 6 (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24in. chest). Butterick pattern 2410, price 5/- includes postage.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 4, 1963

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

ALL ABOUT THE HOOTENANNY

—pages 4, 5

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Boy hates the girls who stomp

WHAT is happening to the female species today? Since the stomp has hit Sydney the dance halls are full of moronic, hysterical, stamping girls.

Where has their dress taste gone to? Girls' clothes are becoming more masculine all the time.

I would be curious to know if other young chaps feel as I do.—*"Frustrated," Cammeray, N.S.W.*

Money problem

FOR some 12 months now I have been working, and as this is my first year of earning my own money I am a little confused as to whether I should send money home to my parents.

My income is approximately £7/10/- a week, and out of this I pay £4/10/- a week board and the rest I use to buy clothing and other necessities and for entertainment. I find this plenty of money for a 16-year-old, and I often bank some.

Sometimes when a friend mentions he or she has sent money home I wonder if I am a miser, though my parents have never asked for anything and I remember birthdays and Christmas.

I would like to hear the views of other readers.—*"Confused Moneybags," Midland, W.A.*

Earthquakes

RECENTLY there have been several earthquakes and tremors in different parts of the world, even in Australia, and in each case the inhabitants of the stricken area haven't known what to do.

At school we are often given talks and pamphlets on what to do in the event of fire, flood, and other unusual circumstances. But the subject of earthquakes has never been touched.

Why is this so, and what should we do in the event of an earthquake?—*Lynne Leskie, North Ryde, N.S.W.*

Languages

I AM not bigoted. I like other nationalities and I think that children of New Australians should learn their parents' native tongue.

But I do think that speaking it should be confined to the home or family gatherings and that in public newcomers should make an attempt to be part of the Australian population by speaking English.

When I go to a country where the language is different I know that I will make an honest attempt to speak that language.

But to hear a foreign language being spoken in public in this country makes my temperature rise.—*Sue Harper, Moonah, Tas.*

Grateful patient

IN reply to "Grateful Nurse" (T.W., 6/11/63), who praised the attitude and helpfulness of many patients, I must call myself a "Grateful Patient."

Grateful for my life, grateful that teenagers want to train as nurses, and grateful that so many teenagers are in such a profession which is full of adult responsibilities.

It does one good to be thankful for one's life—saved by modern science and conscientious nurses. So thank you, "Grateful Nurse," for the chance to say, "Thank you, nurses."—*R. Tompson, Revesby, N.S.W.*

School grooming

WE first-year high-school students are always being told by teachers the importance of the habit of good grooming, and girls are frequently getting into trouble for wearing teased hair and various kinds of make-up.

Yet looking around most schools you will find teachers with beehive hairstyles, painted fingernails, and thick make-up.

If teachers really want to make an impression, why don't they set a better example?—*Christine Laing, Thornleigh, N.S.W.*

Pops, classics

WHY do people who enjoy classical music criticise pop tunes and those who concentrate on pop tunes shun classical music? Surely it's possible to like both.

I can listen to most pop tunes without criticising while I always enjoy classical music and hymns.

The announcers of the A.B.C. show literate qualities in their speech, and listening to them need not clash with an enjoyment of what is considered popular music.—*"Music Lover," Woodville Park, S.A.*

Tips on letters

HOW many young people can write letters to the sick? Most just compromise with cards that are expensive and sentimental. Here are a few tips:

Refrain from the time-worn I-am-thinking-of-you. You wouldn't bother to write otherwise.

Don't mention sickness. The patient doesn't want *that* reminder to cloud the excitement of mail time.

Give all the news you can—stay-in-beds thirst for it.

Don't tritely hope the patient will "soon be better."

Follow these rules and your sick friend will think being in bed isn't so bad, because there's always cheery mail.—*"Cheer-Up," Geelong, Vic.*

Working hols.

FOR many years I had dreamed of seeing Queensland, especially the Great Barrier Reef. Last June I arrived in Brisbane from my home town in New South Wales to start on a working holiday.

I have no regrets. Having taken a variety of jobs, I find my outlook on life has really widened. As well as seeing many fascinating places I have made some wonderful friends.

Now at Mackay, I am hoping to find a job on one of the Barrier Reef islands.

Before I started on my working holiday my parents were a bit dubious

NEXT WEEK . . .

● Still having trouble with your Christmas-present list? Well, we have just been on a shopping spree with the Sara quads, of Sydney. They each had £2 to spend, and next week's story of what they bought may help you solve your own problems. Another Christmas idea—how to COOK your own greeting cards. There will also be a pin-up of Frank Ifield.

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whether a 17-year-old girl could do it, but it has been a great success.—*"The Happy Wanderer," Mackay, Qld.*

Diet hint

HERE is a suggestion for dieters who find boiled eggs too monotonous and fried eggs too high in calories. A grilled egg is a marvellous substitute for fried eggs and contains the same amount of calories as a boiled egg.

Simply beat a raw egg, pour into a flat, heat-resistant dish with a diameter of about 7in. so that the egg is spread very thinly. Place the dish under the griller near the flame and in a couple of minutes the egg will be browned and taste almost the same as a fried egg.

Tomato, peas, and cheese can also be added to make an omelet.—*"Diet Conscious," Woodville Park, S.A.*

Boys' hair

I AM a 17-year-old schoolboy sorely in need of some feminine advice. As most of my travelling is done in an open car, my hair suffers considerably in transit.

The problem is this: Do girls prefer to see a boy with windswept but clean hair or do they prefer neat but oily hair?—*"Dishevelled," Kingswood, S.A.*

Understanding

SPEAKING as a grandma, teenagers today are just as good and lovable as those of yesterday, but those of today have a lot more to contend with. There are a great many more temptations than there were in my teen years.

If parents win the confidence of their children with love and trust in early childhood, all is well. It is the parents who fail to do this who start all the strife.

I must say I was never afraid to confide in my mother, who through the years proved such a pal and friend.

So let's all lend a helping hand and show tolerance rather than condemn and so help our future generation. — *"Teenage Admirer," Toowoomba, Qld.*

Writers' group

RECENTLY I joined a young writers' group —the Junior Poets, Essayists, and Novelists' Society of Queensland. Our object is to foster the literary aspirations of our members and to help establish a distinctly Australian style of writing while retaining individualism.

Our society already has affiliated with the Queensland Writers' Guild and at the present time has 18 members. The first issue of our magazine, "Aleph," was released in August.

We have had talks from two prominent journalists and a university lecturer and meet monthly to discuss our work and generally try to improve our standards. A group such as ours is not hard to form.—*H. A. Dee, Wilston, Qld.*

BEATNIK

"But really — I don't like it."

Look after mother or study for career?

● H.D. (T.W., 6/11/63) asked if she should take advantage of her Leaving Certificate, as recommended by her father, and go to the city to do a secretarial course or remain at home helping her ill mother.

SINCE you seem to have a very understanding father, I would not miss the opportunity to take the secretarial course in Sydney next year.

Apparently your mother is not now seriously ill, because I am sure your father would not suggest you take this course if she were.

And domestic help could perhaps be obtained for a short while until your mother was more sure of herself.

As you have worked hard for your Leaving Certificate, it certainly would be a pity to waste it. Leave the responsibility of your mother in your father's very capable hands. — *(Mrs.) Dorothy Lewis, Belrose, N.S.W.*

GO ahead and do the course as your father wishes—it will stand you in good stead if ever the need arises. Placed in the same circumstances 30 years ago, I chose to stay at home and lost any chance I had of furthering my education. So go ahead, and good luck.—*(Miss) E. Pickering, Annerley, Qld.*

GIVE your mother help in the house during the next year while she is recovering from her illness, and do the secretarial course in 12 months' time. You will be still young enough.—*E. Chappell, Preston, Vic.*

YOU say you have already been helping your mother at home for almost a year, and she should be satisfied with that. The world is a big place and you're going to have to create your own particular niche in it.

This is a competitive era, and you must be well trained to secure a good position. After the initial parting, your mother will watch for your letters and find much pride and interest in your progress.—*"Give It a Go," Holbrook, N.S.W.*

WHILE I think that you should be doing much more than just housekeeping, having worked hard to get your Leaving Certificate, if your mother really cannot do without you, why not take a correspondence course until she recovers?—*Ann Pass, Wollongong, N.S.W.*

I AGREE with your father that you should take a secretarial course. I wouldn't say that you were wasting your time at home looking after your mother, but you do have the Leaving Certificate and should be using it to the best advantage.

By all means take this particular opportunity offered you by your father, who apparently wants you to succeed in the future.

After taking a secretarial course myself, I can recommend this to you, for many interesting vacancies exist for competent stenographers and clerks.—*Kay Law, Shortland, N.S.W.*

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HERE'S HOW TO DO IT

HOOTENANNY

● The Hootenanny, among other things, is a crazy new dance. We borrowed the steps, demonstrated by Pamela Austin and Nick Navarro, from M.G.M.'s "Hootenanny Hoot," the first hootenanny musical.

STEP No. 1

Boy and girl face each other in dance position:

BOY'S STEP

Jump on l. ft. kicking r. ft. back (count 1)
Jump to r. ft. kicking l. ft. (& count)
Jump on l. ft. kicking r. foot back (count 2—hold)
Again jump on r. ft. kicking l. ft. front (count 1)
Jump on l. ft. kicking r. ft. back (count 2)
Boy & girl face away from one another
Jump on r. ft., kick l. ft. back (count 1)
Jump on l. ft., kick r. ft. forward (& count)
Jump on r. ft., kicking l. ft. back (count 2—hold)
Jump on l. ft., kicking r. ft. forward (count 1)
Jump on r. ft., kicking l. ft. back (count 2)
Step on l. ft. (& count) (preparation beat)

GIRL'S STEP

Jump on r. ft. kicking front l. ft. (count 1)
Jump on l. ft., kick back r. ft. (& count)
Jump on r. ft., kicking front l. ft. (count 2)
Jump on l. ft. kicking back r. ft. (count 1)
Jump on r. ft. kicking front l. ft. (count 2)
Boy & girl face away from one another
Jump on l. ft. kicking back r. ft. (count 1)
Jump on r. ft. kicking front l. ft. (& count)
Jump on l. ft. kicking back r. ft. (count 2)
Jump on r. ft. kicking front l. ft. (count 1)
Jump on l. ft. kicking back r. ft. (count 2)

STEP No. 2

Boy and girl face each other in dance position

BOY'S STEP

Put r. heel down (count 1)
Bend r. knee (& count)
Pick up l. ft., put l. heel on floor (& count)
Bend l. knee picking up r. foot (count 2)
Put r. heel on floor (count 1)
Step l. ft. (& count)
Put r. heel on floor again (count 2)
Bend r. knee, pick up l. foot (& count)
Put l. heel on floor (count 1)
Bend l. knee, pick up r. ft. (& count)
Put r. heel on floor (count 2)
Bend r. knee, pick up l. foot (& count)
Put l. heel on floor (count 1)
Step r. ft. (& count)
Put l. heel on floor again (count 2)
Bend l. knee, pick up r. ft. (& count)
(Preparation beat)

GIRL'S STEP

Same as boy's, but moves in opposition direction

STEP No. 3. Rooster Strut

Boy and girl side by side

BOY'S STEP

Step on r. ft. (count 1)
Bend r. knee, pick up l. ft. with bent knee (& count)
Step on l. ft. (count 2)
Bend l. knee picking up r. ft. with bent knee (& count)
Four strut steps (count 1-2-3-4) (moving clockwise in circle)
Step on r. ft. (count 1)
Bend r. knee, pick up l. ft. with bent knee (& count)
Step on l. ft. (count 2)
Bend l. knee picking up r. ft. with bent knee (& count)
Four strut steps (count 1-2-3-4) (moving clockwise in circle)

GIRL'S STEP

Same as boy's except that strut steps are done anti-clockwise

STEP No. 4

Boy and girl side by side

BOY'S STEP

Point r. ft. to side, l. knee slightly bent (count 1)
Jump to r. ft. (& count)
And point l. toe to side, bending r. leg, leaning over with body (count 2)
Jump to l., point r. ft. to side, l. knee slightly bent (& 1 count)
Jump to r. ft. and extend l. ft. to side, r. knee slightly bent (& 2 count)
(Walk forward with knees bent) l. ft. (count 1), r. ft. (count 2)
(Fingers are placed in circular owl-like position over eyes during above)
Step with l. ft. bringing hands to side like penguin (& count)
Jump straight up into air (count 3 &)
Roll head in circular motion starting to r. (count 4 &)

GIRL'S STEP Same as boy's.

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HERE'S WHAT IT MEANS

By Kerry Yates

● HOOTENANNY! There's that word again. Everybody's saying it, singing it, dancing it, filming it . . . but what does it mean?

"Well, you know how jazz musicians get together for jam sessions," explained popular Sydney folk-singer Gary Shearston. "When folk-singers get together — that's a Hootenanny."

One dictionary defines it as a meeting of folk-singers, especially for entertainment.

"Yes," said Gary. "It can be a singalong or song-swapping night."

What about the times when Annie Oakley and company gathered for dances in barns in the days of the wild old West?

"Well, I guess they were types of Hootenannies," said Gary, "but I don't think they used the word then."

According to Gary, top American folk-singer Pete Seegar, who recently visited Australia, believed the word came into use in Greenwich Village, New York, when groups of folk-singers got together for song swappings in the 1930s.

Gary sings and plays guitar at The Troubador, a coffee lounge where some of Sydney's first genuine Hootenannies were held.

An old three-storey terrace house, it is now furnished with unpolished wooden tables and hessian curtains.

There's non-stop singing in the main room and cellar below. Teenagers sit on the bare boards of the cellar floor, surrounded by white-washed brick walls decorated with a few colored magazine pictures.

So much for the Hootenanny of the purists.

Lately the word has also been used for shows put on by Country and Western and pop singers.

Because of this, members of the Association of Folk Singers, who used to hold Hootenannies every couple of weeks, are calling their nights "Shindigs."

Reports from America say that Hootenannies of foot-thumping folk-tunes and Country music have become a national craze.

Disc jockey Bob Rogers told us about a popular American television show, "Hootenanny," compered by Jack Linkletter, son of American TV star Art Linkletter.

"Strictly a folk-singing show, it was a surprise success of the year," he said. Bob considers that the Hootenanny is almost a revival of the square dance.

American stores, too, are catering for Hootenanny addicts — with checked shirts, tapered overalls, skirts with braces, and even imitation lightweight cowboy boots for both boys and girls.

And older teens at college, feeling superior to younger Twisters and Stompers, have taken up the Hootenanny as a dance.

The dance was introduced to Australian teenagers by Brian Henderson on his national television show, "Bandstand." He showed a few of the dance scenes from the movie "Hootenanny Hoot," and invited some of the teenage audience to try the dance.

The dance became so popular on the show that "Bandstand" had several Hootenanny Spectaculars instead of the regular "Bandstand."

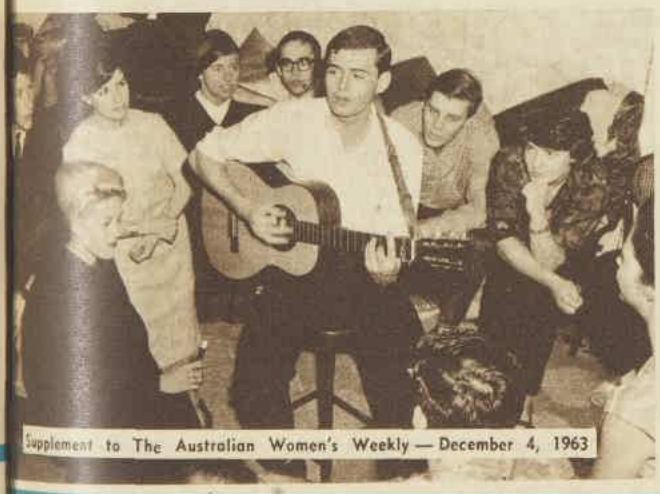
"It's a real fun dance," said Brian. "There are basic steps, but impromptu steps and imagination make it really swing."

The Twist and the Stomp were really great, but it was difficult to make aquaintance with your partner. Sure, he asked you to stomp, but he may as well have stomped by himself.

But Hootenannying may be the answer. Boys and girls dance together (well, sometimes, anyway), clap together, sing together, and — most important — get together.

Hooray for the Hootenanny!

2000 PEOPLE attended this Hootenanny in Queensland recently to listen to the De Kroo Brothers and the Webb Brothers. For a stage they used a semi-trailer and the show was given on a property 15 miles from Gympie.



GARY SHEARSTON sings folk-songs at a Hootenanny in a Sydney coffee lounge. Purists claim this is the real Hootenanny.

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Great Discoveries—By WILLIAM JOY

Faraday first to make continuous electric current

● An earnest man of 40 watched tensely as he set a copper disc revolving between the poles of a magnet in London on October 28, 1831.

MICHAEL FARADAY, from a painting in the British National Portrait Gallery.

THE needle of a galvanometer, connected with the disc, moved steadily — telling the man that for the first time in history a continuous electric current had been produced from magnetism and that a mighty force could at last be harnessed.

From such small beginnings sprang the great dynamos that fill the world with light and give mankind an enormous source of power.

The man who thus opened the door to the electrical age and to the motor-car, the plane, radio, TV, and countless other commonplaces of today was Michael Faraday, son of a blacksmith.

Like most scientists and inventors, Faraday had to fight prejudice and stupidity.

The Dean of Oxford University was most severe with him. "I am sorry for this," said the Dean after watching Faraday produce sparks from a magnet. "It is putting new arms into the hands of the incendiary."

Michael Faraday was born on September 22, 1791, at Newington Butts, near London, where his father had a forge.

Left school at 13

He left school at 13 and became errand boy, then apprentice, to a bookbinder and bookseller.

While binding the books Faraday dipped into them. One day he came across an article on electricity.

From then he read every book he could find on electricity, science, and chemistry. He built himself a primitive "electrical machine" and spent a few pence each week on simple experiments in chemistry.

Turning point came when a friend gave him tickets to lectures by the famous scientist Sir Humphry Davy, President of the Royal Institution.

Faraday made copious notes of Davy's lectures, illustrated them, and bound them. When he could stand bookbinding no longer, he sent the manuscript — 386 pages — to Davy and asked for a job in his laboratory.

Faraday was lucky. A few days later Davy's assistant picked a fight with his instrument-maker and was dismissed. Faraday got the job at 25/- a week.

He was working now with Britain's most eminent scientist. One day he would be peacefully extracting sugar from beetroot or helping Davy invent the miner's safety lamp.

The next he would be nearly blown up in experiments with nitrogen trichloride and was lucky to escape with a cut eyelid, a torn hand, and fingers so sore he could not use them for days.

Treated as valet

Davy took Faraday on a Continental tour, and while in Italy he tested a new theory about volcanic action on Mt. Vesuvius.

There, by the crater's edge, they feasted on chickens, turkey, cheese, bread, and wine and on eggs roasted by the volcano's heat.

The only difficulty on the tour was that Lady Davy treated Faraday as a valet and made him eat with the servants.

Back in London Faraday married, but could not take a honeymoon. He was too busy inventing the world's first "electric motor."

This was a simple contrivance in which a wire bobbing on a cork and connected with a battery was caused to revolve slowly round a magnet set in wax in a basin of mercury.

Faraday was wild with excitement. He danced round with the circuit, shouting "There they go! There they go! We've succeeded at last."

Jealousy dogged Faraday. Even Sir Humphry Davy turned against him and tried in vain to prevent his election to the Royal Society.

Despite his successes, Faraday's annual salary was still a meagre £200. For a while he augmented it by advising industrial firms.

He was in a position to make £5000 a year when he suddenly refused all private commissions and concentrated on his experiments.

He cut himself off from society and worked in seclusion until November, 1831, when he gave the Royal Society the momentous news that he had at last produced a continuous electric current.

Few people guessed then the enormous scope of his discovery.

"Yes, but what use is it?" asked Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, irritably when Faraday explained his discovery.

"You'll be able to tax it, some day," retorted Faraday.

King intervenes

Faraday suffered many slights. "Pensions for scientists are a lot of humbug," blustered Prime Minister Lord Melbourne to his face when he was recommended for a £300 civil list pension.

Faraday told him to keep his pension and walked out.

King William IV then intervened. On Royal orders, Faraday agreed to accept the pension, but only if Lord Melbourne apologised, which his lordship did — in writing.

Later Faraday was suspended from his church — the straitlaced Sandemanians—for obeying a Royal command to dine with Queen Victoria one Sunday instead of going to a church meeting.

Faraday lived to play a leading role in adapting his discovery to electric lighting and applying it to lighthouses round the coast.

In addition to electro-magnetism, Faraday made countless other discoveries relating to gases, alloys, glass, light, and to "optical deceptions," which pointed to the moving pictures and television of today.

Michael Faraday, a very gentle, simple man, died on August 25, 1867.

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GIRLS 'BETTER THAN MEN' ON THE LAND

By MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

• Shirley Cobeny, of Silverdale, via Camden, N.S.W., and Kerry Webster, of Sydney, are teenagers with a difference — they'd rather break horses than hearts!

SHIRLEY COBENY (left) and KERRY WEBSTER on two of the horses Shirley broke in for mustering work.

THE two girls are employed as jilleroos on "Orwell," a 5500-acre sheep and cattle property at Coonamble, on the north-west plains of N.S.W.

Unlike most girls today, who regard pretty clothes, make-up, and lots of parties as an essential part of living, Shirley (19) and Kerry (18) have found health and satisfaction in a life of simplicity.

Their wardrobe consists of several pairs of home-made jeans and check shirts for working, a few good pairs of jodhpurs each, and a dress or two "in case of emergency."

In their own private quarters, a few hundred yards from the main homestead, Kerry and Shirley are wakened at sunrise every morning by a very reliable alarm clock—the first crow of the cock.

Varied jobs

A jilleroo's day never really follows the same pattern. It varies from season to season.

Lambing season (August to September) is the busiest for the girls, with newborn lambs to be bottle-fed and cared for.

So before most city girls are even aware of the new day Kerry and Shirley have usually hand-fed 16 lambs, fed 50 horses, and milked a score of cows.

Breakfast follows about seven o'clock up at the homestead.

"We have all our meals with the family at the homestead," Shirley said. "But, thankfully, the only inside chore we do is the washing-up at night," added Kerry.

After breakfast the girls have various chores to do—anything from mustering 2000 sheep to rounding up 50 horses.

Shirley, who was brought up on her father's dairy farm at Silverdale, knew from childhood that working as a jilleroo was hard and exhausting.

"But it's the only practical way to learn the land, and I know there could be no other life for me," she said with a happy smile.

Kerry was quick to agree, saying that before she came to work at "Orwell" last January she worked for 12 months at a Sydney home for the aged as a secretary-assistant.

"Although I loved the work there," she said, "I had long before been bitten by the bug of country life on my father's farm at Telegraph Point, near Kempsey.

"So when I saw an advertisement for a jilleroo I jumped at the opportunity to say goodbye to city life. For ever, I hope."

According to Mr. Clarrie Skinner, owner of "Orwell" and the girls' boss, employment as a jilleroo is rather hard to come by these days.

"Most property-owners are prejudiced against girls trying to do a man's job," he told me. "But I wouldn't have a man on my place if I could have girls working for me.

"Not only are they co-operative and conscientious workers," he said, "but being the great animal-lovers they usually are their gentleness enables them to handle and gain the confidence of animals better than any man I have seen."

JULIE WHEELER, a guest on a neighboring property at Coonamble, helps Kerry and Shirley feed their pet lambs.

Left in charge

Mr. Skinner said of Shirley, an expert horse-breaker: "As good as any man I have seen. This year alone she has broken seven horses with very little trouble."

Kerry, though not very experienced in the art as yet, is learning a lot from Shirley and shows signs of eventually being as good.

Mr. Skinner said the girls were quite capable of running the property.

"Earlier this year I had to go to hospital unexpectedly for a fortnight," he said, "and I was quite happy to leave the girls completely in charge. They knew exactly what to do."

As jilleroos the girls earn £7 a week, plus board and keep, and take two weeks' holiday every Christmas. Apart from their hobbies, Shirley and Kerry have little time or opportunity for a normal social life.

"A night out for us is usually a clean pair of jodhpurs and a trip into town to the pictures."

Their plans for the future include a property-inspecting tour around Australia by saddle- and pack-horse.

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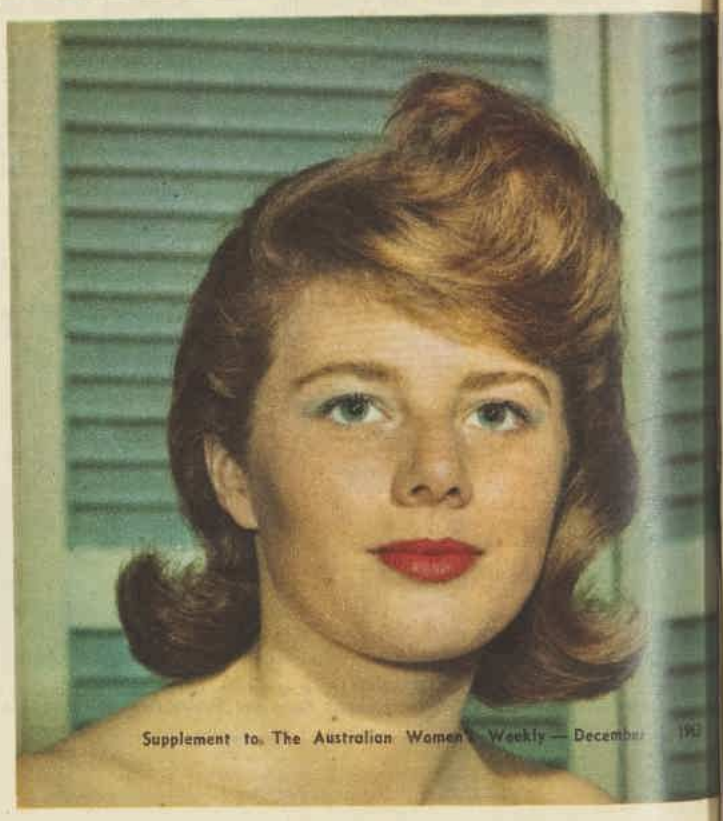
THE A
FROM

● *"Hair is shorte*
more elegant, wit
the naturalness of
Melbourne hairdre
returned from a re
the latest hair fas
are shown on the

"Paris has decree
ting away from the
although a little
merely to build the
Paris is still leading
with Vienna a clos
was one of the first
tralia four years ago
are on the wane, wit
inches in diameter

"GARDENIA" (above) is one of the shorter hairstyles which are the rage in Paris. Here the hair is short on top so that it brushes into place with no teasing, with sides and back gently curling around ears and nape of neck. The top is pulled back from the forehead on large rollers, the first forward, the rest back, with the sides and back set in large pincurls.



"TULIP" (right) is for those who prefer longer hair, but the trend is still towards natural-looking tresses with minimum teasing. Interest is centred on top of head where the hair is brushed to the side before curving back, like the bud of a tulip. The sides hug side of head, kicking up at shoulder level. The hair is set in large rollers on top, and one row of large pincurls at back and sides.

FRUIT MINCE TARTS

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ATEST
PARIS

er, mother, softer, and th overall feeling of f h flowers." So said es John Grau when he ec world tour to study hi. Four of his styles se ges.

ed implicity of style, get- h severe, teased look — te g is still acceptable e out," he said. "And world in hair fashion, e ond." Mr. Grau, who t introduce wigs to Aus- o, d that in Europe wigs ith airpieces three to four t g their place.

"CAMELLIA" (above) is like the many-petalled head of a camellia, with short and fluffy wings of hair curving into the head. The hair is 3 to 4 inches long all over, but shorter at the nape of the neck and fringe. Large rollers are used to set the hair on top and loose pincurls for the back and sides.

"MAGNOLIA" (left) has soft wings of hair folding into the head like the petals of a magnolia. The hair is 3 to 4 inches all over, except for the nape of the neck and fringe, where the hair is a little shorter. The set requires large rollers on the top of the head, with the sides and back set in loose pincurls. Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

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Bob Rogers'

POPLINE

Gospel hit for Jimmy

● A few weeks ago I reported that gospel music had failed to catch on in Australia. Today, one of the top songs around the country is an old gospel tune.

SUCH is the uncertainty of the music world, where anything can happen.

However, it is not the wild sound of "pop" gospel, which as I predicted did not take off in Australia, but a sincere ballad with a religious feeling called "Royal Telephone."

This song has given Jimmy Little his biggest-ever hit, and it is wonderful to see this aboriginal boy achieving at last the success he has deserved so long.

Actually, Jimmy owes his hit to the people of Perth, who made the Burl Ives version in the album "The Versatile Burl Ives" such a big hit in the West.

Festival, realising the tremendous potential of the track, decided that Jimmy should release it as a single.

In only three weeks the record was rising to the top all over Australia, one of the fastest-selling records of the year.

A religious and yet worldly person, Jimmy's rendition of "Royal Telephone" is done in all sincerity.

Public reaction has caused a demand for further releases of this type, so Festival have just released an LP of spirituals by Jimmy under the title "Sing to Glory."

Included are old favorites like "Just a Closer Walk with Thee," "When the Saints Go Marching In," and "Old Time Religion."

Incidentally, Jimmy has made recording history by being the first aboriginal artist to gain such success in the charts.

Other comebacks

JIMMY LITTLE is only one of a number of young local artists who have returned to the charts after a considerable absence. **Leo and Doug De Kroo** made a big return with "Scarlet," **Johnny Devlin** with "Stomp the Tumbarumba," and **Warren Williams** with "Just Like a Child." And it's a great thing to see.

"Female Elvis"

"THE FEMALE ELVIS" was the title comedian George Burns bestowed on **Ann-Margret** when he first saw her perform. The young singer had deliberately copied the hip-swivelling gyrations that first made "the Pelvis" famous.

Now after a succession of films in which she has co-starred with several pop singers, Ann-Margret will next be seen with **Elvis Presley** in "Viva Las Vegas."

The two stars together create a lot of excitement, and gossip columnists had a great time predicting a romance between the male Elvis and the female Elvis. All of which was untrue.

JIMMY LITTLE, who has made his biggest hit ever with a sincere gospel song, "Royal Telephone."

Col. Parker, Elvis' manager, said, "Our boy had one hobby last year. He has the same hobby this year—pretty girls. Ann-Margret's real pretty. But there'll be others to follow."

The same rumors started when **Bobby Rydell** and Ann-Margret were working together on "Bye Bye Birdie" and dated a few times. However, both artists are more concerned with their careers than with any immediate romantic plans.

Surf sound

ALL Australia now knows what a bombora is, thanks to **The Atlantics** and their hit record on C.B.S.

But do you know what a "Free Fall" is? Andy **Sundstrom** tells me that it is similar to a wipeout, the act of a surfer caught in the heavies diving off his board.

Andy has used this expression for the title of his new single, which has authentic surfing sound effects on the disc.

Andy claims that instead of featuring his balalaika on the disc, as he has on previous releases, he uses a new type of instrument called the "balaboard."

This, of course, is a combination of surfboard and balalaika which gives you music while you surf. I'll believe it when I see it.

The flipside is the oldie "La Rosita," and it has the real Spanish sound, loaded with guitars and trumpets.

Challenge to U.S.

ONCE upon a time in Musicland, U.S.A., bright young American songwriters wrote wonderful new tunes which were recorded by top American artists and soon became the big hits all around the world.

That day is past. Not

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only have countries like Britain, France, and Australia come up with their own important pop stars, but they are exporting their records to the U.S. and making vast inroads on the American charts.

Recently we have seen Japan's "Sukiyaki," France's "I Will Follow Him" (originally titled "Chariot"), and Australia's "Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport" become big hits in America.

Then there is "Maria Elena," which reached the U.S. from Spain via Brazil, and coming up fast from Belgium is the French song "Dominique," by The Singing Nun.

Christmas disc

CHRISTMAS is coming up and Christmas records are hitting the market once again. Without a doubt the greatest Christmas album of 1963 will be "A Christmas Gift For You," by the top groups **The Crystals, The Ronettes, Darlene Love,** and the **Bob B. Soxx.**

The chanters put the finishing touches to the LP only a few weeks ago in Hollywood, and I hear it's really sensational.

Twelve all-time-great Christmas songs have been given the big new treatment without losing any of the beauty that surrounds this type of material.

Top A. and R. man **Phil Spector,** who produced the session at a reported cost of over £A9000, is the man who is responsible for some of the biggest records on the charts today by the same artists.

He wrote "Then He Kissed Me" for The Crystals and "Be My Baby" for The Ronettes.

E.M.I. are hoping to rush-release the album in Australia in time for Christmas.

FLASHES . . .

ELVIS wins two leading ladies in his new film, "Kissin' Cousins," currently in production. He plays a dual role.

● Rumored in Nashville—**Brenda Lee** becomes a mother early in the New Year.

● **The Beatles'** gift to British members of their fan club for Christmas—a specially recorded disc with a message from the boys and their version of "Good King Wenceslaus."

● **Jet Harris** will definitely return to show business next year.

● For the first time in his career **Cliff Richard** has been toppled from his position as most popular artist in Britain this year—by The Beatles!

● In a letter from London **Judy Cannon** tells me she will be back here for a visit before May next year.

● **Gene Pitney** is currently on an extended tour of Europe.

● Clever title for **Gerry and the Pacemakers'** first album—"How Do You Like It"!

SURE SHOTS FOR YOUR COLLECTION:

"Drip Drop," Dion DiMuci (C.B.S.); "Bossa Nova Baby," Elvis Presley (R.C.A.); "24 Hours From Tulsa," Gene Pitney (U.A.); "Dominique," The Singing Nun (Philips).

TOP DISC SALES

JOHNNY O'KEEFE, whose pin-up is on page 16, rose to stardom as The Wild One. Today, many years later, Johnny is a settled family man with three children, but his popularity is greater than ever with fans in all age groups.

By no means the greatest vocalist Australia has produced, he is perhaps the greatest showman and a star who has successfully moved from the teenage world to professional maturity.

Despite several setbacks because of illness, Johnny has bounced back to the top and now sells more records than any other Australian artist.

Through his national television show, Johnny also fosters young Australian talent.

The success of his last single, "Shake, Baby, Shake," has prompted Festival Records to issue an album with the same title, including similarly styled songs.

ANDY SUNDSTROM playing his balalaika on Bondi Beach. His latest surfing-sound single is "Free Fall."

WORTH HEARING

SCHUMANN: Piano pieces

SCHUMANN was one of the finest of songwriters; he had the gift of summoning up a mood or depicting a scene in one concise musical miniature. And although it was his friend Mendelssohn who invented the phrase "songs without words" to describe short poetic pieces for piano, the best "songs without words" were written by Schumann.

You can hear some of these delightful Schumann piano pieces brilliantly and sensitively played by a great romantic pianist, Artur Rubinstein, on a new release from R.C.A.

On one side we have the ever-popular "Carnaval," a long interlinked suite of pieces, many of them intended as portraits of the composer himself (in different moods) and his friends.

On the other side Rubinstein plays the set of "Fantasy Pieces" written a few years later: a group of works with poetic titles like "Soaring" and "Dream Visions" but having no linking theme as "Carnaval" has.

All these are works of Schumann's ardently romantic youth, written while he was still in his twenties. The two works reflect the emotions of his two great love affairs—"Carnaval" has associations with his first love, Ernestine von Fricken, and the "Fantasy Pieces" were written while he was engaged to Clara Wieck, whom he later married.—MARTIN LONG.

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TOPS IN SPORT

Flyweight is fighting fit

By Cynthia Robinson

● You might expect a sportsman by the name of Hobbs to be a cricketer, but 16-year-old Brian Hobbs wields leather boxing-gloves rather than a willow bat.

AND he can use these gloves to such effect that his opponents are still waiting to hear that famous cricket cry: "Hobbs is out!"

For in Brian Hobbs' brief but bright career of 39 fights he has never once lost on a knockout. In fact, he has lost only four bouts, and they were points decisions.

Brian, a pint-sized seven-stoner who boxes in the flyweight division, is a Queenslander, but at present he's stationed at H.M.A.S. Nirimba, the Navy's apprentice training establishment at Quaker's Hill, N.S.W.

The quiet, well-mannered teenager joined the Navy in July this year and was suddenly the hero of the establishment when he won the N.S.W. Open Flyweight Championship in October.

Brian, who started boxing when he was 12, has been encouraged in his fighting career by his stepfather, Mr. Gerald B. Whitwell, a veterinary surgeon of Inala, Qld.

"He's a pretty smart boxer himself," said Brian, with more than a little pride in his voice. "He fights for the University in Brisbane and was in Sydney in August for the Australian University titles."

Brian, who hopes to graduate in five years as an engine-room artificer with the rank of petty-officer, had his first taste of competitive boxing in 1959.

In 1960 he won the Queensland schoolboys' title and in 1962 the Queensland open title.

His N.S.W. victory this year won him the right to fight in the national amateur boxing championships in Tasmania in mid-November and, of course, put him into Tokyo Olympic calculations.

When you meet smiling, placid Brian outside the ring it's hard to visualise him as a fighter.

But just mention the word "Olympics" and such a fierce, determined look flashes across his face that you feel it's wise to duck for cover.

He's realistic enough to know there are many other young Australian flyweights who'll try to knock him out of the team and he's modest enough to acknowledge their chances.

However, amateur boxing officials have an extremely high regard for Brian Hobbs' ability and they won't be surprised if he makes the team.

Brian, a former Sea Cadet, thinks his chances are enhanced by the training and encouragement he is receiving in the Navy.

As he spoke of his prospects he was standing in an aircraft hangar which has been converted into a sports area at H.M.A.S. Nirimba.

Above him was a huge sign: "You must be fighting fit to be fit to fight."

Next week: Annette Foley.

BRIAN HOBBS, 16-year-old Navy apprentice, is training hard to win a place in the team for Tokyo.

Beauty in brief: PARTY FACES

IF you aim to look just that little bit extra special when party-time gets into its swing, here are a few tips that are worth noting for the added sparkle they'll impart to the way you look.

The most fetching young face at any party is the one which doesn't require frequent patching during the evening.

It's not hard to apply make-up so that it lasts for hours on end; a little extra care in putting it on is all that's needed.

Prepare the way by first patting your face and neck all over with a cottonwool wad soaked in cold skin freshener. For a salon touch, place two ice-cubes in a bowl and pour your freshener over them.

Make a wad of cottonwool about the size of the palm of your hand and pat face and neck briskly until you see a glow of color. You'll look fresh as well as feel fresh.

If you use a tinted foundation, blend it thinly over the skin, not forgetting below the jawline, and allow it to "set" for a few minutes. If you use rouge, the cream type is the best stayer; powder quite liberally.

Now — this is a key move — damp a clean wad of cottonwool in your freshener, squeeze most of the moisture out of it, and press the pad gently all over the make-up. It's surprising how long your make-up lasts without a re-do when treated in this manner.

Lipstick stays on better if you powder your lips well before coloring them, then set the color by blotting with a tissue.

— *Carolyn Earle*

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Talking point

"WE are eight teenage girls. A recent conversation with our boy-friends ended in an argument as to who should replace the receiver first after a telephone call. Can you please advise us on our problem?"

"Phone Addicts," Vic.

If you want to be formal about it, the caller should terminate the conversation. This rule doesn't apply when the callee (a) has a bus to catch; (b) has left the bath running; (c) has a boss or an irate parent who is waiting to use the phone.

Should both parties have forgotten (after an hour or so) who called whom, the fairest solution is a simultaneous replacement of receivers after a count of three.

Wandering wife

"I AM a married girl of 18 and have a beautiful little boy who is 15 months old. I married when I was 16 and now find I am in love with a boy I went with for two years before I met my husband. I have been trying to tell myself I don't love this boy, but I think about him all day and can't wait till I see him again. Is it possible for me to get a divorce and keep my baby, whom I love very much? I would be grateful if you could advise me on what I should do."

"Mixed Up," S.A.

Have you tried thinking about your husband and little son — and your responsibilities toward them—instead of indulging in selfish and foolish day-dreams about your former boy-friend?

Even if you did obtain a divorce (and there's no easy, quick, and painless way to do so), there's certainly no guarantee that the court would consider you a responsible enough person to have custody of your baby.

Wake up to yourself. Break completely with this boy and make sure that you don't see him again, even casually. And make a real effort (for your own sake as well as your husband's and baby's) to find contentment within your marriage.

Too young at 14

"I AM a 14-year-old schoolgirl and a man of 23 has asked me to go to the pictures with him. I don't know whether I should, as I think he is too old. I am average-looking and he is good-looking. I thought that he might be leading me on, but I have been assured by many people that he is sincere. He comes from an overseas country, but he speaks perfect English and is very much a gentleman. Please help me, as I am sincerely worried."

"Undecided," Vic.

Does he know that you are only 14? If not, tell him — and refuse his invitation politely but firmly. (Haven't your parents or guardians already given you this advice? Or haven't you told them about him?)

He may be handsome, "very much a gentleman," and possibly even sincere, but you are too young to take the risk of judging a book by its cover.

Is it fascination?

"I AM to become engaged in a month's time, but I have a suspicion that the boy I'm going to be engaged to is very keen on my brother's girl-friend. He always stares at her, and whenever they are going out he goes out of his way to see that we go with them. I have questioned him about this, but he *insists* that she means nothing to him (although he once told me she fascinates him). This situation is bothering me so much that I find myself being rude to this girl whenever we are together. He has told me he wouldn't marry me if he had any doubts in his mind, but places he once refused to take me to (because we couldn't afford it) now seem possible whenever this girl is going. When we do all go out, I am completely left out of the conversation between them both and am just left there to talk to my brother all night. As this situation is causing us to fight a lot, I was wondering if you could provide me with a solution."

"Jealous," N.S.W.

Are you sure you haven't let this situation grow way out of proportion in your own mind? (Jealousy is a pretty strong fertiliser.)

Whether your boy-friend is attracted to this girl or not, displays of jealousy from you won't improve your relationship. (They may have already goaded him into paying her more attention — it's a frequent male reaction.)

You'd be foolish to announce your engagement, though, while

A word from Debbie . . .

● It'll be Christmas, Christmas everywhere almost any day now. Take a little time, a little trouble, and give your room or bed-sitter the Christmas spirit with some dazzling handmade decorations.

Here's a stockingful of festive hints and ideas for you to play around with.

Find one of those sturdy bare branches and paint it gold or silver. Put it in your biggest and best pot filled with soil and pebbles.

Tie colored balls and baubles to the twigs with cotton and add silver "icicles." Ivy lightly frosted with silver decorates the base of the tree. Add a gold or silver bow to the rim of the pot.

Fill a bowl with fresh fruit sprayed with gold or silver paint. The pressure-pack cans are ideal for this. Add a huge gold pineapple for the centrepiece. (Remember these fruits are not edible after spraying.)

Fix a huge bunch of holly to the top of your mirror finished with a green velvet bow with long ribbon ends. Or loop back your curtains with sprays of holly tied with big holly-red ribbon bows.

Suspend from the ceiling Christmas baubles hung at different levels. Try anchoring them with sticking-tape, and use black cotton. Near the light-fitting they'll look marvellous.

Decorate your windows with some cobwebby drawings. All you need is some white poster paint and a free hand. Easily wiped off if you make an error.

A festive touch for your Christmas party supper table would be two or three candlesticks (you can improvise with egg-cups) and the same number of small shallow glass bowls. Place a candleholder in the centre of each bowl, then fill the bowls with a mixture of red and white flowers. Arrange bright green leaves, or artificial ones, around the edges.

Now add your candles. And we bet they'll be red ones!

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you have these nagging doubts about him. Just tell him quietly you'd like to wait a little longer so that you can BOTH be sure of your feelings, and that you'd like to spend more time alone with him in the meantime.

Enlist your brother's help (tactfully) in avoiding some of those foursome outings during this "sorting out" period. But when they do occur be graceful about it. And make every effort to be pleasant and friendly to the other girl.

A fishy tale

"I AM a 17-year-old girl and have been going with a boy of 19 for 11 months. He tells me he loves me, but lately I find it very hard to believe. He says he is not interested in other girls, but when he says he's coming to see me he doesn't always come. Instead, he goes fishing, and doesn't even ring to say he's not coming. I can see him only once a week, as he lives 85 miles away. There is another very nice boy who wants me to go steady with him. What should I do?"

"Fishing Interests," Vic.

Go out with the second boy (it might even lure the fisherman away from his line). But remember that there are lots of other fish in the sea — and don't settle for going steady just for regular company.

Boy with a policy

"WHAT does a girl do about a boy who doesn't believe in 'getting mixed up with girls'? I like a boy who has this policy and all my hopes that he may change bring no results. He is everything a girl could admire — he is a champion swimmer and athlete — and to add insult to injury he likes me! Despite the obvious mutual feeling he will not have more than one dance with me at a social, and as for a date — it would be easier to get the moon! Surely a 16-year-old boy who likes a girl of the same age and temperament could ask her out? But if someone said to give him up I couldn't. I tried it once, but it merely increased my feelings toward him. This situation has been going on for about a year now. We're both known at school as intellectuals. While his work may be a fair excuse (and certainly I'm no worker), surely he realises the attractions of the opposite sex! Friends say give him up, it might shock him. What do you think?"

"No Girls," N.S.W.

I admire him for sticking to his policy. No doubt he DOES realise the attractions of the opposite sex, but a 16-year-old schoolboy who is studying for a career is very wise in not allowing those attractions to distract him. Plenty of time for that later.

I think you should be content for the time being with his friendship. You're likely to lose even that if your over-anxiousness for romance keeps showing.

Remember that boys like to do their own chasing — when they're good and ready.

Hesitant student

"I AM a 20-year-old male university student. I am attracted to a girl who studies the same subjects as I do each day. She seems quite popular with the other fellows—only seems to keep them at the 'just good friends' stage. She often looks at me and I think our attraction is mutual. On the grapevine I heard she hasn't a steady boy-friend because she 'hasn't met the right one yet.' I am aspiring to these heights — I've (deliberately) overheard her conversations, and she is a very nice girl. My problem? Is it audacious of me to introduce myself and speak (we often travel on the same tram and we do have our studies in common)? How shall I cope with my friends if we do become friendly? Do I sit with them or with her? I think they'd tend to rubbish me for lack of originality (they all like her, you see). Maybe you could tell me the best way for me to act from the girl's point of view."

"Help Wanted," Vic.

Go right ahead and speak to her. Even if you're mistaken about the mutual attraction (and those frequent looks rather indicate that you're not), it's perfectly natural that you should greet a fellow student who travels on the same tram.

After that just let things take their course (you'll know when to ask her for a date). If you'd prefer to sit with her than with your friends, do so — provided she is happy about it.

Don't worry about your friends "rubbishing" you — if they do, it will probably be a cloak for their envy (success in winning a girl the other fellows like isn't a sign of unoriginality in my book). And I doubt if she'd admire someone who didn't like to appear too friendly with her because of what his friends might say!

NOW IS "THE TIMES" FOR ALL GOOD MEN!

I SEE that an American newspaper circulates for the sole purpose of helping girls get husbands.

It's not just a lonely-hearts male-order magazine. It's a proper paper with specialised stories.

For instance, recently there was a story telling fiancees to curb their backseat driving, which, the yarn warned, could drive a man to think—twice.

I suppose this story was the responsibility of the Muttering Editor!

The paper's motto might well be "All the News That's Confetti to Print."

They must get some wonderful stories on a wedding paper.

I can picture the Honeymoon Editor rushing into the office and yelling: "If there is anyone present who knows any reason why I should not stop the presses let her speak now or forever hold her peace."

And what a dramatic, screaming headline they'd give her scoop—NIAGARA FALLS.

A staff romance would be interesting, too. (I suppose they'd have at least one bloke on the staff—just to refresh their memories on what they're writing about.)

Perhaps he's first proposed to by a cute camerawoman, but he answers in the negative.

And to a pretty printer he says, "You are just not my type."

But the tough Crime Reporter (she covers all the sordid stuff, like jiltings), who swaggers around with a bottle (of perfume) in one hand and a blond (wig) in the other, sweeps him off his feet.

They set a dateline, get married, and have an edition to the family—known in the newspaper game as a patter of tiny footnotes.

But, alas, they split up and the neglected kid runs away, never to return.

Which just goes to show you can't retrieve all you breed in the papers.

— Robin Adair

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